

★ Dec 8, 1951

THE

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NEW YORKER



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

DON JUAN IN HELL—Shaw's interlude from "Man and Superman," which has never been played here before, is as witty as anything he ever wrote. The members of the cast, who just sit around and read their parts, are Charles Boyer, Agnes Moorehead, Cedric Hardwicke, and Charles Laughton. They are all superb. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Through Monday, Dec. 31.)

FAITHFULLY YOURS—Robert Cummings and Ann Sothern have been brought in from Hollywood to wrestle with this comedy about psychoanalysis. They are both decorative and lively, but their material might easily floor the Lunts. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE FOURPOSTER—Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn acting out, with a great deal of skill, the high spots of a fairly placid marriage. The play, which involves only two characters, was directed by José Ferrer. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

GIGI—Audrey Hepburn is very fetching as a young Parisienne whose female relatives are grooming her for a career as a *grande cocotte*. Anita Loos has done a workmanlike job of adapting Colette's novel, and Gilbert Miller has assembled a superior cast, among whom are Cathleen Nesbitt, Michael Evans, and Josephine Brown. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

GLAD TIDINGS—Melvyn Douglas, Signe Hasso, and Haila Stoddard in an interminable joke, which, unfortunately, doesn't turn out to be very funny, about a man who discovers that he is the father of a nineteen-year-old girl. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

I AM A CAMERA—John van Druten's adaptation of Christopher Isherwood's "Berlin Stories" is uneven, but it is still one of the better plays of the season. Julie Harris scores a personal triumph as a girl who is no better than she should be, and there are commendable supporting performances by William Prince, Marian Winters, and Edward Andrews. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE NUMBER—This shapeless and rather incoherent little melodrama about gamblers and their molls was directed by George Abbott, who has been more or less defeated by the faulty script. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

REMAINS TO BE SEEN—A mixture of love, gore, and comedy concocted by Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay. Not up to the usual standards of the team. Janis Paige, Jackie Cooper, and Mr. Lindsay are in the cast. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

SAINT JOAN—An estimable revival of Shaw's wise and witty study of the Maid of Orleans. Directed by Margaret Webster and produced by the Theatre Guild, the play is fortunate in its cast, which includes Uta Hagen, John Buckmaster, Frederic Worlock, and Alexander Scourby. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

STALAG 17—A comedy melodrama that will be fairly rough going for anyone unaccustomed to functional jokes. It concerns life in a German prison camp, where scatological humor is all the rage. Directed by José Ferrer, and with John Ericson, Harvey Lembeck, Mike Kellin, Laurence Hugo, and Frank



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Maxwell. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LONG RUNS—AFFAIRS OF STATE: Washington love and politics. Now with June Havoc. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **THE MOON IS BLUE:** How a boy gets a girl in three acts. Donald Cook, Barbara Bel Geddes, and Barry Nelson. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

NINA—A comedy by André Roussin, imported from Paris and adapted by Samuel Taylor, with Gloria Swanson, David Niven, and Alan Webb in the cast. Presented by John C. Wilson and H. M. Tennent, Ltd., and directed by Gregory Ratoff. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

THE KING AND I—A bright and handsome view of Siam, in the best Rodgers and Hammerstein tradition. Gertrude Lawrence heads the cast, and gets notable support from Yul

Brynnner and others. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

PAINT YOUR WAGON—Some jaunty songs and dances help compensate for a rather dishevelled plot in this musical comedy about the Gold Rush in California. James Barton, Olga San Juan, Tony Bavaar, Gemze De Lappe, James Mitchell, and Mary Burr help keep things moving. Agnes de Mille is responsible for the choreography, Frederick Loewe for the music, and Alan Jay Lerner for the book and lyrics. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

TOP BANANA—Hy Kraft's book and Johnny Mercer's music and lyrics belong to a different and far more primitive school than those of such stylish works as "The King and I" and "South Pacific," but this piece about an ex-burlesque star now mixed up in television is still wonderfully funny. Phil Silvers is superb as a man who might conceivably be Milton Berle, and he gets fine assistance from Joey Faye, Jack Albertson, and Walter Dare Wahl. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN—From the novel of the same title, Betty Smith, the original author, and George Abbott have fashioned a stage adaptation that has both humor and pathos. It also has nice songs by Arthur Schwartz and Dorothy Fields and a magnificent comic performance by Shirley Booth. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Dec. 8.)

TWO ON THE AISLE—Bert Lahr, Dolores Gray, and a good company in a fast but not particularly distinguished revue. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—CALL ME MADAM: Ethel Merman, the lady ambassador to Lichtenburg. Irving Berlin wrote the songs, and Paul Lukas, Alan Hewitt, Russell Nye, and Pat Harrington help out in the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **GUYS AND DOLLS:** A dash of Damon Runyon, with music and lyrics by Frank Loesser and a cast that includes Robert Alda, Sam Levene, Isabel Bigley, and Vivian Blaine. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **SOUTH PACIFIC:** Anybody here doesn't know about "South Pacific"? Roger Rico is playing opposite Martha Wright these days. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

THE CONSTANT WIFE—Katharine Cornell, Brian Aherne, and Grace George in a revival of Somerset Maugham's comedy. Produced by Miss Cornell and staged by Guthrie McClintic. Opens Saturday, Dec. 8. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8:15. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE GRAND TOUR—A new play written and directed by Elmer Rice, and presented by the Playwrights' Company. The cast includes Beatrice Straight and Richard Derr. Opens Monday, Dec. 10. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LO AND BEHOLD—A play by John Patrick, with Leo G. Carroll, Jeffrey Lynn, and Lee Grant. Produced by the Theatre Guild and directed by Burgess Meredith. Opens Wednesday,

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THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Dec. 12. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

POINT OF NO RETURN—Henry Fonda in a play by Paul Osborn, based on John P. Marquand's novel. The producer is Leland Hayward, the director H. C. Potter. Opens Thursday, Dec. 13. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

BALLET

NEW YORK CITY BALLET COMPANY—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, Dec. 6: "Serenade," "Tyl Ulenspiegel," "Apollo, Leader of the Muses," and "Cakewalk."... Friday evening, Dec. 7: "Swan Lake," "The Pied Piper," "The Cage," and "La Valse."... Saturday matinée, Dec. 8: "Swan Lake," "Card Game," "Lilac Garden," and "Bourrée Fantasque."... Saturday evening, Dec. 8: "The Fairy's Kiss," "Four Temperaments," "A la Française," and "La Valse."... Sunday matinée, Dec. 9: "The Duel," "Swan Lake," "Tyl Ulenspiegel," and "Cakewalk."... Sunday evening, Dec. 9: "Concerto Barocco," "The Miraculous Mandarin," "A la Française," and "Firebird."... Tuesday evening, Dec. 11: "Serenade," "Lilac Garden," "Tyl Ulenspiegel," and "Bourrée Fantasque."... Wednesday evening, Dec. 12: "Swan Lake," "The Cage," "Four Temperaments," and "La Valse."... Thursday evening, Dec. 13: "The Duel," "Lilac Garden," "Pas de Trois," and "Firebird."... Friday evening, Dec. 14: "Card Game," "Swan Lake," "Illuminations," and "The Pied Piper."... Saturday matinée, Dec. 15: "Mother Goose Suite," "The Pied Piper," "Tyl Ulenspiegel," and "Symphony in C."... Saturday evening, Dec. 15: "Swan Lake," "Prodigal Son," "The Cage," and "Bourrée Fantasque." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Dec. 16.)

MISCELLANY

VAUDEVILLE—Judy Garland, Señor Wences, Smith and Dale, and others. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:40.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Cocktails, except Sundays, in the Romanesque rotunda of the Trianon Room, to the tune of William Adler's violin and quartet. Jules Lande's and Nino de Moraes' bands play placidly at dinner and supper in the arena just beyond it.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Michael Kent's quartet appears "under the clock" at cocktail time, and at dinner-time in the Madison Room (which is closed Sundays). No dancing anywhere, and not a peep out of the gang on the Day of Rest.

CARLTON HOUSE, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000)—The most conspicuous trace of the late lamented Ritz's Oval Room is Emery Deutsch's band, now billeted in the restaurant here, where it makes nostalgic dinner music, except on Sundays. No dancing.

GOGI'S LARUE, 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—Any number of epicurean delights, not the least of which is Ted Straeter's irresistible invitation to the dance. His men and Pancho's rumba band open fire at eight-thirty. In the

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handsome Plush Room, George Feyer's piano music starts at eight. Closed Mondays.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Selected specimens of local and West Coast fauna, staring in rapture at people they haven't seen since lunch. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

NEW YORKER, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—In the Terrace Room, the ice show, which goes on twice an evening, has puppets, just like your TV set. There are live people, too, mostly skating like mad. Dance music by Tommy Reynolds' band and Adrian Rollini's trio. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Tony De Marco, the Pinza of ballet, and the delectable Sally De Marco, both making all of us wish we'd paid more attention when we were at dancing school. Robert Maxwell puts in some hot licks on his harp. On Tuesday, Dec. 11, Hildegarde will sweep all before her. The scene is the Cotillion Room, where Stanley Melba's orchestra and Chico-Relli's rumba band do the dance music. On Sundays, there's only a dinner show. Closed Mondays. Every night, Stanley Worth's quartet plays for dancing from cocktails through supper in the Café Pierre.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Celeste Holm, slim, beautiful, worldly, and fashionable, dominates the Persian Room, where her quiet little torch songs often seem to carry more weight than her bantering ditties. The bands of Dick La Salle and Mark Monte are also there. Closed Sundays. The Rendez-Vous Room, a reminder of the days when life was more Old Worldly, is full of Maximilian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance music after eight-thirty. The Palm Court has Leo LeFleur's music during the cocktail hour. No dancing.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—To the amazement of absolutely no one, Guy Lombardo and a few other Lombardos are in the Grill at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the sumptuous Maisonette, Polly Bergen, a newly hatched songbird, is now carolling. The dance bands of Horace Diaz and Milt Shaw tinkle away between-times. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every afternoon and evening, Irving Conn's orchestra supplies the clientele of the Café Lounge with music to dance to.

SHERRY-NETHERLAND, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—The small Carnival Room, pretty as a picture, offers the orchestra of Emil Coleman. Closed Sundays.

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Dancing in the Café Rouge, during dinner and supper, to Jimmy Dorsey's band, which is among the very best of the big ones. Closed Sundays.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Oh, it keeps the kiddies out of the double-feature movie houses. An orchestra and a rumba band for dancing in one of the alcoves.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—A twice-a-night musical comedy that is simply an excuse (but a pretty good one) to get Carmen Torres and her dramatic Andalusian soprano aboard ship. The thing is carried off with great enthusiasm and several dashes of

charm by a happy little family of youngsters, among them Bill Norvas, the Upstarts, Beverlee Dennis, and two pleasing ballet dancers named Chuck Brunner and Betty Lorraine. Emile Petti's and Panchito's bands play for dancing.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the new Empire Room, at dinner and supper, there's Mary McCarty, one of our funniest young ladies, in the very best of spirits, plus the more ethereal waltzings of Ted and Phyllis Rodriguez. Nat Brandwynne's orchestra and Mischa Borr's band are in attendance all evening. Sundays, Mr. Borr's band plays by itself until twelve. The Peacock Lounge has Don Rodney's orchestra for dancing after seven. Closed Sundays.

NOTE—The Rainbow Room, an outside polo field with tables, is open for cocktails and drinking music from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday. The best seats are in the bleachers, up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

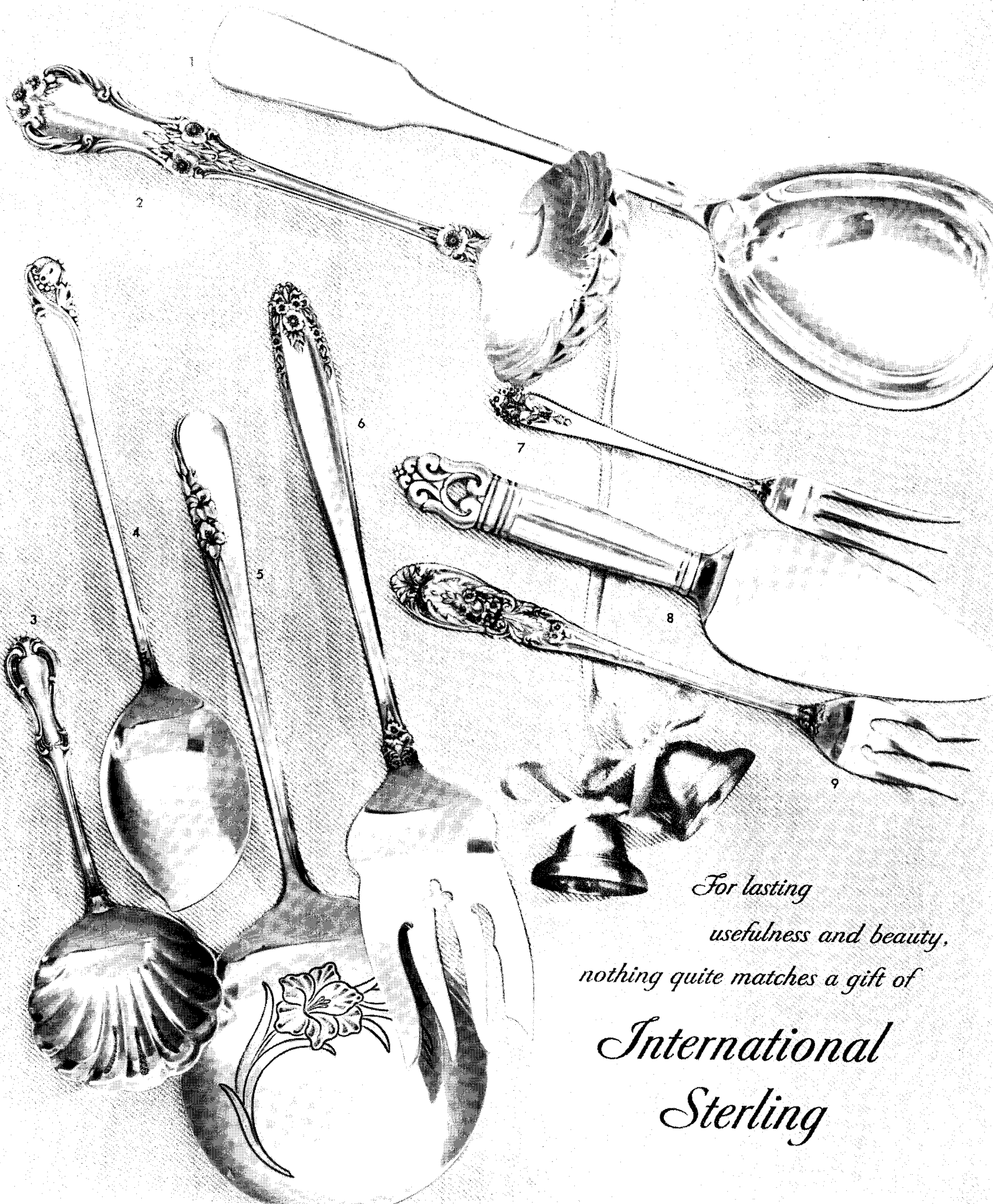
LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, whose band has launched a thousand débutantes, holds forth here after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays. **LA VIE EN ROSE**, 123 E. 54th St. (MU 8-8420): Through Wednesday, Dec. 12, Pearl Bailey explaining in succinct detail the workings of the Bailey laissez-faire policy. Harry Rosenthal's and Ernie Warren's trios for dancing. **TONI'S CAPRICE**, 112 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-6255): An establishment dedicated principally to the inner man but also affording (at the baby grand) Louis Hawkins, a host in the best Southern tradition, and Hugh Shannon, whose love songs are imbued with a good deal of mockery, from eleven o'clock on. Mr. Hawkins is also in action from six to nine. Closed Sundays. **BARBERRY ROOM**, 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Ralph Strain's pensive and modern piano decorates this hall of mirrors from ten to one every night but Monday. **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A determined throwback to the social habits and concepts of the Noble Experiment. After ten, except Sundays, the Sonny Kendis Trio gallops for dear life through its feverish repertoire. **THE ALBERT**, 139 E. 56th St. (EL 5-1931): Surrounded by some rather odd décor, Cy Walter, dean of the Cy Walter school of offbeat piano, is on the job, after nine-thirty, every evening but Monday. **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Those who love old familiar faces find these premises a well-stocked preserve. Piano and violin after nine-thirty, and conversation at all hours. Closed Sundays. **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Good-natured Latin-American fun, accompanied by impassioned singing and almost as fervent dance music. Closed Mondays. **NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): The bar has Harry Meyerowitz providing cocktail piano and Rudy Timfield providing dinner and supper piano. Closed Sundays. **CELESTE**, 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Jim Mahoney gets off a fine collection of listening music at his piano after nine. Closed Mondays. **LA ZAMBRA**, 127 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9131): Vicente Gomez, a conversational as well as an adept guitarist, is back in action here again. Closed Tuesdays. **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): John Mehegan is at the piano during dinner and supper, except Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dancing, unless otherwise noted.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): A convenient escape hatch for anyone afflicted





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

with peace and quiet. Xavier Cugat's troupe of musicians, singers, dancers, and so on keep the mome raths fairly outgrabe, and Jack Carter weighs in with a very busy line of chatter. . . . **OLD KNICK MUSIC HALL**, Second Ave. at 54th St. (PL 9-2724): Beer-garden and basket-party atmosphere, coupled with bits of old vaudeville and burlesque, real sawdust, real singing waiters, antiquated movies, and Paul Killiam's breezy master-of-ceremonies whimsy. Visiting firemen on Mondays at midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **SUGAR HILL**, 209 W. 51st St. (CI 5-8980): Never mind the mothball flavor of the words and music; just watch the Harlem guys flinging their dancing dolls to the four winds.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

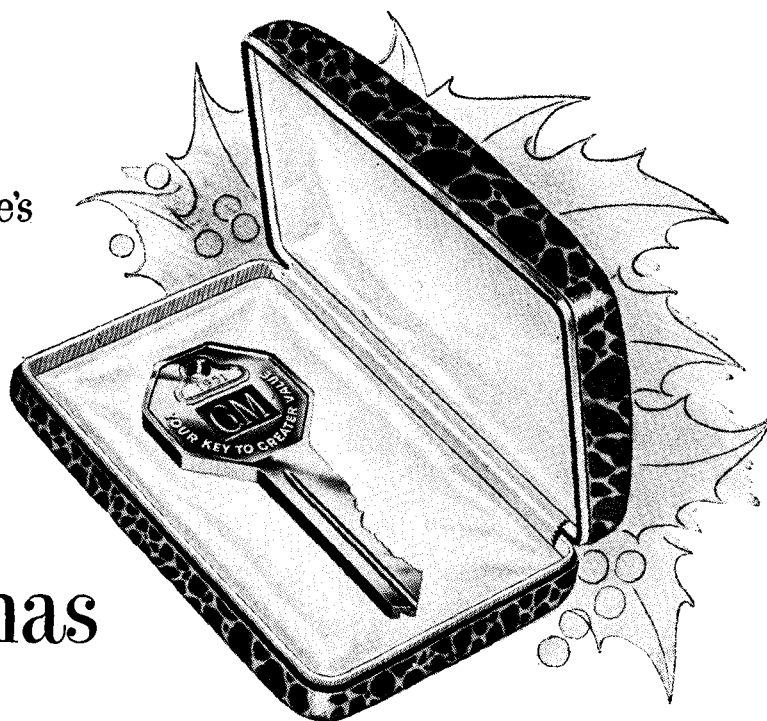
BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): In the back room, lessons in colloquial French humor by Charles Trenet, as well as the foolery of Kirkwood and Goodman, who talk freely about whatever comes into their dizzy minds. Annette Warren sings out-and-out siren songs. Also the music of Stuart Ross and Ellis Larkin's trio. . . . Except Saturdays, after the theatre, Eadie and Rack preside at their twin pianos in the lounge, where Bart Howard plays romantic piano at dinner, except Tuesdays. Sundays, Eadie and Rack do a cocktail stint from five-thirty to seven. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Through Tuesday, Dec. 11, a jolly soirée at the hands of Ronny Graham, as affable and homey an analyst as you could find anywhere; the Three Riffs, whose songs bound from wisecrack to wisecrack with the greatest of ease; Pat Carroll, a shiny new penny with a catch in her voice but humor in her ballads; and Ellen Hanley, a willowy girl with some out-of-the-ordinary love songs and the ability to do them justice. Next evening, Julius Monk's new varsity will include the March Hares, a recently fledged quartet of jesters; Bibi Osterwald, that cheerful fire engine; and the Three Riffs, who are staying on. There's also pretty music by the Norman Paris Trio. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Harry Belafonte has turned folk singer, a very good idea indeed. Phil Leeds, a restfully mild-mannered humorist, and Royce Wallace, who does some fetching songs, help out. Clarence Williams' trio, which has Karl Lynch on guitar, plays cool, cool dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Adnia Rice, a great big rambunctious girl, has some entertaining things to say, and Jeff Warren has some tenor ballads to sing. There's also double piano by Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, and solo piano by Hazel Webster. Ancient movies Sunday nights; amateur nights Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM**, 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Except Sundays, Mabel Mercer is in her nest right over the rowdydow Show Spot bar, singing her praises of the world's oldest emotion. Sam Hamilton is at the piano. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Mae Barnes making hot mince pie out of the average torch song, with the aid of double piano by Norene Tate and Garland Wilson. Jimmie Daniels' ballads are more sentimental. The Three Flames, paced by the daffy Tiger Haines, play and sing real hotcha jive, and Tony and Eddie, no respecters of grandeur, spoof some unaccountably famous recording artists. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): An unrestrained riot staged by Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, Edmond Hall, Bob Casey, Gene Schroeder, and Mr. Condon. Ralph Sutton does the interlude solo-piano work, a fine demonstration of fifty-finger exercises. Tuesday nights, when other sharpshooters drop in, are often complete bedlam. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Except Sundays, some very clever music is being turned loose, after nine, by the Red Norvo Trio, which has Tal Farlow on guitar. Teddy Wilson's quartet has the old master at the piano and Don

Key to someone's
Merry,
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Christmas



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It's the key to a Buick, as you may well guess.

It's the key to power that is nimble and mighty and always alert—and to miles that are wondrously smooth and supremely pleasant.

It's the key to a prized possession that will keep this Christmas joyous in memory for months and even years.

And it's the key to sparkling eyes and happy smiles and delighted surprise for that very special Someone who receives it.

Want to know why a Buick's key can work such wonders? Come in and find out firsthand.

This, we promise you, is one bit of Christmas shopping that you're going to enjoy.

When you touch off that Fireball Engine that's a high-compression valve-in-head eight—when you set that Dynaflo* pointer at "D" for "Drive"—when you lay hands on that graceful wheel, ease into motion and feed the power—you're going to feel like

Equipment, accessories, trim and models are subject to change without notice. *Standard on ROADMASTER, optional at extra cost on other Series.

Santa Claus and all his reindeer as they skim through the air with the greatest of ease.

This is a great car, a great performer, and a great buy.

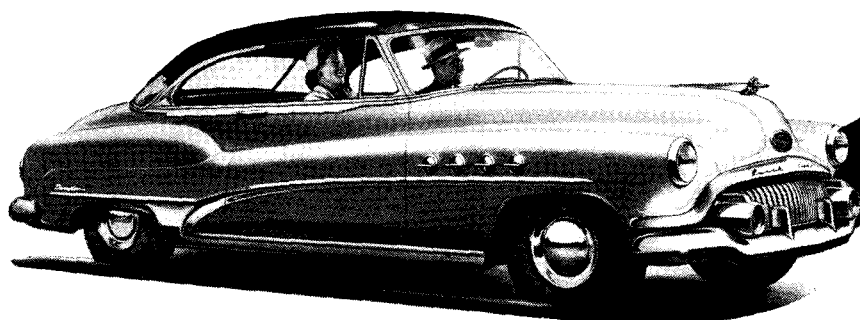
No need to tell you the shopping days till Christmas are getting fewer and fewer.

There's no time like now for taking steps to make this a Buick Christmas.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Elliot, a triple-threat man (vibraphone, French horn, trumpet) all over the place. Irving Fields' trio plays from five-thirty to eight-thirty, also except Sundays, when there are jam sessions in charge of Bobby Hackett. On Thursday, Dec. 13, Joe Bushkin's new group will replace Mr. Wilson's. . . . NICK'S, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Through Saturday, Dec. 8, Muggsy Spanier, playing "Tin Roof Blues" in a style that does away with any need for central heating. Next night, Pee Wee Erwin's band, old family retainers here, will report for duty. Sunday afternoon is jam-session time. Closed Mondays. . . . JIMMY RYAN'S, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris, a firm believer in a return to first principles, even has a banjo (Danny Barker) in his fine new band, which also includes Sidney de Paris, Freddy Moore, and Omer Simeon. Don Frye is at the piano between sets. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. . . . STUYVESANT CASINO, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday-night beer-garden sessions are still on. Friday, Dec. 7, the tumult will be provided by some faithful repeaters; to wit, Wild Bill Davison, Oran Page, Bobby Hackett, Max Kaminsky, Bud Freeman, Lou McGarity, Jimmy McPartland, Ray McKinley, and Jimmy Archey. On Sunday, Dec. 9, a matinée (2:30) and evening (8) with all this and Sidney Bechet, his band, and Edmond Hall, too. And who could ask for anything more? . . . CENTRAL PLAZA, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Another Friday-night barbecue, this week (Dec. 7) offering such stout hearts as Willie the Lion Smith, Pee Wee Erwin's band, Pops Foster, and Sol Yaged. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

AFRICAN SCULPTURES—A number of pieces assembled from various European collections and including masks, statues, and a series of ceremonial goblets; through Dec. 24. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St.)

AUDUBON—A loan showing of animal paintings, largely water colors, along with two portraits of the artist and some memorabilia; through Dec. 28. (Audubon House, 1000 Fifth Ave., at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.)

BRIAN CONNELLY—Exquisitely done but rather empty *trompe-l'œil* paintings; through Dec. 8. (American British Art Gallery, 122 E. 55th St.)

MAX ERNST—New paintings, generally Arizonan in motivation, and featuring a number of the minutely executed, postage-stamp-size paintings he calls "microbes;" through Dec. 15. (Iolas, 46 E. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the ARTISTS', 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St.: Oils, water colors, pastels, drawings, and prints by about twenty artists, including Gretna Campbell and John Sennhauser; through Dec. 24. Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57th St.: A large show by living American painters and sculptors; through Dec. 31. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11. . . . **FINE ARTS ASSOCIATES**, 51 E. 57th St.: Modern French oils by Signac, Dufy, Utrillo, and others; through Dec. 31. . . . **GANSO**, 125 E. 57th St.: Animal ceramics by Carl Walters, paintings by Alex Redein and others, and sculptures by Charles Stevens; through Dec. 26. . . . **NIVEAU**, 63 E. 57th St.: Raoul Dufy, Matisse, and Picasso are among those represented in this group of modern French artists; through Dec. 31. . . . **VILLAGE ART CENTER**, 44 W. 11th St.: The sixth annual graphic-arts show, consisting of dry points, lithographs, and woodcuts, with prizes awarded to Harold Paris, Conwell Savage, and Miriam Sommerburg; through Dec. 14. Daily, 1 to 6, and Sunday, Monday, and Thursday evenings until 10.

LOUIS GUGLIELMI—New paintings, still mainly on city subjects but more abstract in style than previously, in his first showing in several years; through Dec. 8. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

ABRAHAM HARRITON—Figure pieces, landscapes,

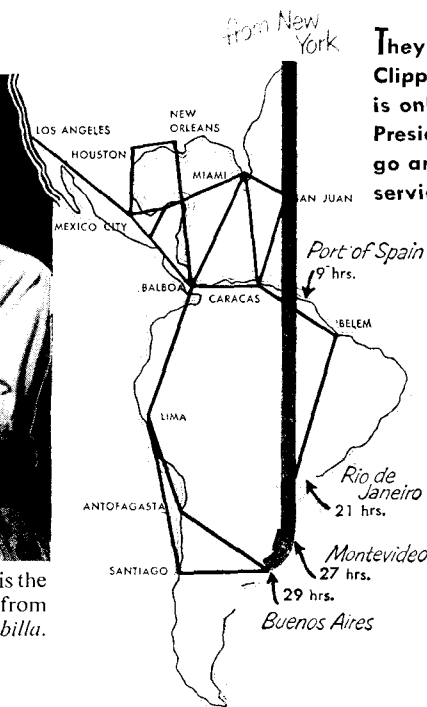


Laugh and loaf in the sun on Rio's famous *Copacabana Beach*. Note the beautiful, hand-laid mosaic walks, the ultra-modern buildings, and old Sugarloaf, towering over it all in the background.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and portraits by this American painter and teacher; through Dec. 15. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

MAJOR FRENCH PAINTINGS—One large canvas each by Cézanne, Matisse, Picasso, and six others; through Dec. 15. (Rosenberg, 16 E. 57th St.)

MASTERPIECES FROM MUSEUMS AND PRIVATE COLLECTIONS—A loan show, and a superb one, of paintings of the fourteenth century through the nineteenth, for the benefit of St. Faith's House; through Dec. 15. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

WILLIAM C. McNULTY—A retrospective display of work done during fifty years as newspaper artist, magazine and book illustrator, etcher, and painter by this artist, who has been an instructor at the League for twenty years; through Dec. 8. (Art Students League, 215 W. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 8; Saturdays, 9 to 4:30.)

JOAN MIRÓ—Early paintings, covering the period from 1916 to 1923; through Dec. 15. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS—Nearly a hundred works by thirty-four candidates for the Institute's 1952 art grants, among them Paul Cadmus, Dong Kingman, and Cleo Hartwig; through Dec. 16. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

JACKSON POLLOCK—Modern abstract drawings, water colors, and oils, mostly in black and white; through Dec. 15. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

HENRI ROUSSEAU—A loan show, including a number of little-known pictures from abroad, for the benefit of the Cerebral Palsy Society; through Dec. 22. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

SCULPTURE BY PAINTERS—A remarkably comprehensive survey, containing many obscure pieces by artists from Géricault and Daumier to André Masson and Max Weber; through Dec. 15. (Curt Valentin, 32 E. 57th St.)

SCULPTURE OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC—A small but magnificent collection of examples of Polynesian and other Oceanic native carvings, many of them rare; through Dec. 31. (Carlbach, 937 Third Ave., at 56th St.)

WALTER STUEMPF—Twenty-four paintings ranging from landscapes to still-lives; through Dec. 22. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

RUFINO TAMAYO—New abstractions, a bit more muted in color than usual, but clearly showing his established and powerful anatomical style; through Dec. 15. (Knodler, 14 E. 57th St.)

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Karl Fortess; through Dec. 22. . . . **HELLER**, 108 E. 57th St.: Franz Rederer; through Dec. 15. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 17 E. 57th St.: Betty Parsons; through Dec. 22. . . . **NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN**, Fifth Ave. at 80th St.: "The American Tradition;" through Dec. 16. Daily, 1 to 5. . . . **PASSEDOUT**, 121 E. 57th St.: Emanuel Romano; through Dec. 22. . . . **PERLS**, 32 E. 58th St.: Group show, modern French and American; through Dec. 31. . . . **SCULPTURE CENTER**, 167 E. 69th St.: Group show; through Jan. 4. Weekdays, 2 to 5 and, except Saturdays, 7 to 10. . . . **VAN DIEMEN-LILIENFELD**, 31 E. 57th St.: Paintings by modern French masters; through Dec. 31. . . . **VIVIANO**, 42 E. 57th St.: Group show, modern drawings and gouaches; through Dec. 31. . . . **WELLONS**, 70 E. 56th St.: Olivia Kahn; through Dec. 15. Weekdays, 10 to 6, and Friday evenings until 8.

NOTE—There will be an exhibition and sale of paintings by contemporary artists, among them Chagall, Rouault, and Klee, at the Walden School, 1 W. 88th St., on Friday, Dec. 14, from 8 to 11, and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 15-16, from 1 to 11, for the benefit of the school's scholarship fund.

MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A large and well-organized loan exhibition, analyzing and illustrating the various trends in American painting from 1900 to the present; through Jan. 6. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A selection of paintings by Old Masters, plus Oriental and Egyptian objects of art, all given or bequeathed to the Museum by Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Harkness; through April 1. . . . Sculptures by a hundred and one contemporary Americans selected through a nationwide competition sponsored by the Museum; starting Dec. 7. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—More than a hundred paintings and sculptures by Matisse, plus prints and illustrated books, and his designs for the Dominican Chapel of the Rosary, at Venice, France; through Jan. 13. . . . Photographs from *Life* magazine chosen by Edward Steichen and taken by Margaret Bourke-White, Alfred Eisenstadt, and Gjon Mili, among many others; through Dec. 11. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A new group showing by Europeans and Americans; through Feb. 29. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The sixth annual exhibition of the Creative Arts Associates, comprising ninety paintings and sculptures; through Dec. 23. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8th St.—The 1951 Annual of Contemporary American Painting, a lively and well-balanced show; through Jan. 6. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall LU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8:15: "Fledermaus," with Regina Resnik, Patrice Munsel, Charles Kullman, and Brian Sullivan. . . . Friday, Dec. 7, at 8: "Manon," with Licia Albanese, Margaret Roggero, Giuseppe Di Stefano, and Martial Singher. . . . Saturday, Dec. 8, at 2: "Rigoletto," with Hilde Gueden, Jean Madeira, Leonard Warren, and Richard Tucker. . . . Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8: "Aida," with Delia Rigal, Blanche Thebom, Mario Del Monaco, and Cesare Siepi. . . . Monday, Dec. 10, at 8:15: "Fledermaus," with Hilde Gueden, Patrice Munsel, Blanche Thebom, and Charles Kullman. . . . Tuesday, Dec. 11, at 8:30: "La Traviata," with Licia Albanese, Paula Lenchner, Giuseppe Di Stefano, and Renato Capecchi. . . . Wednesday, Dec. 12, at 8: "Aida," with Zinka Milanov, Nell Rankin, Mario Del Monaco, and George London. . . . Thursday, Dec. 13, at 7:30: "Götterdämmerung," with Helen Traubel, Margaret Harshaw, Set Svanholm, and Dezso Ernster. . . . Friday, Dec. 14, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Zinka Milanov, Mildred Miller, Jussi Bjoer-



Sala

ling, and Frank Valentino; and "Pagliacci," with Lucine Amara, Ramon Vinay, Leonard Warren, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 15, at 2: "Manon," with Licia Albanese, Giuseppe Di Stefano, Martial Singher, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8:30: "La Bohème," with Eleanor Steber, Hilde Gueden, Richard Tucker, and Giuseppe Valdengo. (A benefit for the Yeshiva University Women's Organization; for tickets, call MU 7-2757.)

MASQUE AND LYRE LIGHT OPERA COMPANY—"Iolanthe." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. TR 9-6453. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinée Saturday, Dec. 8, at 2:15. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Sunday, Dec. 9, at 8:15.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—At Carnegie Hall—George Szell conducting: Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8:45; Friday, Dec. 7, at 2:30; and Sunday, Dec. 9, at 2:30 (all with Jascha Heifetz, violin); and Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8:45; and Friday, Dec. 14, at 2:30 (both with Guiomar Novaes, piano).

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Pierre Monteux conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Dec. 7, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 2:30.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Oscar Levant, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 11, at 8:30.)

LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY—Thomas Scherman conducting, with the Choral Art Society, Martial Singher, baritone, and other vocal soloists. (Town Hall. Monday, Dec. 10, at 8:30.)

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB—Alfred Greenfield directing, with Nadia Reisenberg, piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 7, at 8:30.)

AMERICAN BACH SOCIETY—Clifford Richter directing, with Jacques Margolies, violin, a chorus, an orchestra, and vocal soloists. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 11, at 8:30.)

ORATORIO SOCIETY OF NEW YORK—Alfred Greenfield directing Handel's "Messiah." (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8:15.)

HUNTER COLLEGE CHOIR AND COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB—A joint concert, with Anders Emile and Carl A. Lambert directing. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8:15.)

RECITALS

PAGANINI STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Mc-Millin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 4-3200, Ext. 2461. Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

RUDOLF SERKIN—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 7, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, Dec. 11, at 8:30.)

CARMEN BERENDSEN—Violin. (Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8:30.)

FRIEDRICH GULDA—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8:30.)

IRMGARD SEEFRIED—Soprano. (Town Hall. Sunday, Dec. 9, at 3.)

NEW FRIENDS OF MUSIC—Hortense Monath, piano; Roman Totenberg, violin; Julius Baker, flute; and Paul Doktor, viola. (Town Hall. Sunday, Dec. 9, at 5:30.)

VICTORIA DE LOS ANGELES—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 9, at 8:30.)

JOSEF MARAIS AND MIRANDA—Folk singers. (Town Hall. Sunday, Dec. 9, at 8:30.)

SCHNEIDER QUARTET—The sixth performance in a sixteen-program Haydn cycle. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. Monday, Dec. 10, at 8:40.)

ALEXANDER BRAILOWSKY—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 12, at 8:30.)

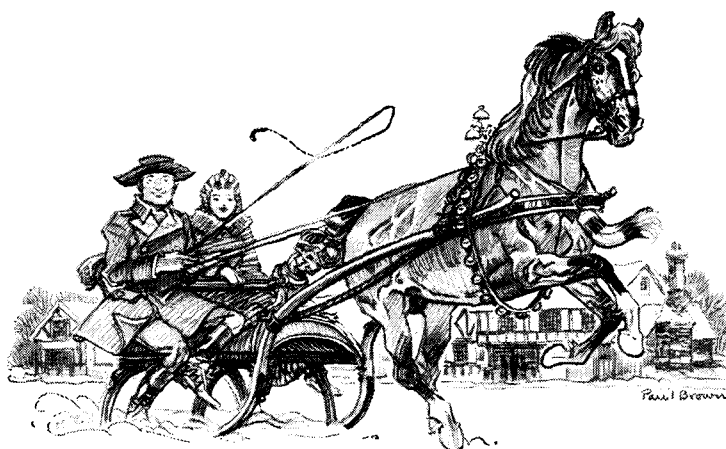
GUILET QUARTET—With Carlton Cooley, viola, and Naoum Benditzky, cello. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Wednesday, Dec. 12, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

MICHAEL FIELD—Piano. (Town Hall. Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8:30.)

LEONARD ROSE—Cello. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

QUARTETTO ITALIANO—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington

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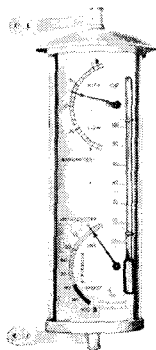


How fast the "days-to-Christmas" fly! Today is a good day to start or finish your gift buying.

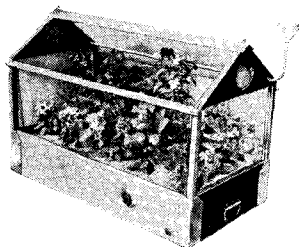
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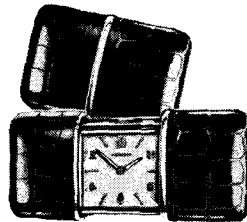


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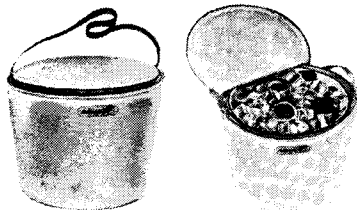
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8:40.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Dec. 7: Paddy De Marco vs. Sandy Saddler, lightweights, 10 rounds. . . . Friday, Dec. 14: Kid Gavilan vs. Walter Cartier, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

DOG SHOW—Kennel Club of Philadelphia. (Philadelphia, Saturday, Dec. 8.)

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Yanks vs. Chicago Bears. (Yankee Stadium, Sunday, Dec. 9, at 2:05.)

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Dec. 9: Rangers vs. Toronto. . . . Wednesday, Dec. 12: Rangers vs. Boston. (Games begin at 8:30.)

INDOOR POLO—Two matches every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30.)

FOR CHILDREN

CONCERTS—By the **PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY**: Igor Buketoff conducting. (Carnegie Hall, CI 7-7460. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 11. . . . Town Hall, LU 2-4536. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 3.) . . . **LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY**: Thomas Scherman conducting, with Lisl Weil, who will draw cartoons. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 60th St. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 11. For tickets, call CI 5-5159.)

PLAYS—By the **JUNIOR THEATRE**: "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturdays at 2:15. For tickets, call CI 6-0224.) . . . **PLAYMART**: "Christmas Carnival," a play and ballet. (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 1:30 and 3:15. For tickets, call TR 7-7591.)

FOLKTALE PUPPET STUDIO—"Aesop's Fables" and "The Nutcracker." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 3.)

LITTLE THEATRE CLUB—Magic and a dog act. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, 2 E. 90th St. AT 9-3400. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 11.)

CHILDREN'S CARNIVAL—"The Muffins Go Traveling," a program of dances from all lands. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 1 and 3, and Sunday, Dec. 9, at 2.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The annual supervised-art carnival for children of from four to eight, comprising a miniature gallery, with works of art, toys, sculptures, and mobiles, and a studio workshop, where the youngsters may paint as well as make collages and constructions. The gallery also contains a color organ, which, by the manipulation of keys and foot pedals, can be used to produce color patterns on a screen. Fifty-minute sessions are held weekdays at 10, 11, 2, 3, and 4, and Sundays at 2, 3, and 4. For reservations, call CI 5-8900, Ext. 335. Through Sunday, Jan. 6.

EXHIBITS—Electric trains, including such wonders as cattle cars with cattle that troop in and out, and milk cars from which a toy man removes milk cans. (Lionel Showroom, 15 E. 26th St. MU 3-2707. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays, 9 to 3.) . . . More trains, a dozen of them on a seventy-foot miniature railway system; Erector models (a merry-go-round, for instance); and an atomic-energy lab (complete with cloud chamber and radioactive ores) plus numerous scientific displays that youngsters can operate by means of push buttons. (Gilbert Hall of Science, Fifth Ave. at 25th St. OR 9-1161. Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MOVIES—Cartoons and, usually, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux Colony Theatre, Second Ave. at 79th St., BU 8-0468; and Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St., BU 8-3180; Saturdays at 11.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—The organization's New York activities will be more or less quiescent, as far as the visiting public is concerned, until

after the current meeting of the General Assembly in Paris, which is expected to wind up around Jan. 26. However, debates of the Paris meeting are being filmed and shown here a day later over WCBS-TV, Mondays through Fridays at 6, and Sundays at 3. Questions about the United Nations will be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 220 W. 45th St., JU 2-0233.

ROCKEFELLER CENTER CHRISTMAS TREE—The seventy-five hundred stars and bulbs ornamenting the immense, seventy-seven-year-old Norway spruce installed in the Plaza will be lighted on Monday, Dec. 10, at 5. This year, twin rows of simulated fountains flank the Promenade that leads to the tree.

GASTRONOMY IN FINE ARTS—An exhibition calculated to make the visitor go right home and be nice to his cook. In addition to still-lives by such painters as Cézanne, Manet, and van Gogh, there are historic menus, lithographs, engravings, displays of tableware, and a copy of France's first cookbook "Platine," published in 1505. (Cultural Division of the French Embassy, 934 Fifth Ave., at 75th St. Weekdays, 10 to 5; through Jan. 30.)

ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS—A display of traditional Christmas scenes as represented in French, German, Italian, Spanish, Flemish, and English manuscripts of the thirteenth through the sixteenth centuries. Also, there's the autograph manuscript of Dickens' "Christmas Carol." (Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. Weekdays, 9:30 to 5; through Dec. 31.)

PUERTO RICO, U.S.A.—A reproduction of a tropical forest glade and a rain forest, plus a display of native crafts and plants, and such oddities as an egg tree—a showing that will be a breather before getting on with the long, hard winter ahead. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Daily, 10 to 4; through Jan. 12.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM—The December show is called "The Christmas Star." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)—Friday and Saturday, Dec. 7-8, at 1:45: Egyptian, Greek, and Roman art, Gothic and Renaissance sculptures, furniture, decorative objects, and stained glass, belonging to the estate of William Randolph Hearst... Tuesday, Dec. 11, at 8, and Wednesday, Dec. 12, at 1:45 and 8: Books, including standard sets of Hardy, Swift, and Hawthorne, from the library of the late Edward Hubert Litchfield. Exhibition starts Friday, Dec. 7... Thursday and Friday, Dec. 13-14, at 10:15 and 1:45, and Saturday, Dec. 15, at 1:45: English and American furniture of the eighteenth century, and other furniture, as well as paintings and decorations, the property of Mrs. Nathan D. Stern and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, Dec. 8.

NOTE—Volunteers are still sorely needed in each of the city's civil-defense departments, among which are Transportation, Medical Emergency, Public Health, Public Welfare, and the Fire and Police Auxiliaries. Telephone operators, messengers, air wardens, hospital aids, clerical workers, and such are wanted to fill jobs in nearly a hundred and fifty different categories. Some of these posts involve technical or professional skills, but for most of them the qualifications are merely time, heart, and, possibly, muscle. All hospitals, precinct police stations, and district firehouses are prepared to take applications, and additional recruiting centers have been opened in motion-picture theatres, libraries, and other public buildings. Further information can be had from the five borough recruiting offices: 500 Park Ave., at 59th St. (MU 8-6940), in Manhattan; 2 Court St. (MAin 4-7681), in Brooklyn; Borough Hall, 120-55 Queens Blvd. (BOulevard 3-2324), in Queens; Bronx County Court House, 161st St. and Grand Concourse (LUdlow 8-9634), in the Bronx; and Borough Hall, St. George, S.I. (GIBaltar 2-8836), in Richmond... Blood donations for the armed forces are, of course, also urgently sought. To make an appointment, call the Manhattan Red Cross Chapter, 70 W. 40th St., MU 9-1000, or the Brooklyn Chapter, 57 Willoughby St., MAin 4-6001.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST
ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



THE BROWNING VERSION—An excellent portrayal of a pedagogue who finds both his scholastic world and his domestic world coming down around his ears. An English film. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

A CHRISTMAS CAROL—Alastair Sim leading an English cast through yet another version of the Dickens' fable, which, when it is good, is very, very good, and when it is bad, is etc. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

DETECTIVE STORY—A galvanic adaptation of Sidney Kingsley's play about the doings in a precinct stationhouse. Heading the enthusiastic cast are Kirk Douglas and Eleanor Parker. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800.)

THE LAVENDER HILL MOB—In this comical British film, a clerk, after twenty years of pondering, finally thinks up a method of doing the Bank of England out of a million pounds. Alec Guinness is splendid as the gentle crook, and Stanley Holloway is fine as his collaborator in the deal. (Fine Arts, 128 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

A PLACE IN THE SUN—A variation on Dreiser's "An American Tragedy" that is probably as apt a translation of a novel to the screen as anyone is likely to see in our time. The direction by George Stevens is altogether admirable, and the acting is equally so. With Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Shelley Winters. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; through Dec. 7. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Dec. 10. . . . ¶ Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; starting Dec. 7.)

QUO VADIS—Seven million dollars' worth of first-century guff. Robert Taylor and some thirty thousand others participate. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240. Showings are at 2:40 and 8:40; extra performances Saturdays at midnight. Reserved seats only. . . . ¶ Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Continuous showings.)

THE RIVER—Jean Renoir's masterly interpretation of the Rumer Godden novel about life along the Ganges. Produced by Kenneth McEldowney, an American, the film features Arthur Shields, Nora Swinburne, an Indian actress and dancer named Radha, and all kinds of other Indians who happen to come within the range of M. Renoir's camera. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Satur-

days and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

THE WELL—An intemperate but frequently engrossing melodrama concerned with a race riot and the rescue of a small girl trapped underground. With Henry Morgan, Barry Kelly, Richard Rober, and Maidie Norman. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; Dec. 6. . . . ¶ York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; through Dec. 7.)

REVIVALS

ALL ABOUT EVE (1950)—Bette Davis and Anne Baxter in a comedy dealing with some of the foibles of the theatre. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Dec. 11.)

IMMORTAL SERGEANT (1943)—A British patrol lost in the Libyan desert. With Henry Fonda, Thomas Mitchell, and Maureen O'Hara. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting Dec. 12.)

IN OLD CHICAGO (1938)—Mrs. O'Leary and her cow, as well as Alice Faye and Tyrone Power. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Dec. 8.)

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST
APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED
IN THE SECTION ABOVE

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through Dec. 11: "Two Tickets to Broadway," Tony Martin, Janet Leigh.
From Dec. 12: "The Racket," Robert Mitchell, Elizabeth Scott.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Fixed Bayonets!," Richard Basehart, Gene Evans.

LAST HOLIDAY (1950)—Alec Guinness as a presumably doomed salesman having his last fling at a fancy watering place. A British picture. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Dec. 6.)

MADEIRA (1950)—Love and arsenic mingled in a British mystery film set in Victorian Glasgow. With Ann Todd. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Dec. 6.)

MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA (1947)—Rosalind Russell and Katina Paxinou in the O'Neill melodrama. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Dec. 6.)

MY SISTER EILEEN (1942)—Taken from Ruth McKenney's stories of Greenwich Village life. Rosalind Russell, Brian Aherne, and Janet Blair. (Murray Hill, Park at 42nd, MU 2-1431; Dec. 9-11.)

NINOTCHKA (1939)—Garbo laughs. Melvyn Douglas chuckles in it, too. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Dec. 9-11. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting Dec. 12.)

PÉPÉ LE MOKO (1941)—Life in the Casbah. A French film, with Jean Gabin. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747; through Dec. 12, tentative.)

A RUN FOR YOUR MONEY (1950)—A garden specialist (Alec Guinness) involved with a pair of Welsh miners on the loose in London. A British film. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; Dec. 6.)

STATE FAIR (1945)—Champion pigs, youthful romance, and songs. Dick Haymes, Jeanne Crain, and Charles Winninger. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting Dec. 12.)

TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND (1949)—An English comedy about some Scots and a wartime whiskey shortage. With Basil Radford. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; Dec. 6.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Through Dec. 9: "Night Must Fall" (1937), with Robert Montgomery, Rosalind Russell, and Dame May Whitty. . . . ¶ Starting Dec. 10: "The Little Foxes" (1941), with Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall, and Teresa Wright. (Showings are at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
QUO VADIS.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
QUO VADIS.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
Through Dec. 7: "The Blue Veil," Jane Wyman, Charles Laughton.
From Dec. 8: "The Strange Door," Charles Laughton, Boris Karloff.

GLOBE, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"Crosswinds," John Payne, Rhonda Fleming.

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
DETECTIVE STORY.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"I'll See You in My Dreams," Doris Day, Danny Thomas.

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Dec. 6: "Golden Girl," Mitzi Gaynor, Dale Robertson.

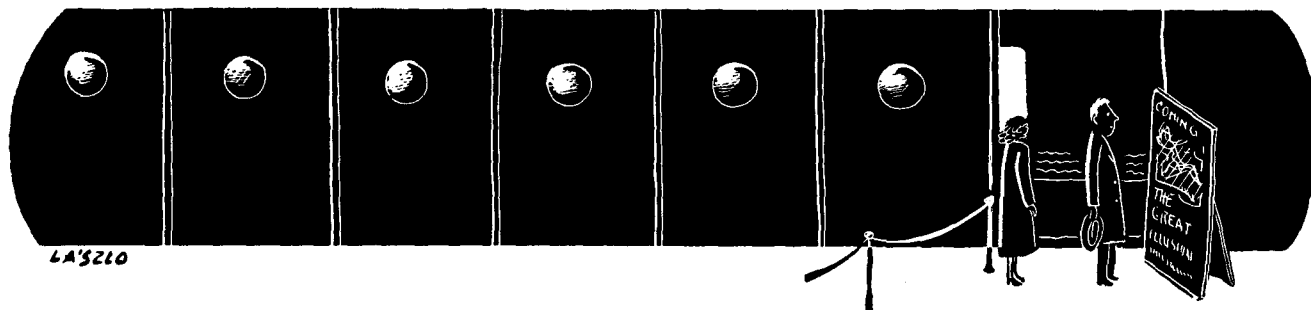
From Dec. 7: "I'll Never Forget You," Tyrone Power, Ann Blyth.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
"Callaway Went Thataway," Dorothy McGuire, Fred MacMurray.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Ten Tall Men," Burt Lancaster, Gilbert Roland.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"The Tanks Are Coming," Steve Cochran, Philip Carey.

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
Through Dec. 12 (tentative): **PÉPÉ LE MOKO** (in French), revival.



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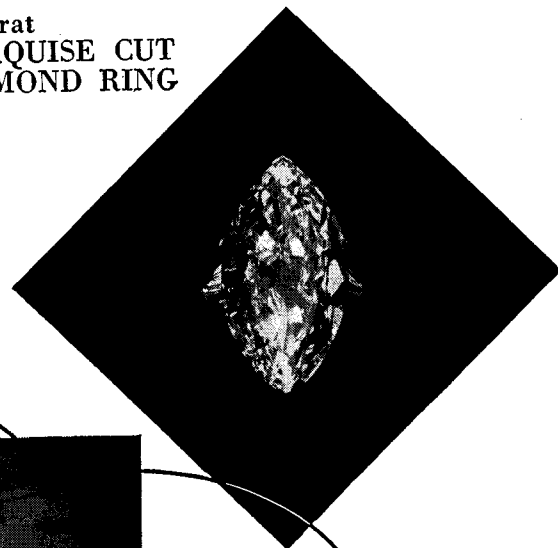
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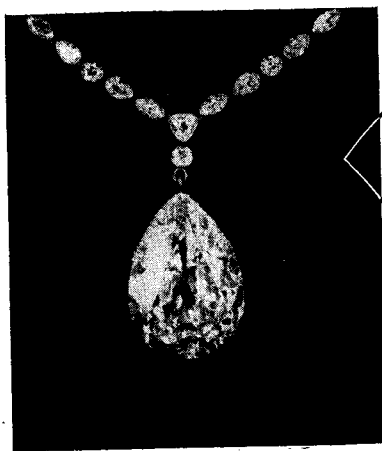
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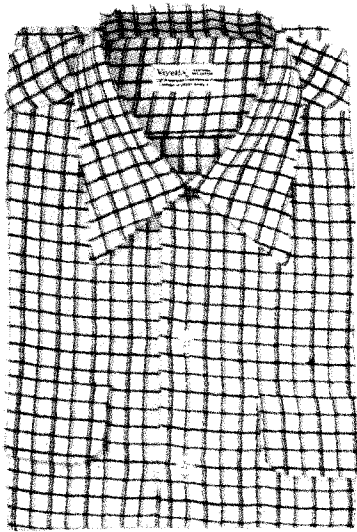


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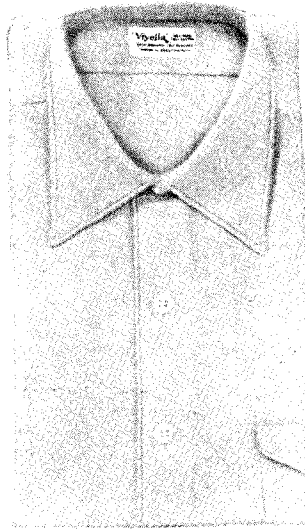
◆ The main reception room



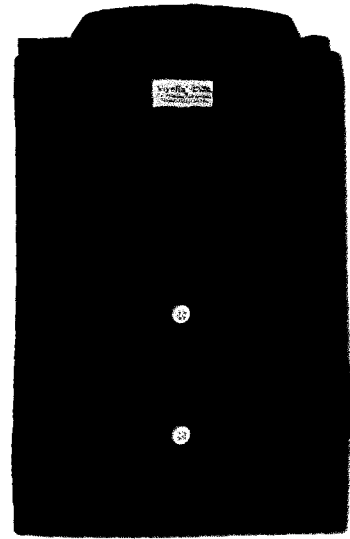
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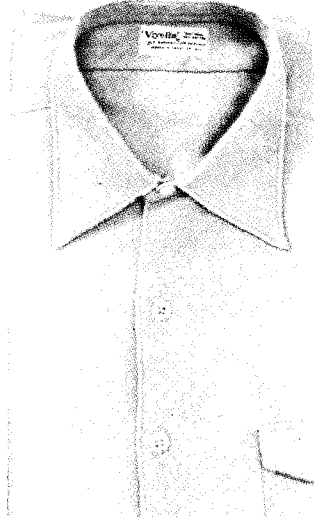
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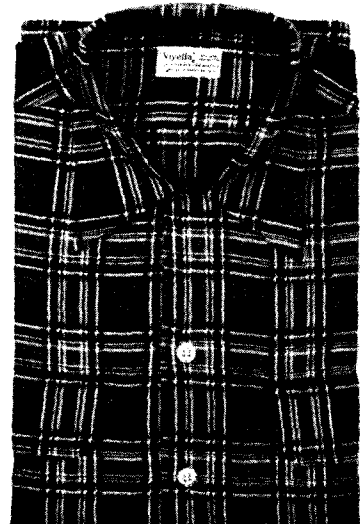
3. If you treat Viyella with affection, it will wear for years. It is completely washable.



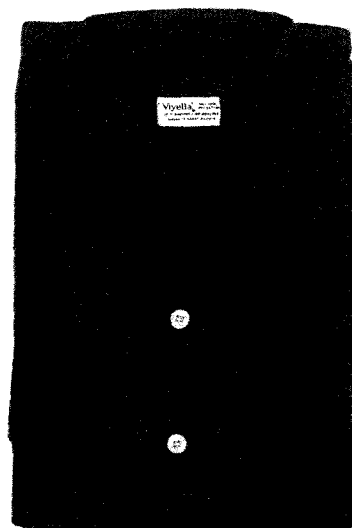
4. One of our customers has had his Viyella shirt washed or cleaned sixty times.



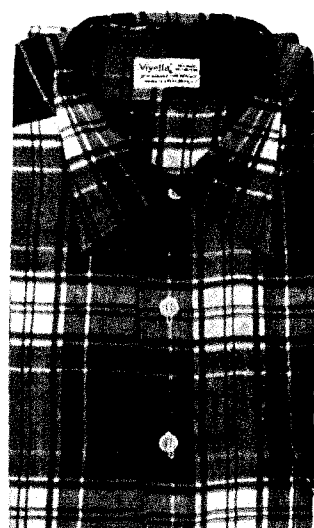
5. Another is still wearing a Viyella shirt which his father bought fifty years ago.



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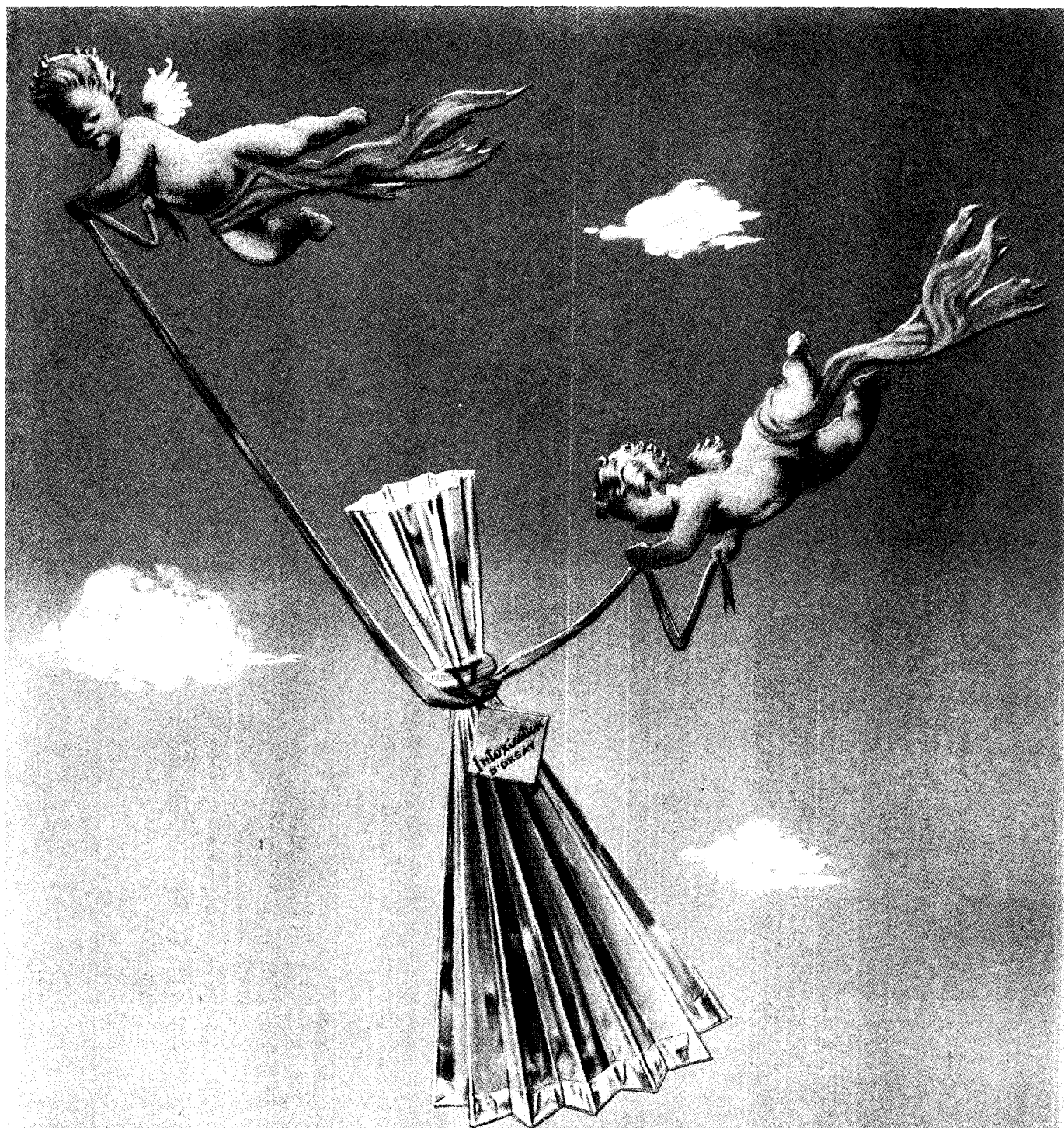


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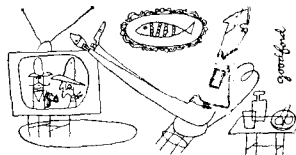


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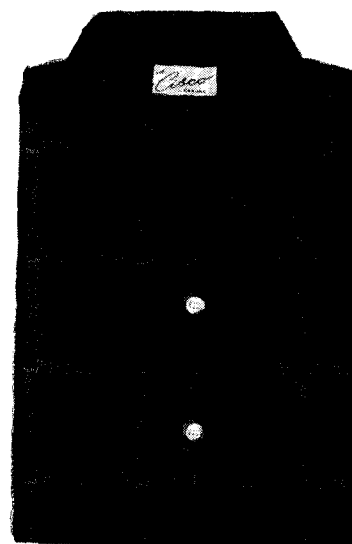


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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

FIVE minutes after the all-clear sounded, everyone on our floor was back at work. Nobody escaped, in the confusion, to another part of the city or to another planet; nobody tried to prolong the recess period in order to savor his freedom; none seemed desirous of meditating on the heavy implications of an A-bomb drill. To slip back into harness—that was the compelling aim. It was the same story all through the city—eight million well-behaved citizens, docile as lambs, huddled in hallways and tunnels while a hush fell over all. The city fathers were delighted, as indeed they might be. Yet how discouraging, really, such behavior is! It might have been more promising for the future had we all rushed wildly into the streets, punched wardens in the nose, and screamed our defiance of the implausible and crazy design that had led us to this pretty pass. But there was no sign of that. Only one fellow, of all we heard about, questioned the normality of eight million people creeping into the walls like mice. He stepped out on Broadway, gazed up and down, and asked, “What’s this—something new?”

WE inmates of the nineteenth floor were supposed to proceed, by easy stages, to the tenth floor, and that is exactly what we did. Bubbling with good spirits and bright as birds, we assembled at the elevators and were piped aboard, in lots of a dozen, for the weird descent to the survival chamber, or tenth-floor corridor. This descent from the nineteenth to the tenth is, in our building, the dodge that has been agreed upon as the means of eluding the atom—a queer piece of magic but one that is probably as good as any other. The tenth floor is an important station on the lift, being the first express stop, and in a few minutes the corridor of the tenth was full of people. Cars discharged passengers briskly. There was an overtone of uneasy mirth, rising to

a slightly exaggerated pitch, as though each of us had had one cocktail. There was a temptation to clown, reminiscent of grammar-school days, when a fire drill brought sudden relief from classroom tedium. Underneath the mirth and chatter, easily discernible in the faces, was the deep current of loneliness, of fear—the imagination, carefully controlled at the surface level, operating miles down in the dark unfathomable regions.

Our descent from the nineteenth floor to the tenth floor was, we realized, a drop not of nine flights but of eight. This building has no floor called “13;” hence the “fourteenth” floor is a euphemism, and all the other floors above the twelfth are numbered not by a system of mathematics but by witchcraft. In our descent, then, in the cheerful lift, we not only had to evade an atomic explosion by taking a short journey but we had to subtract ten from nineteen and get eight. It occurred to us, gliding by the thirteenth floor and seeing the numeral “14” painted on it, that our atom-splitting scientists had committed the error of impatience and had run on ahead of the rest of the human race. They had dared look into the core of the sun, and had fiddled with it; but it might have been a good idea if they had waited to do that until the rest of us could look the number 13 square in the face. Such is the true nature of our peculiar dilemma.

FOR a minute or two during our sojourn on the tenth floor, we tried to take stock of our life, tried to understand what had brought us to this ignominious pass. We wondered whether the very qualities that are so generally admired—industry, ingenuity, loyalty, faith—

whether they had not played a big part in it. Centuries of good behavior, centuries of brilliant achievement in the arts and sciences, and we take cover in a steel-and-plaster corridor, standing erect and tractable in fantastic assemblage, next to those we love, to await the messy results of some basic mismanagement, some distant fury, some essential cruelty and bestiality.

THE papers reported that millions of dollars in manpower were lost by the quiescence of eight million persons. For fifteen minutes, wealth ran down the drain. This, like the missing thirteenth floor, was a mathematical enigma that stopped us cold. What happened, exactly? Who lost what? How can anyone say for sure that millions of dollars were lost? Probably the dollars, like the people, were not lost—just deeply troubled. Like the people, the dollars stood still for a brief while. For a quarter of an hour, no citizen, no dollar, did anything much. Travel, busy-ness, creation, connivance, promotion, shopping—all were at low ebb. It was eerie, but it was not necessarily a loss. The Consolidated Edison Company noted a sharp dip in the curve of kilowattage, giving



stockholders a nasty turn but relieving consumers of fifteen minutes of expensive electrical existence. It was one of those intense moments (as at midnight on December 31st) when it is hard to say what, precisely, is taking place. People are so addicted to activity that the sudden stoppage of it gives them a quick sense of something being wrong, when, in point of fact, it may be the beginning of something being right.

A fellow we stood next to in the corridor, and who survived, confided to us that the drill was costing *The New*

Yorker a pretty penny, because at that very moment a couple of high-priced lawyers were in the office and they were being paid by the hour. But what he failed to say was whether the advice they were peddling was good or bad. If it should turn out to be bad, then every minute they were rendered inarticulate was so much gain. We regard the published estimates of community loss during the test as highly suspect. Who knows? Maybe if everybody in the world stood still for a quarter of an hour and looked into the eyes of the next man, the mischief would come to an end.

MEDITERRANEAN INTELLIGENCE: The baggage stickers of the Hotel Cavour, Naples, read, in part, "The almost in comfort and convenience."

Gigi

IN the studio of a West Fifty-fourth Street institution called the Tarassova School of Ballet, we had a chat one morning last week with Audrey Hepburn, the twenty-two-year-old actress who, as the sixteen-year-old heroine of "Gigi," has helped to relieve the gloom of a generally overcast theatrical season. When we arrived at the school, we found Miss Hepburn struggling to converse with the headmistress, Mme. Olga Tarassova, while a pianist ran through some lively improvisations and a ballet master coaxed a quintet of pupils, two male and three female, to put soul into their dancing. After greeting us, Miss Hepburn remarked to Mme. Tarassova that although she'd been trying to be a ballet dancer for years, she would really never be better than adequate. "Who can tell?" observed Mme. Tarassova tactfully.

"Always the shoulder limp like a snake," the ballet master suggested to one of the pupils.

"During the war," said Miss Hepburn, "I was in Holland with my mother, who is Dutch. There was no food, no heat, no transport, and for four years I did no dancing. After the war, when I went to England—my father is an Irishman who has been in business in England and on the Continent—I found I had no stamina."

"Without the food is no energy," said Mme. Tarassova.

"So, now the positions one, two, three, and five!" called the ballet master. "We skeep the four."

"When I don't dance, I always get

fat in the wrong places," said Miss Hepburn.

"This complaint I have heard many times," said Mme. Tarassova.

A middle-sized gentleman in a pin-stripe bounced into the studio at this point and was introduced to Miss Hepburn and us as Mme. Tarassova's husband. "Enchanté," he remarked, and bent to kiss Miss Hepburn's hand. "All morning long, I've been looking at gas heaters for the studio," he said to his wife when his greetings were over. "Do they have one gives thirty thousand B.T.U.s and works without a flue? Ha! This American know-how is avoiding gas heaters."

"You are steef like boards," the ballet master informed one of his ladies.

"I should like to have an audition with you," said Miss Hepburn to Mme. Tarassova. The headmistress said that would be fine by her.

"*Plié!*" carolled the ballet master.

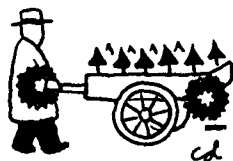
"Are you an instructor?" Miss Hepburn inquired of Mme. Tarassova's husband, whose name, we subsequently discovered, is Vladimir D. Bell.

"Here is a part-time impresario with lead in the feet, also a sacroiliac condition," said Mr. Bell. "One little waltz would dislocate the vertebrae."

"Vladimir is always kidding," said Mme. Tarassova, "but he is not, maybe, a good partner for a pas de deux."

"Da-di-da-da," sang the ballet master, pirouetting before his class.

Figuring that we couldn't learn very much about Miss Hepburn as long as we tried to interview her against the counterpoint of the Tarassova School, we suggested that she dust around the corner with us and have a



cup of coffee. "My pleasure," interrupted Mr. Bell. "What will you have—coffee, cognac, whiskey, vodka, Amer Picon, Chablis, *rosé*, eggnog?" Staggered by his hospitality, we begged off with a mumbled word or two, took a firm grip on Miss Hepburn, and proceeded to a nearby café.

When we were settled in the place, Miss Hepburn, who is fairly tall, handsomely configured, and as fresh-appearing as a milkmaid, told us that she'd won her role in "Gigi" while acting in a movie on location in Monte Carlo. "We were doing some scenes in a hotel there," she informed us, "and it was my good fortune that Colette, who wrote the novel 'Gigi,' on which the play is based, was a guest. The picture, which hasn't been released yet, is called 'Monte Carlo Baby,' and as it happened, it was being shot in both French and English. I

acted in both versions, and Colette decided I was the Gigi she wanted for this play, which, even though it's done in English, has to have a French touch." Before Miss Hepburn burst forth in "Gigi," her career had been largely a thing of bits and walk-ons—if your vision is good, you can spot her in "The Lavender Hill Mob" and "Laughter in Paradise," both current English films—and her ambition lay in the direction of classical ballet, which she's studied, off and on, since she was twelve. When the war broke out, she was in England; her mother was in Holland, visiting relatives. Miss Hepburn presently joined her mother in Arnhem, because her parents thought she would be safer there. "My first difficulty in Holland was being enrolled in a Dutch school without knowing the language," said Miss Hepburn. "This was a minor problem compared with the Occupation. Any stories you've heard about that, no matter how awful, are probably true." After the war, Miss Hepburn and her mother moved back to England. After studying with Marie Rambert, the noted English ballet teacher, Miss Hepburn was offered a chance to join a corps de ballet at five pounds a week, or a musical-comedy chorus at eight pounds. On the solid ground that the future would be a lot more secure if based on the kind of cash paid hoofers rather than on classical earnings, Miss Hepburn lowered her ballet colors and enlisted in the chorus of the London production of "High Button Shoes." "Only a couple of years ago," she advised us, "I was in that bathhouse ballet in 'High Button Shoes.' Now look at me." We did—with some enthusiasm.

Sportsman's Heaven

WE'VE just heard, without corroboration of any kind, of a reverse twist on the classic athlete-and-scholar situation. Eleven-year-old boy on the Allen-Stevenson School football team, returning home after a severe trouncing by Trinity, told his father that he and his mates had been pitted against men many years their senior. "They keep 'em in the ninth grade for three years at Trinity and Buckley," he said. His father asked how this was arranged. "Oh, they just keep flunking them," said the lad.

Peruvian Show

THE Museum of Natural History invited us to a cocktail party last week, and it proved more informative than most. It celebrated the opening of



Peter
Arno

"Hold it! He's been reprieved!"

a "Men of the Montaña" exhibit, a reflection of primitive Indian life, still extant in remote spots in the rain forest of northeastern Peru and adjacent eastern Ecuador; the exhibit was based on a collection formed by Raúl de los Ríos, a Peruvian planter, and obtained for the Museum by the late Francis Adams Truslow, who spent some time in the Montaña region, as a director of

the Rubber Development Corporation. Among the sights we saw were tuber bean plants, whose roots the Montaña tribes eat but whose beans are poisonous; blowguns that have darts tipped with another poison, curare, and notched so that the tip breaks off in the wound, making it impossible for the stricken animal to pull the missile out; a necklace made of six dried toucans and one made

of grasshopper legs; girdles made of bright-colored bird skins and one made of several hundred larvae cases; beetle-wing-case earrings, jaguar-skin hats, and spoons made of monkey skulls; armadillo-shell trumpets, and rattles of plaited palm leaves; and specimens of a plant named *Lonchocarpus*, whose roots, pulverized, are dropped in lagoons to stupefy fish and cause them to rise



"Would you mind waiting on the gentleman first?"

to the surface. We sipped a Martini before a life-size plaster Indian lady mixing the grated and chewed pulp of manioc, a root crop, with water in a large pot, in order to make beer, and read a placard below it: "The resulting liquor is consumed in quantity on all festive occasions." As we moved to a case marked "Children's Weapons," bearing a placard that read, in part, "At the age of five or six a Jivaro boy receives daily lectures from his father on the necessity of avenging wrongs done to his family. When he is seven years old, he begins to accompany his parent and other warriors on head-hunting expeditions. Manhood and full warrior status is achieved when the lad takes his first enemy head," we were joined by Dr. Harry Tschopik, Jr., the Museum's assistant curator of ethnology, who supervised the scientific documentation of the exhibit. We examined a case of shrunken heads, and Dr. T. said, "Some of the Montaña Indians still go in for head-hunting—in fact, the tourist trade that has grown up since the recent rubber boom has probably caused certain tribes, notably the Jivaros, to redouble their efforts in this connection." He pointed out a shrunken sloth's head and said that if a Jivaro kills his uncle by mistake, he is not per-

mitted to keep the head but can shrink a sloth's head instead, so as to get credit.

Having absorbed this background, we were astonished to read, a few moments later, on a placard under a collection of arrows, some of them five feet long, "Deer are usually avoided because of the belief that they are reincarnated people." Jaguars, peccaries, tapirs, monkeys, macaws, and toucans are not avoided; mammals are either shot or taken in pitfall traps, baited cage traps, or spring-pole snares; birds are stunned with blunted arrows, so their feathers won't be stained with blood, which would ruin them for necklaces and girdles; large aquatic mammals, such as the manatee, are caught with harpoons that have detachable shafts, which serve as floats. All these devices, or small models thereof, were on display.

Animal cries permeated the hall as we strolled around, mingling with the subdued murmur of such guests as Mrs. Truslow, Mrs. Samuel Barlow, and Mrs. Nelson Rockefeller, and Dr. Tschopik said they were the recorded voices of bellbirds, swainson toucans, crested guans, macaws, howling monkeys, tree frogs, jaguars, and cicadas. He introduced us to Moses Asch, the production manager of Ethnic Folk-

ways Records, whom the Museum engaged to make the exhibit's sound effects. Mr. Asch stated that they had been recorded in the Bronx Zoo and, by Cornell University, in Panama, and arranged on records so that one side offers wet-weather sounds, the other dry-weather sounds. "We reduced a day, dawn to dusk, to sixteen minutes, with about two minutes for each hour," he said. "The first noise you hear, in both rainy and dry weather, is the dove. Sometimes there's a thirty-second silence, indicating a half-hour siesta. I've placed the howling monkeys in the distance; otherwise, their cries would terrify children, and possibly grownups. Each side, played with a diamond needle, will last a week. The Museum has bought a hundred records." The wet and dry records are played simultaneously, amplified by six loudspeakers so situated as to direct

the rainy-weather noises to the ends of the exhibit and the dry-weather ones to the center.

At the far end of the show, we paused to admire a model of a fisherman working on his net, a puzzled expression on his face. Mr. Alexander M. White, president of the Museum, who had also paused there, told us that while this particular exhibit was being assembled, before the net was installed, a workman had placed an income-tax-return form in the fisherman's hands. "He has just the right expression for it," Mr. White said, "but one of our trustees happened to walk by, and he asked that it be removed. He thought it was frivolous."

OVERHEARD on East Sixty-third Street, janitor to friend: "We're going to paint all the radiators and steampipes a nice, bright silver tomorrow. That'll keep the bastards from hammering for more heat for a while, at least."

Meeting Halfway

IT has been nearly two years since David Lilienthal resigned from the Atomic Energy Commission to go into private business, and in order to get his

views on this radical change of status, we paid him a call the other day, in his modest pew at Lazard Frères, the banking house, at 44 Wall Street. We'd wondered whether a man who spent sixteen years bossing two of the biggest public enterprises in history—the T.V.A. and the A.E.C.—might not find a Wall Street banking house a fairly rum retreat, but Lilienthal, who is strapping, affable, and fifty-two, told us that he was enjoying every minute of his new life. He acts as a consultant not only to Lazard Frères but to several other large companies, and apparently admires and loves them all. "One reason I'm happy these days is that I'm making a lot of money," Lilienthal said. "Also, it's refreshing not to have the platoons of assistants that I used to have in Tennessee and Washington. Now if I want to look something up in an encyclopedia, I do it myself. Used to be I called my secretary and she called someone who called someone else, and the first thing I knew it had turned into a major operation." Lilienthal said that he prefers taxis to the government limousine that was formerly at his disposal, and that he likes being able to go to the theatre without a bodyguard. "When I was chairman of the A.E.C., I always had a bodyguard, but I never really understood why," he said. "I boxed until I was forty—I was a light-heavyweight in college, and still am—and I figured that if the occasion arose, I could give a good account of myself alone."

Lilienthal and his wife have just rented a house on Beekman Place from Katharine Cornell. They are old friends of Miss Cornell, having been neighbors of hers on Martha's Vineyard for some years. Lilienthal still owns a house in Washington, but he hopes to rent it soon and buy a country place not too far from New York, for use week-ends and in the summer. He said that when he quit working for the government, in February, 1950, he was afraid of getting a case of mental bends if he took it easy too abruptly. "I'd been under heavy pressure in my jobs, and to help me taper off, I did a lot of writing and public speaking that first year," he said. "However, it finally got so I didn't expect to work until eleven every night." The half-dozen or so consultancies he now has keep him nicely occupied. He begged off identifying his

other employers, but he was willing to mention the Carrier Corporation and R.C.A., in addition to Lazard Frères. His usefulness to the banking house springs, he said, from his experience in the field of raw materials, such as coal, phosphate, and iron ore. "In the past twenty years, I've come to know some of the shrewdest and most resourceful people in America," he said. "I travel around the country talking to them and getting their help in gauging whether this or that possibility might be a good short-term or long-term investment." He helps Carrier on technical and management problems, while his job at R.C.A. ranges all the way from the technical aspects of color television to advice on public relations. Lilienthal spends much of his time at the R.C.A. research laboratories in Princeton and at its plants in Camden and Lancaster, Pennsylvania. "It's an amazing experience to see country girls from around Lancaster mass-producing television tubes and other intricate devices after the briefest sort of training period," he said. "We know all about how fast Americans can turn out tin cans, but these devices are delicate, and have to be precise down to a millionth of a second."

Lilienthal, who said he has no expectation of going back into government work, appears to have found private business more beguiling than it originally looked to him from the outside. "I don't mean to sound stuffy, but I must say I'm impressed by the constructive point of view of most people in business," he said. "Sometimes the heads of corporations strike me as being rather like private civil servants. They rarely have large stock holdings in their companies, and their salaries are heavily taxed; it's

as if they were carrying on more or less for the good of the firm. For that matter, with the tax situation the way it is, the amount of money their firms make isn't much more than a scoreboard to them—a method of finding out how impressive, or unimpressive, their personal achievements are." Lilienthal smiled and added, "You might say that both Wall Street and Lilienthal have changed. Maybe we're meeting halfway."

Love & Kisses

SARAH LAWRENCE COLLEGE, which is currently conducting a drive for a new arts building, has been lent an office for use as field headquarters by the Rockefeller Plaza branch of the Chemical Bank & Trust Company. The bank had a telephone installed in the room, giving rise to the following correspondence:

Miss Sarah Lawrence College
11 West 51 Street

DEAR MISS COLLEGE:

Because of the heavy demand for telephone service in your neighborhood, the only way that we could provide you with service without a delay was to give you a telephone number recently used by one of our other customers. As a result, you may for a while receive some calls intended for that customer.

We regret the inconvenience that these calls may cause you and thank you for your coöperation in this matter.

Very truly yours,

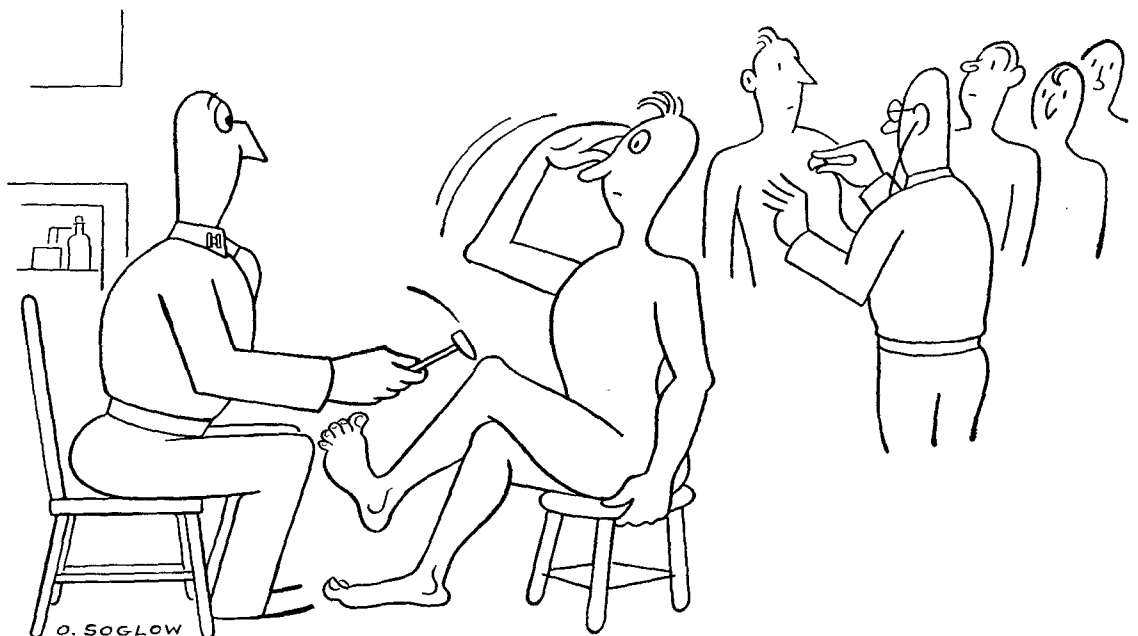
NEW YORK TELEPHONE COMPANY

Mr. New York Telephone Company
228 East 56th Street
New York 22, N.Y.

DEAR MR. COMPANY:

Thank you for your nice letter of October 29th. So far no one has bothered me at all.

Sincerely yours,
SARAH LAWRENCE COLLEGE



TASTE

THERE were six of us to dinner that night at Mike Schofield's house in London: Mike and his wife and daughter, my wife and I, and a man called Richard Pratt.

Richard Pratt was a famous gourmet. He was president of a small society known as the Epicures, and each month he circulated privately to its members a pamphlet on food and wines. He organized dinners where sumptuous dishes and rare wines were served. He refused to smoke for fear of harming his palate, and when discussing a wine, he had a curious, rather droll habit of referring to it as though it were a living being. "A prudent wine," he would say, "rather diffident and evasive, but quite prudent." Or, "a good-humored wine, benevolent and cheerful—slightly obscene, perhaps, but nonetheless good-humored."

I had been to dinner at Mike's twice before when Richard Pratt was there, and on each occasion Mike and his wife had gone out of their way to produce a special meal for the famous gourmet. And this one, clearly, was to be no exception. The moment we entered the dining room, I could see that the table was laid for a feast. The tall candles, the yellow roses, the quantity of shining silver, the three wineglasses to each person, and, above all, the faint scent of roasting meat from the kitchen brought the first warm oozings of saliva to my mouth.

As we sat down, I remembered that on both Richard Pratt's previous visits Mike had played a little betting game with him over the claret, challenging him to name its breed and its vintage. Pratt had replied that that should not be too difficult, provided it was one of the great years. Mike had then bet him a case of the wine in question that he could not do it. Pratt had accepted, and had won both times. Tonight I felt sure that the little game would be played over again, for Mike was quite willing to lose the bet in order to prove that his wine was good enough to be recognized, and Pratt, for his part, seemed to take a grave, restrained pleasure in displaying his knowledge.

The meal began with a plate of whitebait, fried very crisp in butter, and to go with it there was a Moselle. Mike got up and poured the wine himself, and when he sat down again, I could see that he was watching Richard Pratt. He had set the bottle down in front of me so that I could read the label. It said, "Geierslay Ohlgsberg, 1945." He

leaned over and whispered to me that Geierslay was a tiny village in the Moselle, almost unknown outside Germany. He said that this wine we were drinking was something unusual, that the output of the vineyard was so small that it was almost impossible for a stranger to get any of it. He had visited Geierslay personally the previous summer in order to obtain the few dozen bottles that they had finally allowed him to have.

"I doubt anyone else in the country has any of it at the moment," he said. I saw him glance again at Richard Pratt. "Great thing about Moselle," he continued, raising his voice, "it's the perfect wine to serve before a claret. A lot of people serve a Rhine wine instead, but that's because they don't know any better. A Rhine wine will kill a delicate claret, you know that? It's barbaric to serve a Rhine before a claret. But a Moselle—ah!—a Moselle is exactly right."

Mike Schofield was an amiable, middle-aged man. But he was a stockbroker. To be precise, he was a jobber in the stock market, and, like a number of his kind, he seemed to be somewhat embarrassed, almost ashamed, to find that he had made so much money with so slight a talent. In his heart he knew that he was not really much more than a bookmaker—an unctuous, infinitely respectable, secretly unscrupulous bookmaker—and he knew that his friends knew it, too. So he was seeking now to become a man of culture, to cultivate a literary and aesthetic taste, to collect paintings, music, books, and all the rest of it. His little sermon about Rhine wine and Moselle was a part of this thing, this culture that he sought.

"A charming little wine, don't you think?" he said. He was still watching Richard Pratt. I could see him give a

rapid, furtive glance down the table each time he dropped his head to take a mouthful of whitebait. I could almost *feel* him waiting for the moment when Pratt would take his first sip, and look up from his glass with a smile of pleasure, of astonishment, perhaps even of wonder, and then there would be a discussion and Mike would tell him about the village of Geierslay.

But Richard Pratt did not taste his wine. He was completely engrossed in conversation with Mike's eighteen-year-old daughter, Louise. He was half turned toward her, smiling at her, telling her, so far as I could gather, some

story about a chef in a Paris restaurant. As he spoke, he leaned closer and closer to her, seeming in his eagerness almost to impinge upon her, and the poor girl leaned as far as she could away from him, nodding politely, rather desperately, and looking not at his face but at the topmost button of his dinner jacket.

We finished our fish, and the maid came around removing the plates. When she came to Pratt, she saw that he had not yet touched his food, so she hesitated, and Pratt noticed her. He waved her away, broke off his conversation, and quickly began to eat, popping the little crisp brown fish quickly into his mouth with rapid jabbing movements of his fork. Then, when he had finished, he reached for his glass, and in two short swallows he tipped the wine down his throat, and turned immediately to resume his conversation with Louise Schofield.

Mike saw it all. I was conscious of him sitting there, very still, containing himself, looking at his guest. His round, jovial face seemed to loosen slightly and to sag, but he contained himself and was still and said nothing.

SOON the maid came forward with the second course. This was a large roast of beef. She placed it on the table in front of Mike, who stood up and carved it, cutting the slices very thin, laying them gently on the plates for the maid to take around. When he had served everyone, including himself, he put down the carving knife and leaned forward with both hands on the edge of the table.

"Now," he said, speaking to all of us but looking at Richard Pratt. "Now for the claret. I must go and fetch the claret, if you'll excuse me."

"You go and fetch it, Mike?" I said. "Where is it?"

"In my study, with the cork out—breathing."

"Why the study?"

"Acquiring room temperature, of course. It's been there twenty-four hours."

"But why the study?"

"It's the best place in the house. Richard helped me choose it last time he was here."

At the sound of his name, Pratt looked around.

"That's right, isn't it?" Mike said.

"Yes," Pratt answered, nodding gravely. "That's right."

"On top of the green filing cabinet in my study," Mike said. "That's the place we chose. A good draft-free spot in a room with an even temperature. Excuse me, now, will you, while I fetch it."



The thought of another wine to play with had restored his humor, and he hurried out the door, to return a minute later, more slowly, walking softly, holding in both hands a wine basket in which a dark bottle lay. The label was out of sight, facing downward. "Now!" he cried as he came toward the table. "What about this one, Richard? You'll never name this one!"

Richard Pratt turned slowly and looked up at Mike; then his eyes travelled down to the bottle, nestling in its small wicker basket, and he raised his eyebrows, a slight, supercilious arching movement of the brows, and with it a pushing outward of the wet lower lip, suddenly imperious and ugly.

"You'll never get it," Mike said. "Not in a hundred years."

"A claret?" Richard Pratt asked, condescending.

"Of course."

"I assume, then, that it's from one of the smaller vineyards?"

"Maybe it is, Richard. And then again, maybe it isn't."

"But it's a good year? One of the great years?"

"Yes, I guarantee that."

"Then it shouldn't be too difficult," Richard Pratt said, drawling his words, looking exceedingly bored. Except that, to me, there was something strange about his drawling and his boredom: between the eyes a shadow of something evil, and in his bearing an intentness that gave me a faint sense of uneasiness as I watched him.

"This one is really rather difficult," Mike said. "I won't force you to bet on this one."

"Indeed. And why not?" Again the slow arching of the brows, the cool, intent look.

"Because it's difficult."

"That's not very complimentary to me, you know."

"My dear man," Mike said, "I'll bet you with pleasure, if that's what you wish."

"It shouldn't be too hard to name it."

"You mean you want to bet?"

"I'm perfectly willing to bet," Richard Pratt said.

"All right, then, we'll have the usual. A case of the wine itself."

"You don't think I'll be able to name it, do you?"

"As a matter of fact, and with all due respect, I don't," Mike said. He was



*"I'm trying to avoid an argument,
and all you do is sit there and say nothing."*

making some effort to remain polite, but Pratt was not bothering overmuch to conceal his contempt for the whole proceeding. And yet, curiously, his next question seemed to betray a certain interest.

"You like to increase the bet?"

"No, Richard. A case is plenty."

"Would you like to bet fifty cases?"

"That would be silly."

Mike stood very still behind his chair at the head of the table, and he was still carefully holding the bottle in its ridiculous wicker basket. There was a trace of whiteness around his nostrils now, and his mouth was shut very tight.

Pratt was lolling back in his chair, looking up at him, the eyebrows raised, the eyes half closed, a little smile touching the corners of his lips. And again I saw, or thought I saw, something distinctly disturbing about the man's face, that shadow of intentness between the eyes, and in the eyes themselves, right in their centers, where it was black, a small, slow spark of shrewdness, hiding. "So you don't want to increase the bet?"

"As far as I'm concerned, old man, I don't give a damn," Mike said. "I'll bet you anything you like."

THE three women and I sat quietly, watching the two men. Mike's wife was becoming annoyed; her mouth had gone sour and I felt that at any moment she was going to interrupt. Our

roast beef lay before us on our plates, slowly steaming.

"So you'll bet me anything I like?"

"That's what I told you. I'll bet you anything you damn well please, if you want to make an issue out of it."

"Even ten thousand pounds?"

"Certainly I will, if that's the way you want it." Mike was more confident now. He knew quite well that he could call any sum Pratt cared to mention.

"So you say I can name the bet?" Pratt asked again.

"That's what I said."

There was a pause while Pratt looked slowly around the table, first at me, then at the three women, each in turn. He appeared to be reminding us that we were witness to the offer.

"Mike!" Mrs. Schofield said. "Mike, why don't we stop this nonsense and eat our food. It's getting cold."

"But it isn't nonsense," Pratt told her evenly. "We're making a little bet."

I noticed the maid standing in the background holding a dish of vegetables, wondering whether to come forward with them or not.

"All right, then," Pratt said. "I'll tell you what I want you to bet."

"Come on, then," Mike said, rather reckless. "I don't give a damn what it is—you're on."

Pratt nodded, and again the little smile moved the corners of his lips, and then, quite slowly, looking at Mike all

the time, he said, "I want you to bet me the hand of your daughter in marriage."

Louise Schofield gave a jump. "Hey!" she cried. "No! That's not funny! Look here, Daddy, that's not funny at all."

"No, dear," her mother said. "They're only joking."

"I'm not joking," Richard Pratt said.

"It's ridiculous," Mike said. He was off balance again now.

"You said you'd bet anything I liked."

"I meant money."

"You didn't say money."

"That's what I meant."

"Then it's a pity you didn't say it. But anyway, if you wish to go back on your offer, that's quite all right with me."

"It's not a question of going back on my offer, old man. It's a no-bet anyway, because you can't match the stake. You yourself don't happen to have a daughter to put up against mine in case you lose. And if you had, I wouldn't want to marry her."

"I'm glad of that, dear," his wife said.

"I'll put up anything you like," Pratt announced. "My house, for example. How about my house?"

"Which one?" Mike asked, joking now.

"The country one."

"Why not the other one as well?"

"All right, then, if you wish it. Both my houses."

At that point, I saw Mike pause. He took a step forward and placed the bottle in its basket gently down on the table. He moved the saltcellar to one side, then the pepper, and then he picked up his knife, studied the blade thoughtfully for a moment, and put it down again. His daughter, too, had seen him pause.

"Now, Daddy!" she cried. "Don't be absurd! It's too silly for words. I refuse to be betted on like this."

"Quite right, dear," her mother said. "Stop it at once, Mike, and sit down and eat your food."

Mike ignored her. He looked over at his daughter and he smiled, a slow, fatherly, protective smile. But in his eyes, suddenly, there glimmered a little triumph. "You know," he said, smiling as he spoke, "you know, Louise, we ought to think about this a bit."

"Now, stop it, Daddy! I refuse even to listen to you! Why, I've never heard anything so ridiculous in my life!"

"No, seriously, my dear. Just wait a moment and hear what I have to say."

"But I don't want to hear it."

"Louise! Please! It's like this. Richard, here, has offered us a serious bet. *He* is the one who wants to make it, not me. And if he loses, he will have to hand over a considerable amount of property. Now, wait a minute, my dear, don't interrupt. The point is this. *He cannot possibly win.*"

"He seems to think he can."

"Now, listen to me, because I know what I'm talking about. The expert, when tasting a claret—so long as it is not one of the famous, great wines like Lafite or Latour—can only get a certain way towards naming the vineyard. He can, of course, tell you the Bordeaux district from which the wine comes, whether it is from St. Emilion, Pomerol, Graves, or Médoc. But then each district has several communes, little counties, and each county has many, many small vineyards. It is impossible for a man to differentiate between them all by taste and smell alone. I don't mind telling you that this one I've got here is a wine from a small vineyard that is surrounded by many other small vineyards, and he'll never get it. It's impossible."

"You can't be sure of that," his daughter said.

"I'm telling you I can. Though I say it myself, I understand quite a bit about this wine business, you know. And anyway, heavens alive, girl, I'm your father and you don't think I'd let you in for—for—for something you didn't want, do you? I'm trying to make you some money."

"Mike!" his wife said sharply. "Stop it now, Mike, please!"

Again he ignored her. "If you will take this bet," he said to his daughter, "in ten minutes you will be the owner of two large houses."

"But I don't want two large houses, Daddy."

"Then sell them. Sell them back to him on the spot. I'll arrange all that for you. And then, just think of it, my dear, you'll be rich! You'll be independent for the rest of your life!"

"Oh, Daddy, I don't like it. I think it's silly."

"So do I," the mother said. She jerked her head briskly up and down as she spoke, like a hen. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Michael, ever suggesting such a thing! Your own daughter, too!"

Mike didn't even look at her. "Take



it!" he said eagerly, staring hard at the girl. "Take it, quick! I'll guarantee you won't lose."

"But I don't like it, Daddy."

"Come on, girl. Take it!"

Mike was pushing her hard. He was leaning toward her, fixing her with two hard, bright eyes, and it was not easy for the daughter to resist him.

"But what if I lose?"

"I keep telling you, you can't lose. I'll guarantee it."

"Oh, Daddy, must I?"

"I'm making you a fortune. So come on now. What do you say, Louise? All right?"

For the last time, she hesitated. Then she gave a helpless little shrug of the shoulders and said, "Oh, all right, then. Just so long as you swear there's no danger of losing."

"Good!" Mike cried. "That's fine! Then it's a bet!"

"Yes," Richard Pratt said, looking at the girl. "It's a bet."

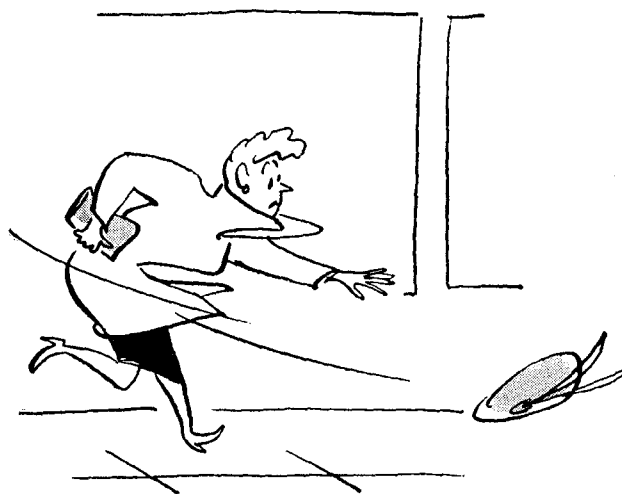
IMEDIATELY, Mike picked up the wine, tipped the first thimbleful into his own glass, then skipped excitedly around the table filling up all the others. Now everyone was watching Richard Pratt, watching his face as he reached slowly for his glass with his right hand and lifted it to his nose. The man was about fifty years old and he did not have a pleasant face. Somehow, it was all mouth—mouth and lips—the full, wet lips of the professional gourmet, the lower lip hanging downward in the center, a pendulous, permanently open taster's lip, shaped open to receive the rim of a glass or a morsel of food. Like a keyhole, I thought, watching it; his mouth is like a large, wet keyhole.

Slowly he lifted the glass to his nose. The point of the nose entered the glass and moved over the surface of the wine, delicately sniffing. He swirled the wine

②



③



④



⑤



⑥



gently around in the glass to release the bouquet. His concentration was intense. He had closed his eyes, and now the whole top half of his body, the head and neck and chest, seemed to become a kind of huge, sensitive smelling-machine, receiving, filtering, analyzing the message from the sniffing nose.

Mike, I noticed, was lounging in his chair, apparently unconcerned, but he was watching every move. Mrs. Schofield, the wife, sat prim and upright at the other end of the table, looking straight ahead, her face tight with disapproval. The daughter, Louise, had shifted her chair away a little, and sideways, facing the gourmet, and she, like her father, was watching closely.

For at least a minute, the smelling process continued; then, without opening his eyes or moving his head, Pratt lowered the glass to his mouth and tipped in almost half the contents. He paused, his mouth full of wine, getting the first taste; then he permitted some of it to trickle down his throat, and I saw his Adam's apple move as it passed by. But most of it he retained in his mouth. And now, without swallowing

again, he drew in through his lips a thin breath of air, which mingled with the fumes of the wine in the mouth and passed on down into his lungs. He held the breath, blew it out through his nose, and finally began to roll the wine around under the tongue, and chewed it, actually chewed it with his teeth, as though it were bread.

It was a solemn, impressive performance, and I must say he did it well.

"Um," he said, putting down the glass, running a pink tongue over his lips.

"Um—yes. A very interesting little wine—gentle and gracious, almost feminine in the aftertaste."

There was an excess of saliva in his mouth, and as he spoke he spat an occasional bright speck of it onto the table.

"Now we can start to eliminate," he said. "You will pardon me for doing this carefully, but there is much at stake. Normally I would perhaps take a bit of

a chance, leaping forward quickly and landing right in the middle of the vineyard of my choice. But this time—I must move cautiously this time, must I not?" He looked up at Mike and he smiled, a thick-lipped, wet-lipped smile. Mike did not smile back.

"First, then, which district in Bordeaux does this wine come from? That

is not difficult to guess. It is far too light in the body to be from either St. Emilion or Graves. It is obviously a Médoc. There's no doubt about *that*.

"Now—from which commune in Médoc does it come? That also, by elimination, should not be too difficult to decide. Margaux? No. It cannot be Margaux. It has not the violent bouquet of a Margaux. Pauillac? It cannot be Pauillac, either. It is too tender, too gentle and wistful for a Pauillac. The wine of Pauillac has a character that is almost imperious in its taste. And also, to me, a Pauillac contains just a little pith, a curious, dusty, pithy flavor that the grape acquires from the soil of the district. No, no. This—this is a very gentle wine, demure and bashful in the first taste, emerging shyly but quite graciously in the second. A little arch, perhaps, in the second taste, and a little naughty also, teasing the tongue with a trace, just a trace, of tannin. Then, in the aftertaste, delightful—consoling and feminine, with a certain blithely generous quality that one associates only with the wines of the commune of St. Julien. Unmistakably this is a St. Julien."

He leaned back in his chair, held his hands up level with his chest, and placed the fingertips carefully together. He was becoming ridiculously pompous, but I thought that some of it was deliberate, simply to mock his host. I found myself waiting rather tensely for him to go on. The girl Louise was lighting a cigarette. Pratt heard the match strike and he turned on her, flaring suddenly with real anger. "Please!" he said. "Please don't do that! It's a disgusting habit, to smoke at table!"

She looked up at him, still holding the burning match in one hand, the big, slow eyes settling on his face, resting there a moment, moving away again, slow and contemptuous, and, bending her head, she blew out the match, but continued to hold the unlighted cigarette in her fingers.

"I'm sorry, my dear," Pratt said, "but I simply cannot have smoking at table."

She didn't look at him again.

"Now, let me see—where were we?" he said. "Ah, yes. This wine is from Bordeaux, from the commune of St. Julien, in the district of Médoc. So far, so good. But now we come to the more difficult part—the name of the vineyard itself. For in St. Julien there are many vineyards, and as our host so rightly remarked earlier on, there is often not much difference between the wine of one and the wine of another. But we shall see."

PSYCHIATRIST

His role is to invert the fairy tale;
To give the wakeful beauty sleep,
Change back the charming prince into a frog,
Or unmask him as the chimney sweep.
To him at last dear Cinderella,
And not Rapunzel, must let down her hair,
Yield up the hopeless fetish of the shoe
And much of what was dreamt below the stair.

Don't ask him tritely can he heal himself.
Hope rather that his private dream
For living happily forever after
Is not the fantasy that it may seem:
A village where the hunter's evening stride
Betrays no more of strutter than of hobbler;
And Cinderella sleeps content beside
The kind and well-adjusted cobbler.

—PETER DE VRIES

He paused again, closing his eyes. "I am trying to establish the 'growth,' " he said. "If I can do that, it will be half the battle. Now, let me see. This wine is obviously not from a first-growth vineyard—nor even a second. It is not a great wine. The quality, the—the—what do you call it?—the radiance, the power, is lacking. But a third growth—that it could be. And yet I doubt it. We know it is a good year—our host has said so—and this is probably flattering it a little bit. I must be careful. I must be very careful here."

He picked up his glass and took another small sip.

"Yes," he said, sucking his lips, "I was right. It is a fourth growth. Now I am sure of it. A fourth growth from a very good year—from a great year, in fact. And that's what made it taste for a moment like a third- or even a second-growth wine. Good! That's better! Now we are closing in! What are the fourth-growth vineyards in the commune of St. Julien?"

Again he paused, took up his glass, and held the rim against that sagging, pendulous lower lip of his. Then I saw the tongue shoot out, pink and narrow, the tip of it dipping into the wine, withdrawing swiftly again—a repulsive sight. When he lowered the glass, his

eyes remained closed, the face concentrated, only the lips moving, sliding over each other like two pieces of wet, spongy rubber.

"There it is again!" he cried. "Tannin in the middle taste, and the quick astringent squeeze upon the tongue. Yes, yes, of course! Now I have it! This wine comes from one of those small vineyards around Beychevelle. I remember now. The Beychevelle district, and the river and the little harbor that has silted up so the wine ships can no longer use it. Beychevelle . . . Could it actually be a Beychevelle itself? No, I don't think so. Not quite. But it is somewhere very close. Château Talbot? Could it be Talbot? Yes, it could. Wait one moment."

He sipped the wine again, and out of the side of my eye I noticed Mike Schofield and how he was leaning farther and farther forward over the table, his mouth slightly open, his small eyes fixed upon Richard Pratt.

"No. I was wrong. It is not a Talbot. A Talbot comes forward to you just a little quicker than this one; the fruit is nearer to the surface. If it is a '34, which I believe it is, then it couldn't be a Talbot. Well, well. Let me think. It is not a Beychevelle and it is not a Talbot, and yet—yet it is so close to both of them, so close, that the vineyard must be almost in between. Now, which could that be?"

He hesitated, and we waited, watching his face. Everyone, even Mike's wife, was watching him now. I heard the maid put down the dish of vegetables on the sideboard behind me, gently, so as not to disturb the silence.

"Ah!" he cried. "I have it! Yes, I think I have it!"

For the last time, he sipped the wine.



Then, still holding the glass up near his mouth, he turned to Mike and he smiled, a slow, silky smile, and he said, "You know what this is? This is the little Château Branaire-Ducru."

Mike sat tight, not moving.

"And the year, 1934."

We all looked at Mike, waiting for him to turn the bottle around in its basket and show the label.

"Is that your final answer?" Mike said.

"Yes, I think so."

"Well, is it or isn't it?"

"Yes, it is."

"What was the name again?"

"Château Branaire-Ducru. Pretty little vineyard. Lovely old château. Know it quite well. Can't think why I didn't recognize it at once."

"Come on, Daddy," the girl said. "Turn it round and let's have a peek. I want my two houses."

"Just a minute," Mike said. "Wait just a minute." He was sitting very quiet, bewildered-looking, and his face was becoming puffy and pale, as though all the force was draining slowly out of him.

"Michael!" his wife called sharply from the other end of the table. "What's the matter?"

"Keep out of this, Margaret, will you please."

Richard Pratt was looking at Mike, smiling with his mouth, his eyes small and bright. Mike was not looking at anyone.

"Daddy!" the daughter cried, agonized. "But, Daddy, you don't mean to say he's guessed it right!"

"Now, stop worrying, my dear," Mike said. "There's nothing to worry about."

I think it was more to get away from his family than anything else that Mike then turned to Richard Pratt and said, "I'll tell you what, Richard. I think you and I better slip off into the next room and have a little chat?"

"I don't want a little chat," Pratt said. "All I want is to see the label on that bottle." He knew he was a winner now; he had the bearing, the quiet arrogance, of a winner, and I could see that he was prepared to become thoroughly nasty if there was any trouble. "What are you waiting for?" he said to Mike. "Go on and turn it round."

THEN this happened: The maid, the tiny, erect figure of the maid, in her white-and-black uniform, was standing beside Richard Pratt, holding something out in her hand. "I believe these are yours, sir," she said.

Pratt glanced around, saw the pair of



"Why, I could do that!"

thin horn-rimmed spectacles that she held out to him, and for a moment he hesitated. "Are they? Perhaps they are. I don't know."

"Yes sir, they're yours." The maid was an elderly woman—nearer seventy than sixty—a faithful family retainer of many years standing. She put the spectacles down on the table beside him.

Without thanking her, Pratt took them up and slipped them into his top pocket, behind the white handkerchief.

But the maid didn't go away. She remained standing beside, and slightly behind, Richard Pratt, and there was something so unusual in her manner and in the way she stood there, small, motionless, and erect, that I, for one, found myself watching her with a sudden apprehension. Her old, gray face had a frosty, determined look, the lips were compressed, the little chin was out, and the hands were clasped together

tight before her. The curious cap on her head and the flash of white down the front of her uniform made her seem like some tiny, ruffled, white-breasted bird.

"You left them in Mr. Schofield's study," she said. Her voice was unnaturally, deliberately polite. "On top of the green filing cabinet in his study, sir, when you happened to go in there by yourself before dinner."

It took a few moments for the full meaning of her words to penetrate, and in the silence that followed I became aware of Mike and how he was slowly drawing himself up in his chair, and the color coming to his face, and the eyes opening wide, and the curl of the mouth, and the dangerous little patch of whiteness beginning to spread around the area of the nostrils.

"Now, Michael!" his wife said. "Keep calm now, Michael, dear! Keep calm!"

—ROALD DAHL

THE CHARACTERS IN THE ORDER OF THEIR APPEARANCE

MR. HENRY DEVORE loathed breakfasting in bed, whereas his older sister Fannie, who lived with him in his chateau-like granite house in the East Eighties, had been addicted to the practice for decades. Mr. Devore, a corporation lawyer of very considerable eminence and wealth, liked to conduct himself with dignity on all occasions, and inasmuch as breakfast trays in bed were incompatible with his fairly massive abdominal structure, he invariably went downstairs and breakfasted alone and in state in his handsome dining room. Many other men might have found the dark panelling and the heavy velvet draperies, not to mention the ten-foot sideboard, overwhelming so early in the day, but they gave Mr. Devore the comforting illusion that his world was still safe and solid. He delighted in them, just as he delighted in a nicely ripe melon, oatmeal, grilled lamb kidneys and bacon, eked out with a serving of scrambled eggs or kedgeree from the *bain-marie* on the sideboard, buttered toast, S. S. Pierce's cherry preserve, F. P. Garrettson's coffee, and the first cigar of the morning. His pleasure was all too often marred, however, by the *Times'* foreign news and by Miss Devore's tendency to send peremptory notes down to him by her maid, Anastasia. He always dreaded seeing Anastasia arrive with a folded piece of notepaper on a small silver tray.

Such messages as "Be home tonight in time to dress for the Farringtons' dinner and musicale" and "Natalie Burden 81 according to obituary page today—am not greatly surprised—St. Mary the Virgin at two Friday and essential you go with me to Woodlawn" were bad enough, but the command he hated most was "See me before you leave."

This morning, Mr. Devore had received just such a summons, and he went to his sister's bedroom with all his usual misgivings. "Good morning, Fannie," he said cautiously. "I trust you slept well?"

"Don't be ridiculous!" she snapped. "You know I never sleep. The best I'm ever able to do is catnap for a few minutes at a time, usually be-

tween midnight and three. Where are you lunching today?"

"At the Union Club." Lest she suggest that he cancel his plan and accompany her somewhere, he added hastily that he was lunching with a client.

"Mmm. Sixty-ninth Street. Good! That's not too far from Forty-fifth. You can pick it up on your way from the office to the club, or you can get it immediately afterward."

"Pick what up?" Mr. Devore asked uneasily. "Get what immediately afterward?"

"We're spending the weekend with Cousin May Winship at Cold Spring Harbor," Miss Devore reminded him. "I know we are."

"What you don't know is that May phoned me late last night, after you'd gone to bed. Something's happened. Two days ago, little Binnie got herself engaged to Roger and Sarah van Nostrand's boy."

"Excellent!" said Mr. Devore, who was given to appraising engagements in the manner of a teacher marking examination papers. "She could hardly have done better!"

"A great relief for May, after the very unfortunate episode at Princeton last winter," Miss Devore said. "Binnie's engagement presents certain difficulties, however. The van Nostrand boy has been called up by the Navy, and the wedding will have to take place almost at once. May is giving a big dance for Binnie on Saturday night. It's all very last-minute, but they're counting on people coming in after dinner parties and so on. May will announce the engagement at midnight."

Mr. Devore said with a sigh that he had been looking forward to a quiet weekend.

"Furthermore," his sister went on, "Binnie insists that it be a masquerade party. She wants the occasion to be genuinely festive. I shall wear that very beautiful black lace mantilla and the high *diamanté* comb that Mama bought when she and Papa were in Seville. With my black taffeta and a white lace handkerchief, that should serve very well as a costume, don't you think? A *duquesa* or a *condesa* or something. Dignified."

Dark forebodings assailed Mr. Devore. "You aren't by any chance about to suggest that I wear a costume, are you?" he asked stiffly.

"I most certainly am," Miss Devore said. "And you most certainly will. We must enter into the spirit of the thing for May's and Binnie's sakes."

Mr. Devore was truly aghast. "A costume? At my age? Really, Fannie!"

"I'm five years older than you are, and if I can do it, you certainly can. After all, Roger van Nostrand will be wearing a costume—he and Sarah drove over to see May last night and discuss various arrangements. It won't be a problem for him, it seems, though, because he still has a 'Mikado' robe he wore at Blue Hill twenty to thirty years ago." Miss Devore picked up a piece of paper from her night table and handed it to her brother. "I jotted this down last night. It's an address May gave me over the phone. A costume place that someone recommended to Binnie. Stop and pick out something on your way to or from the club. On second thought, do it *after* you've had your lunch. You'll be in a better mood."

Mr. Devore put the piece of paper in his wallet, gave his sister a look of heartfelt reproach, and said goodbye, bleakly.



STILL feeling imposed upon, Mr. Devore arrived at the designated address in midafternoon. (In prophesying that his mood would be improved by lunch, Miss Devore had made an extremely bad guess.) One of the plaques beside the entrance to the somewhat nondescript loft building bore the costumer's name and the legend "Costumes of Every Kind—Theatrical and Masquerade—For Sale or

Rental," and Mr. Devore felt more keenly than ever that he had no business associating himself with such childish nonsense.

A dilapidated elevator carried Mr. Devore up to the fifth floor, where he found himself in a very bustling and noisy place of business. He went to a cage labelled "Cashier" to make inquiries. "I—er—I wish to rent a costume," he said, telling the blackest of lies.

"Follow the signs," the cashier droned, without looking up from a batch of papers she was rubber-stamping.

Inspecting the premises more carefully, Mr. Devore concluded that very likely he was supposed to follow a series of cardboard signs, with arrows, that said, "Men's Rentals." His face a study in distaste, he walked down a broad and busy corridor, passing a variety of half-partitioned rooms bearing such cryptic designations as "Ready-to-Go Shows," "Tights and Leotards," and "Mme. Hermine, by App't Only." He could hear a dull roar of people talking rapidly and animatedly, and occasionally a public-address system blared out an announcement. ("Mr. Silverberg! Mr. Silverberg! What about those ten-gallon hats for Mr. Waring at the Roxy? He just called up. Kindly get them over there right away!") Feeling increasingly out of his element, Mr. Devore continued to trail the "Men's Rentals" signs, and presently found himself in a large room containing long rows of double clothing racks, a line of curtained dressing rooms, and an open area in which customers, clerks, and fitters were chattering to each other in a manner that struck Mr. Devore as hyperthyroid.

A shirtsleeved individual with a sal-low, ferretlike face detached himself from the general turmoil and approached Mr. Devore. "You waiting?" he asked.

"Er—yes," Mr. Devore said.

"Show or party?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"I said, 'Show or party?' Theatre or masquerade?"

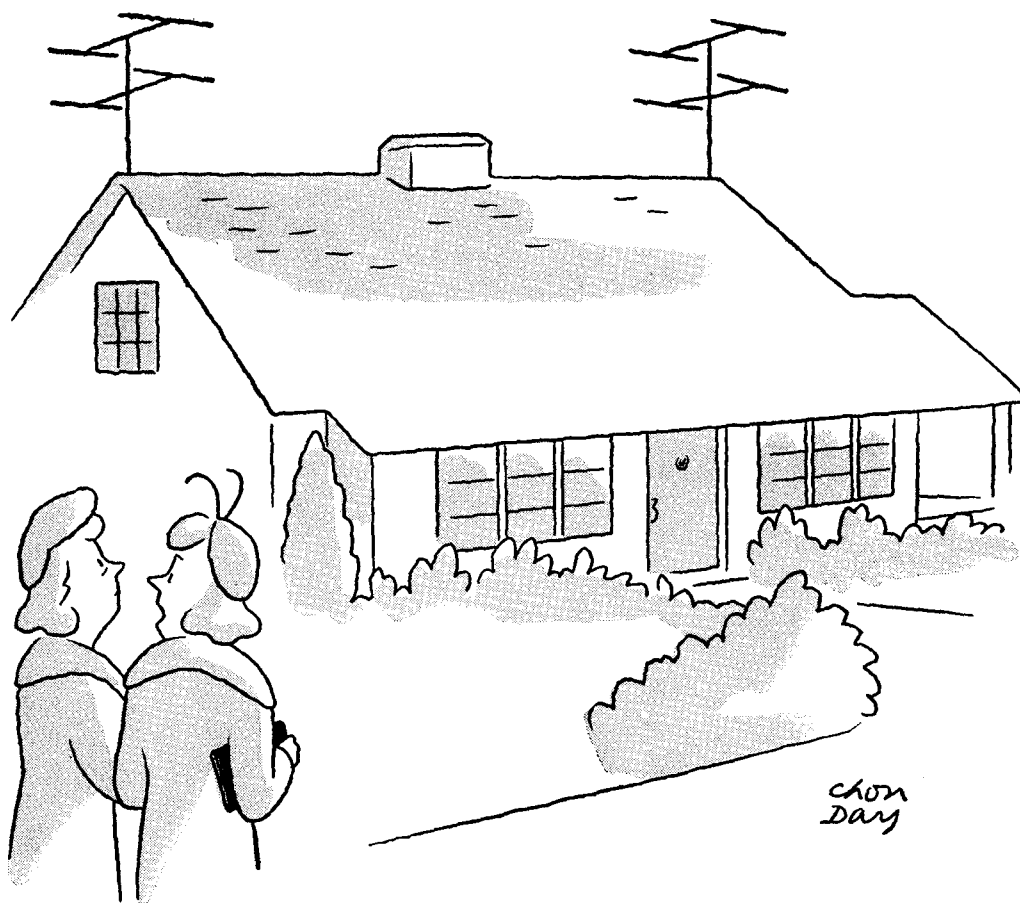
"Ah—the latter," said Mr. Devore. "A cousin of mine is planning to give a dance this coming Saturday to announce her daughter's engagement, and, much to my regret, it has been decided—"

"This way," the man said briskly. "You got any ideas?"

"Ideas?"

"Any preferences what you want to be?"

This was something to which Mr. Devore had given no thought at all. In his resentment at having to visit a costuming establishment, he had completely overlooked the fact that he would have



"I understand things aren't going at all well between the Jensens."

to make up his mind about electing a role to assume on Saturday evening. "Perhaps you would be kind enough to—er—suggest something," he said vaguely. "I fear I am altogether inexperienced in these matters."

Leading him to a rack of bright-hued clothing that certainly bore no resemblance whatever to the stock in trade of the sedate haberdasheries that Mr. Devore customarily patronized, the clerk inquired, "You want to be a clown?," and lifted a costume from the rack. "Here's a number that's always popular."

Mr. Devore stared frigidly at the clerk. "No, thank you," he said, in the same tone he had once used when a well-meaning acquaintance had offered to introduce him to one of Franklin Roosevelt's favorite firebrands. "I'm extremely sorry, but I must ask you to show me something else."

The clerk looked at Mr. Devore with an analytical air. "These are the cheapest rentals we have. Maybe you'd care to go a little higher, huh? As to price, I mean."

"I wish to rent something much more suitable—and *clean*," said Mr. Devore, who had not been favorably impressed by the clown costume's rather unhygienic look.

"Everything gets cleaned and pressed before it goes out," the clerk assured him. "But if you want to go a little higher, how about a real de-luxe novelty? You want to be a Harvey?"

"I'm afraid I don't quite understand."

The clerk looked at him pityingly for a moment, and then translated. "You want to be a rabbit? We get calls for Harveys every once in a while, for the high-type parties where the men who can afford it want to rent a costume they can wear just for laughs."

Mr. Devore said with horror that he was not in the market for a costume to be worn just for laughs. Even as he spoke, it occurred to him that he had seldom heard a more offensive idiom. "Surely you have something more—er—conservative," he said hopefully.

"I get it," the clerk said with amazing perspicacity. "You want something that actually suits your type more. Not many people do, for parties, but personally I think it's a hell of a good idea. You won't find anything in this stuff we keep on hand for masquerades, though. Let's look at the show costumes. C'mon." He darted toward one of the rows of double clothing racks, and Mr. Devore followed at a more stately pace, wonder-

ing whether he could possibly find something not too objectionable. Very likely Roger van Nostrand's "Mikado" robe would have a certain ameliorating dignity, at least. More dignity than a rabbit costume, for example. With this in mind, Mr. Devore said guardedly, "I should prefer to eschew anything of a humorous nature."

The shirtsleeved individual looked at him with new interest and said, "Say, you remind me of somebody in the profession, but I can't exactly figure out who." Mr. Devore was adept at gauging changes of inflection, and something told him that the clerk's cryptic remark had been intended as a compliment. "Somebody who used to go out in 'The Bishop Misbehaves,'" the clerk mused. "Oh, yes. Now I remember. Berton Churchill. Well, anyway, speaking of bishops, how about something with more color in it—a cardinal, maybe?"

"I fear I am all too unworthy," Mr. Devore said with heavy playfulness as his good humor mounted. His aversion to fancy dress was waning.

"You'd make a damn good one," the clerk said. He squinted at Mr. Devore appraisingly and said, "Now I'm beginning to get the right angle on you. Stay right where you are." He scuttled away, and returned with an armload of magnificent vestments and a biretta. "Here," he said. "Take 'em into one of the dressing rooms."

"No, I really mustn't," said Mr. Devore, his sanity returning in time for him to reject the sudden preferment. "It might antagonize various people who are almost certain to be at the party."

"You always got to keep that in mind," the clerk agreed. "Don't worry. We'll find something else for you."

"Mr. Nagy! Mr. Nagy!" the public-address system blared, "I got a telegram here from the Royal Alexandra, Toronto. They want to know how about their 'Brigadoon' order. I just checked with Shipping, and nothing's gone out yet. They're musical stock and they dress-rehearse Sunday. Kindly check at once and see the order gets down to Shipping before we close today."

"Excuse me," the clerk said. "I'm Nagy, and I better get in touch with our alterations department right away. They been taking their time as usual, prob'ly. Kilts! Don't talk to me about kilts! I got three 'Brigadoons' out right this minute. One in the South, one in New England, and a college two-nighter in Illinois. And on top of that, four amateur 'Mary of Scotlands.' Around here it's kilts, kilts, kilts, morning, noon,

and night. Drives me nuts. Excuse me. Be right back."

MR. NAGY scurried away, and Mr. Devore furtively inspected the costume racks between which he was standing. He fingered a regal-looking ermine cloak and allowed himself to substitute, in his imagination, his own features for those of Holbein's Henry VIII. No, he thought regretfully. That wouldn't do at all. The Devore ankles and calves were not sufficiently shapely to appear in white silk hose. Had he been younger, he would not have objected to the dashing attire of a Royal Canadian Mounted policeman or the more subdued but



nevertheless brave uniform of a Confederate cavalryman, or—here Mr. Devore examined a glittering Papal Guard outfit with genuine wistfulness—a really striking uniform of any kind. But lieutenantancies and captaincies were out of the question now, alas. He would have to stick to kings and people of that sort, people who suited his type, in Mr. Nagy's phrase.

"You want to be an ambassador?" Mr. Nagy inquired, suddenly materializing at Mr. Devore's elbow.

Mr. Devore blushed, for this was indeed his most cherished ambition. Unfortunately, his quadrennial public declaration of admiration for Senator Taft had regularly precluded the fulfillment of this dream. "I—er—I hardly know what to say," Mr. Devore purred.

"I see you as an ambassador, somehow," Mr. Nagy said easily, and Mr. Devore's respect for his acumen really soared, obliterating every vestige of the dreadful rabbit incident. "You got *everything* for it," Mr. Nagy continued, and Mr. Devore ardently wished that Mr. Nagy's voice were more potent in such matters.

The clerk lifted down from a rack an extremely elaborate costume with epaulets and a lot of gold braid. "Here's an ambassador's uniform for court balls," he said. "A cocked hat goes with it, and knee breeches. We keep a lot of these on hand for the Romberg and Friml shows. Big slews of ambassadors have to come on in the finales, and we got 'em in all sizes."

"Knee breeches," Mr. Devore repeated, with a sinking heart. "I fear that my ankles and calves are not quite what I could wish them to be. I should prefer not to display them unless circumstances should—ah—force me to."

"I get you," said Mr. Nagy, whom Mr. Devore was beginning to find as sensitive and as understanding as a treas-

ured nurse he had had in his infancy. "You want everybody should see you at your best. You want to wow 'em but still stay dignified. What I'd say first off would be a Roman senator, but you never can tell—sometimes a toga gets a laugh. Sometimes second thoughts are better, the saying goes, and my second thought is a Lord Chief Justice. They're English, you know. You can either play a Lord Chief Justice for laughs or play him straight. My advice to you is: Be a Lord Chief Justice and play him straight. No beard. No makeup of any kind. Just put on the costume and be yourself."

"Your suggestion appeals to me, Mr. Nagy," Mr. Devore said. This was an understatement. What Mr. Nagy could not know, of course, was that Mr. Devore now considered him superior to the oldest employee at Brooks Brothers. In fact, if Mr. Nagy had not been quite so shirtsleeved, so fallow, and so ferretlike in motion, he would have stood a good chance of being invited to lunch at the Union Club one day.

"O.K., then," Mr. Nagy said. "We're all set." He sped out to the open area and inspected the line of dressing rooms. "Wait in dressing room Number Seven," he called to Mr. Devore. "It's free now. I'll get some wigs from the wig room for us to try on, and pick up the rest of the stuff, and bring you the whole works in a couple of minutes."

"Thank you, Mr. Nagy," Mr. Devore said graciously, and made his way toward the dressing rooms. Nor was he in the least taken aback to find himself encountering an Elizabethan gallant in full fig along the way, and passing in quick succession a Storm Trooper, a pair of cowboys, and a Breton fisherman.

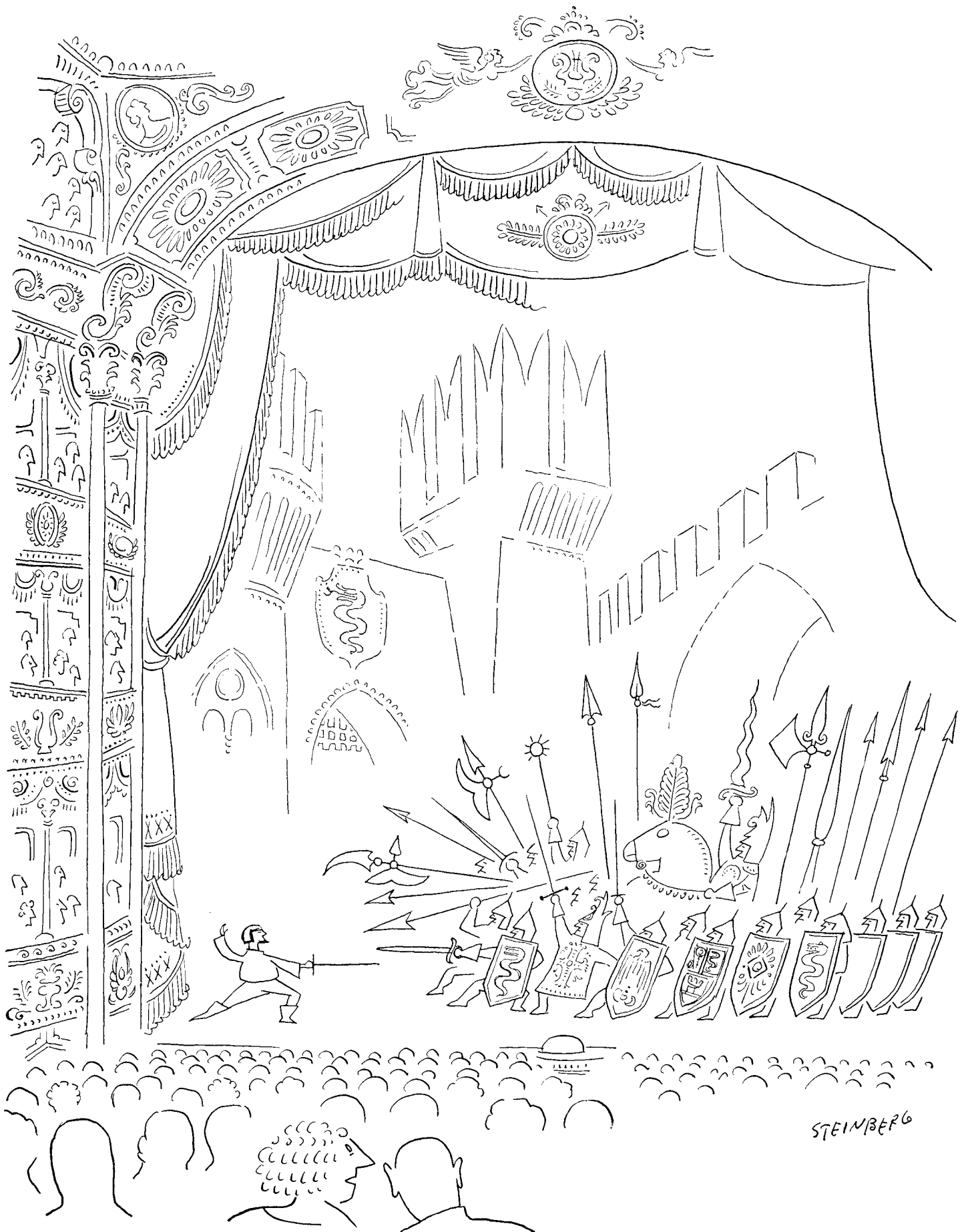
Costuming establishments actually served a very useful purpose in the world, Mr. Devore reflected. The guests at the Winship dance would see him at his best. He would wow 'em, but still stay dignified. He would play the Lord Chief Justice straight, and not for laughs. Mr. Devore sniffed the interesting odor that emanated from the costume racks, not recognizing it as the scent of stale greasepaint. More people should give masquerade parties, he thought.

How pleasant it all was!

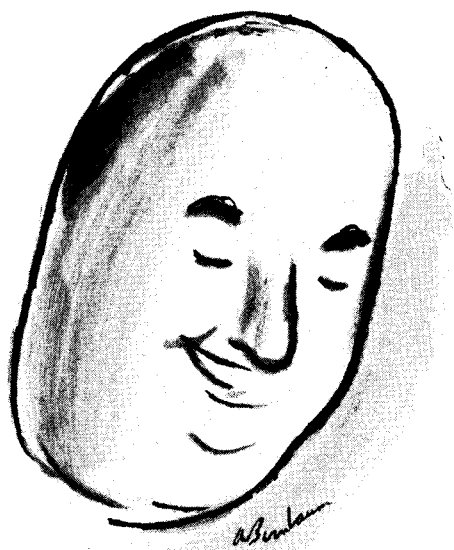
—JAMES REID PARKER

Our meats, for example, are selected by men who have been cattle buyers for over 200 years. We know quality.—*Frankford (Pa.) Times*.

Do you know senility?



"His wife poisons him in the third act."



WILLIAM ZECKENDORF, the president and sole stockholder of Webb & Knapp, Inc., which controls properties currently worth slightly more than a hundred million dollars, is the most dynamic figure extant in the often static field of real estate. Although Zeckendorf has been a big operator for less than ten years, he has already made a sizable dent in the real-estate world. Among other things, he assembled the plot on which the United Nations headquarters is situated, he has served as real-estate consultant to the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Society, the Israeli government, and the Rockefeller family, and he presently administers a portfolio that includes such disparate items as a twelve-thousand-acre tract within the city limits of Los Angeles, a railroad in Hoboken, a jail in Boise, and, locally, the Airlines Terminal Building, 1 Park Avenue, the Marguery, and a large portion of the gilt-edged no man's land that separates Macy's from Gimbel's. Such shrewd and experienced appraisers of values as Charles F. Noyes and Morton R. Cross, two elder statesmen of the field who between them have spent over a hundred years in it, employ terms like "genius," "terrific," "outstanding," and "in a class by himself" when discussing him, and in 1946 *Fortune* carried a prediction that Zeckendorf would very likely be the first American to land on the moon.

A bald, already moon-faced man of forty-six, who stands six feet tall and weighs, when not dieting, two hundred and fifty, Zeckendorf has never expressed any such specific aspiration, but inasmuch as he sometimes describes himself as an uninhibited opportunist; is unusually imaginative, venturesome, unpredictable, ambitious, and resource-

PROFILES

BIG OPERATOR-I

ful; loves to travel long distances by air; and often intones the maxim "You never can tell till you try," he might well turn the trick. His peers in real estate are frequently confounded by his dashing methods of operation. Not long ago, a broker called on him to ask him if he wouldn't allow a shoe store that occupied some space Zeckendorf owned in Herald Square to expand into some additional space he also owned. Zeckendorf said that he had a big deal pending with another shoe store a few hundred yards off, and didn't want to help one of its competitors. "Tell you what I'll do," he said to the broker. "I'll give your store a hundred thousand dollars just to move away." "Are you kidding?" the broker asked. Zeckendorf said he certainly was not, offered to shake hands on the proposition, and did. Still clasping Zeckendorf's hand, the broker exclaimed, "Who would have thought of that but Zeckendorf!" Zeckendorf beamed.

Zeckendorf smiles a lot, his whole broad face lighting up as he does so, but he is apt to punctuate his amiable moods with a quickly assumed expression of a solemnity so grim that a colleague once compared him to a dish of sweet-and-sour pickles. His volatility stems partly from his having both an intense concern for money and a massive streak of sentimentality. "I've seen him make a deal where his only motive was to give some poor broker a commission," an associate of his remarked recently. "Webb & Knapp owns one ghastly property today we paid a hundred and ten thousand for, and which we've never made a penny on. We'll probably sell at a loss before we're through. There was no reason for buying it except that Bill wanted to give a down-and-out broker he knew fifty-five hundred bucks. Zeckendorf is the damndest guy God ever made. I've never known anybody who combines in one skin—even such a large skin—so much enterprise and aggressiveness, and so keen and analytical a mind. He's got the memory of a bull elephant, the heart of a baby, and the guts of a brass monkey."

Zeckendorf is extremely fond of publicity. Webb & Knapp is the only real-estate firm in town that has its own press agent on the premises, and the only one that has produced a thirty-minute motion picture about itself, in Kodachrome, for release to any group that might be disposed to exhibit it. Zeckendorf him-

self has appeared most prominently in the limelight as the progenitor of a number of extravagant building schemes and as the inventor of the Zeckendorf Automatic Parking Garage. He has long contended that unless forward-looking citizens, in and out of real estate, do something about the traffic situation in cities like New York, the cities will perish of strangulation. The street plan for most of New York City, he often points out, was laid down early in the nineteenth century, and while it may have been adequate for the horses and buggies of that era, it is now woefully outmoded. The Zeckendorf Automatic Parking Garage, a projected panacea with an elaborate electrically controlled mechanism for hoisting cars up out of the way and shuttling them around in the air without a human hand's being laid on them, was a by-product of a mighty, indisputably twentieth-century idea that Zeckendorf spawned in 1945. This was a rooftop airport, almost equal in size to Central Park. It was to be bounded by Twenty-fourth and Seventy-first Streets, Ninth Avenue, and the Hudson River, and its main feature was to be a two-hundred-foot-high landing deck, twelve thousand feet long and thirty-six hundred wide, that could handle as much air traffic as LaGuardia Field. Beneath the flight deck was to be a sprawling, air-conditioned community of hangars, terminals, hotels, markets, office buildings, restaurants, night clubs, piers, and garages, all linked by moving sidewalks.

While plans for the garages were under discussion, an architect asked Zeckendorf whether he'd prefer to have them equipped with elevators or ramps. "I told him I was fed up with both," Zeckendorf recalls. "I said the ramp had been invented by the Egyptians and the elevator in the nineteenth century, and the fact that nobody had produced anything newer was a black mark against contemporary engineering. 'We've got to figure out a way of filing automobiles like I.B.M. cards,' I said. 'Mr. Zeckendorf,' he told me, 'we can't pass mass through mass.' 'Well, then,' I replied, 'we'll have to pass mass over and around mass.' " Zeckendorf's automatic-parking gadget was born of this lofty resolution. He spent a quarter of a million dollars developing it, and ended up with a one-ton scale model. A full-size model has not yet been built, perhaps because of a widespread feeling



among engineers that while conventional parking-lot and garage attendants may have their limitations, they are unlikely to blow a fuse and leave an automobile suspended in midair a hundred feet from its owner. Zeckendorf's airport never took the shape of even a one-ton model. He spent twenty-five thousand dollars on blueprints and drawings, and ultimately donated them to the City of New York. He was pleased to hear later that they had been studied, with apparent interest, by representatives of the governments of Sweden and the Soviet Union. The drawings were also studied, and reproduced, by *Life*. Shortly after the *Life* spread appeared, Henry Luce, who has retained Zeckendorf as a real-estate consultant to Time, Inc., since 1938, sent him a letter saying, possibly with no pun intended, "Without enterprising people like you, life would indeed be very dull."

Zeckendorf was not dismayed by the failure of his celestial airport to come into being. A few months after he had presented his sketches of it to the city, he disclosed that over a four-year stretch he had been painstakingly assembling an eighteen-and-a-third-acre tract in Flushing, on which he proposed to erect

a mammoth shopping center, not far from the site of, and not much less grandiose than, the World's Fair. It was to contain—in addition to the usual supermarkets—a hospital, a hotel, subterranean streets, and sidewalks that, besides moving, turned warm in winter and cool in summer. The materialization of this community depended not only on the fifty million dollars that Zeckendorf estimated it would cost but also on the city's condemning and making available to him an extra hundred thousand or so square feet, which he hadn't been able to pick up. The municipal authorities were disappointingly uncoöperative, and Zeckendorf ruefully substituted a smaller, eight-million-dollar shopping center—which hasn't materialized yet, either, although part of the land earmarked for it is now, as the result of a deal that he engineered, the site of the second-largest department store on Long Island.

The nearest thing to a moving sidewalk Zeckendorf has actually constructed to date is an exceptionally private private elevator that connects the two levels of some duplex penthouse offices now being completed for his concern at 383-85 Madison Avenue, in a twelve-story building that since 1922 has been run and partly occupied by

Webb & Knapp, a once small and staid outfit into which Zeckendorf sprang, like a firm-eating tiger, in 1938. By 1942 he was running the company, by 1947 he was president of it, and by 1949 he owned it outright. At the moment, Webb & Knapp, in a spectacular acknowledgment of the often disputed principle of indispensability, is paying premiums on one million six hundred thousand dollars' worth of insurance on Zeckendorf's life. Zeckendorf is also president of some thirty-five other real-estate corporations, which Webb & Knapp has set up to control various of its assets. He is an exceedingly superstitious man—he tucks an old Sulka necktie, too frayed to be worn, into a pocket whenever he sets forth to negotiate a big deal, because he happened to have it on years ago while consummating one—and he tries, whenever possible, to give his subsidiary corporations names that embody the number 13 or some multiple thereof. He is president of, among others, the 39 Corporation, the 78 Corporation, the 91 Corporation, and the 1300, 1378, 2626, 2652, 2665, 2678, 2691, 3913, 3939, 3965, 3978, 3991, 5239, 5291, and 7878 Corporations.

It is Zeckendorf's opinion that dealers in real estate ought to be more cre-

ative than he considers them to be, and he looks down on transactions that he regards as non-creative—transactions that involve merely transferring ownership of property without radically altering or improving it. “What I like to do is recognize a great piece of land and conceive a suitable edifice for it,” he says. Students of creativeness in real estate give him high marks for a concept he had (though in this instance the land happened to have a building on it already) after inspecting an arena belonging to the New York Riding Club, between Sixty-sixth and Sixty-seventh Streets, just west of Central Park. Zeckendorf was enchanted with the soaring dimensions of its big riding ring—two hundred feet long, one hundred wide, and forty-five high. The notion struck him that it was eminently suited for a television studio. He bought the place, and in no time at all had sold the idea, and the property, to the American Broadcasting Company, whose main studio it now is. Not only did Zeckendorf obtain a splendid return on his investment but, in gratitude for his visionary zeal, A.B.C. elected him to its board of directors. Again with an eye to the future, Zeckendorf not long ago purchased an unimpressive-looking plot at the northwest corner of Thirty-third and Lexington, on the theory that the adjacent 71st Infantry Regiment Armory will someday be torn down, and that when it is, and the block it dominates is opened up for development, he will have a foot in a corner door.

As a further example of Zeckendorf's creativeness, his associates like to cite his handling of a block-square warehouse he owns on Twenty-eighth Street, just off the West Side Highway. Webb & Knapp spent a million dollars perking up its interior, but Zeckendorf wasn't satisfied, because outwardly it hadn't changed at all. It occurred to him that with the trifling expenditure of a few thousand dollars more he could have the entire building painted white, festooned with pennants, and spotlighted at night. “Our warehouse used to be known as the place next to the Starrett Lehigh Building,” a Webb & Knapp man said recently. “I am proud to say that the other day I heard the

Starrett Lehigh Building referred to as the place next to ours.” Zeckendorf himself is proud of such visible achievements and audible accolades, and he has his own succinct analysis of them. “I make grapefruit out of lemons,” he says, or, depending on his gastronomical mood, “I make bananas out of peanuts.” Only the fact that he likes best of all to make dollars out of dollars keeps him from being embarrassed by the realization that on countless occasions he has profited handsomely from strictly non-creative deals of the sort that any plodding, unimaginative real-estate man might put over. A year ago, for instance, in a transaction that was distinctive only for its speed, Zeckendorf bought and sold a building in a single day, during which fleeting proprietorship he hadn't time to so much as paint a spandrel. His mortification at the plainness of this exchange was assuaged by the knowledge that he had

paid one million six hundred thousand dollars for the building and received one million seven hundred and seventy-five thousand for it, a decent return for even a non-creative day's work. This return by no means constitutes Zeckendorf's maximum short-term earning power. On a wall of his office is a framed letter from the head of the Curtiss-Wright Corporation that says—aluding to a skillful demonstration of bargaining he put on in 1948 while negotiating for a large piece of property—“It was very stimulating to meet a young fellow who, with a little conversation, could make \$432,000 in one morning.”

Zeckendorf discusses intricate financial arrangements concerning a hundred or more properties daily, but he never makes a single note on any of them. His practice of using his memory as his filing cabinet now and then exasperates his associates, who can't find



“I wish I had a nickel for every dollar you’ve saved shopping!”



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Book and Lyrics by

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd

Based on the Novel "Anna and the King of Siam" by

MARGARET LONDON

with YUL BRYNNER

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South PacificMusic by **RICHARD RODGERS**Lyrics by **OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd**

Book by

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd & JOSHUA LOGANAdapted from **JAMES A. MICHENER'S Pulitzer**

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Directed by **JOSHUA LOGAN**Scenery & Lighting by **Jo Mielziner**with **MYRON McCORMICK****MAJESTIC THEATRE, West 44th St.**

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of brains, talent, wit, humor and
splendor." —Brooks Atkinson, Times

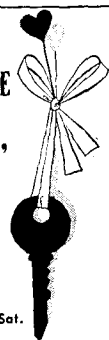
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DOLORES GRAY

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with **ELLIOTT REID**

"A 4-ORCHID SHOW!" —WALTER WINCHELL

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BRIAN AHERNE · GRACE GEORGE
in **SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S COMEDY****"the Constant Wife"**with
JOHN EMERYStaged by
GUTHRIE MCCLINTIC**NATIONAL THEATRE W. 41st St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.**

out the status of a deal until they can find him, but he likes to operate this way, and saddles himself with responsibility for all kinds of details that, if he were more partial to stationary records, he might be able to delegate to others. "I believe in letting a man do a boy's work," he says. Along with a formidable memory, he possesses a keen instinct for evaluating properties. He likes to think that he does his best appraising at a distance. "I usually estimate the value of properties by checking factors like the ratio between the real-estate taxes on them and their gross rent potentials," he says. "I prefer to appraise a property without looking at it. If I'm feeling ultra-conservative, I may shift down from high gear to second as I drive past a building, in order to make a comparatively thorough study of it, but I have a theory that it's bad to look at a property before buying it."

Those who know Zeckendorf, while conceding that he can perform long-distance appraising marvels, maintain that he shines brightest when he drops his aloofness and takes to the field. "There's no one in this country who can go to any city in any state, as Bill can, and in so short a time accurately appraise, buy, and develop properties," a business acquaintance of his said recently. "He'll arrive in some town, pick up a local broker to brief him, and spend maybe six hours walking along the main street. If he sees a haberdashery store, say, that interests him, he'll stroll in and examine it carefully, noting its size, its condition, and how the merchandise is displayed—right down to such matters as the distance from the front entrance to where the ties are sold. Then he'll get hold of the manager and have a pleasant chat with him. 'Nice place you've got here,' Bill will say. He'll ask how many clerks are employed, and what hours the store keeps, and what nights, if any, it stays open late. When he's through, he'll know what the store's gross volume and net profit are, and just about anything else about it worth knowing. And, what's more, with that confounded memory of his, he'll carry in his mind forever afterward the image of what that street looks like, what kind of stores are on it, and every single other thing he's learned." Before buying a warehouse in Brooklyn not long ago, Zeckendorf drove an associate out to see it one Sunday morning, and not only slowed down but spent three hours prowling around it on foot. "By the time Bill was finished," his companion said afterward, "he knew

so much more about the warehouse than the people who owned it that he had no trouble convincing them it was worth not one penny more than what he said it was worth."

ZECKENDORF's most gratifying deal—as he has indicated by inserting in his *Who's Who* autobiography the notation "Purchaser of land of new U.N. site, N.Y. City"—was the sale, in 1946, to John D. Rockefeller, Jr., of the East Side property the philanthropist subsequently donated to the United Nations. Most of this area had for many years been a reeking slum. The Swift and Wilson meat companies, which ran the slaughterhouses that gave it its special atmosphere, decided early in 1946 to close their plants there. A broker representing them approached Zeckendorf and offered him eight acres of land, bounded by Forty-second and Forty-seventh Streets and First Avenue and the East River Drive, for six million dollars, or roughly seventeen dollars a square foot. Zeckendorf thought this price a bit steep, especially since the land on the periphery of the slaughterhouse area was available for an average of less than five dollars a square foot. Once more abandoning his long-distance theory of appraising, Zeckendorf took many extensive and reflective walks among the slaughterhouses. "Suddenly I realized that the bordering land wasn't inherently worthless," he said recently. "The reason for the disparity in prices was simply the existence of those slaughterhouses. Visualizing the area without slaughterhouses, I could see all the land around there blossoming and becoming worth forty or fifty a foot." Intoxicated by this flowery vision, Zeckendorf signed a contract with the meat people and paid a million-dollar deposit. Anxious to procure as much of the five-dollar land as he could before word of what he was doing got around and the price shot up, he insisted that the negotiations be secret. Word got around anyway. The owner of a five-thousand-square-foot plot at the northeast corner of Forty-second Street and First Avenue, the site of a boarded-up tenement that not long before had changed hands for ten thousand dollars, held out until he received a hundred thousand for it. To keep everything as *sub rosa* as possible, Zeckendorf arranged to have brokers not known to be connected with him do all the bidding for the outlying parcels of land he coveted, and as they went to work, he ostentatiously got on a plane for South America, hoping to give the impression of a man

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utterly without acquisitive intentions. He remained abroad for a month, in the course of which his furtive operatives picked up some eight additional acres, in seventy-five separate parcels, for a total of three million dollars, or an average of less than nine dollars a square foot.

Zeckendorf's scurrying agents had hardly finished their work when he announced what he was planning to do with the land. His concept in this case was a huge building project, duly featured in *Life*, that he called X City. While considerably less colossal than his airport, the cost of which he had estimated at three billion dollars, X City was imposing enough. It was budgeted at a hundred and fifty million, and was to consist of a fifty-seven-story office building, a sixty-story hotel, a convention hall with a seating capacity of six thousand, an opera house to replace the Metropolitan, a concert auditorium to replace Carnegie Hall, yacht and helicopter landings, an elevated highway, and sidewalks moving every which way. Early in December, a few months after unveiling this picture of a promised land, Zeckendorf read in the papers that the United Nations, for want of a suitable home base in New York City, was on the point of casting in its lot with Philadelphia. He telephoned Mayor O'Dwyer and offered the site of X City to New York City at a cut-rate price. The news of its availability was passed along to a committee of citizens who had been trying for weeks to line up a spot for the headquarters. Wallace K. Harrison, who had designed X City and was to become the United Nations' chief architect, and Nelson Rockefeller were among its members. Rockefeller talked the matter over with his father, and on the night of December 11th, less than twenty-four hours before the United Nations Headquarters Committee was slated to give the nod to Philadelphia, the elder Rockefeller instructed his son to get an option on the site. Harrison was dispatched to track Zeckendorf down, and found him at a night club on East Fifty-fourth Street—the Monte Carlo, which Webb & Knapp was then operating, with Zeckendorf as its most faithful patron. Zeckendorf instantly gave Rockefeller, through Harrison, a thirty-day option to buy about two-thirds of his acreage for eight and a half million dollars. Zeckendorf made around two million dollars on the deal. Most real-estate men believe, however, that he could have made substantially more if he had developed the land himself, and that in

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setting his price he was genuinely motivated by a desire to help out the United Nations. Zeckendorf does not discourage this belief. "My profit was practically nothing," he says. "If I hadn't sold the land to Rockefeller as a quixotic gesture, I'd have made thirty million on it. Well, twenty, anyway."

At the completion of the sale, Zeckendorf retained a hundred and ninety-five thousand square feet, or about four and a half acres, in parcels scattered around the United Nations' property. The following year, when the subject of a fitting approach to the international seat came up, he suggested that the city condemn the six blocks bounded by Forty-sixth and Forty-ninth Streets and First and Third Avenues. Webb & Knapp, he went on, would buy the entire condemned area for thirteen and a half million dollars, or nearly twenty per cent more than its 1946-47 assessed valuation. Then the firm would return to the city, as a gift, the two blocks between Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth Streets, so they could be demolished and a monumental mall constructed from Third Avenue to the United Nations site. Finally, Webb & Knapp would erect on the blocks flanking the mall a splashy assortment of office buildings and other commercial structures that would make an attractive setting for the home of the United Nations and give the whole neighborhood a lift. Zeckendorf's proposal was vigorously criticized by Robert Moses, the City Construction Coördinator, whose own idea was simply to widen Forty-seventh Street between First and Second Avenues by a hundred feet. Moses argued that if the city approved Zeckendorf's scheme, it would, in effect, be establishing the principle of condemning one person's property for another person's use. Zeckendorf's plan was also unsympathetically received by many of the residents of the Turtle Bay colony, bounded by Forty-eighth and Forty-ninth Streets and by Second and Third Avenues, who would have been among the condemned. One of them, Dorothy Thompson, sent a letter to the *Times* in which she said that before letting Zeckendorf have his way, she would resort to her constitutional right to bear arms. Zeckendorf replied with a distressed letter to the editor in which, after expressing his long-standing admiration for the lady, he indicated that he regarded her attitude as a mite narrow. He declared that "this matter concerns... in a very real sense every citizen the whole world over," and he deplored the base inter-

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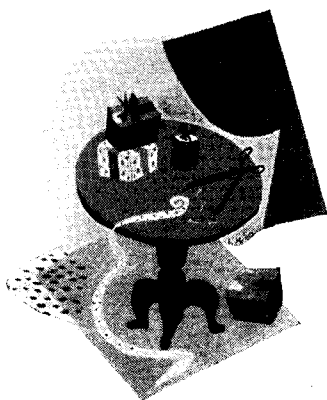


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pretations of his motives. "We do not seek either profit or glory," he stated.

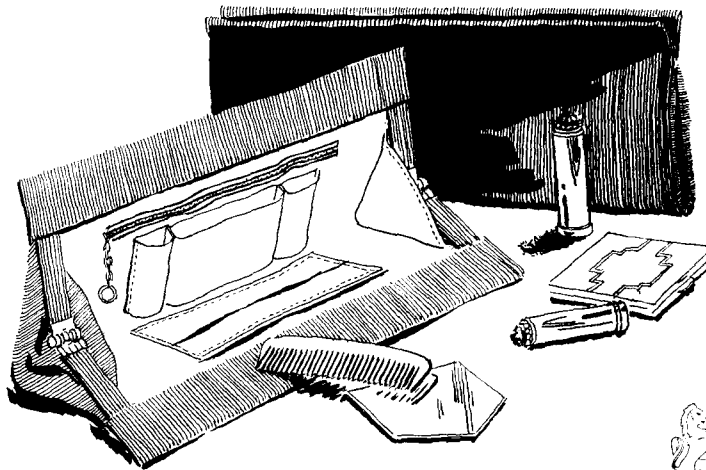
The climax of the controversy was reached in August, 1947, at a meeting of the Board of Estimate. Zeckendorf had urged the adoption of his plan at earlier sessions of this body, and the Board had also been favored with a memorandum from Moses, which, although it made no mention of lethal weapons, was just as strongly anti-Zeckendorf as Miss Thompson's letter. In anticipation of the August meeting, Zeckendorf had renderings of his sweeping scheme and of Moses's relatively puny one prepared, and he arrived armed with them, as well as with a thirty-five-hundred-word written speech, in which he accused Moses of half-truths, lies, ineptness, inadequacy, gross inflexibility, pomp, bombast, vindictiveness, and subreption. Zeckendorf had barely begun to recite this catalogue of sins when Mayor O'Dwyer, who was presiding, took exception to these suggestions of laxity in high office and called *him* a liar. Zeckendorf stalked out in a huff. Several months later, he sold his land around the United Nations tract for something over three million dollars, so that he could be free to plead his cause without being liable to the charge of ulterior motives. Moses's plan was eventually approved anyhow. Zeckendorf refers to that unhappy episode, when he can bring himself to discuss it, as "a pipsqueak deal."

UP to 1949, in order to have some of his more majestic dreams competently transferred to paper, Zeckendorf had from time to time engaged a number of top architects, including not only Wallace Harrison but Le Corbusier and William Lescaze, whose own house on East Forty-eighth Street, incidentally, would have been demolished along with Miss Thompson's if Zeckendorf had prevailed. Webb & Knapp had a small architectural staff of its own, but used it exclusively for pedestrian jobs like



FIFTH AVENUE AT 52nd STREET

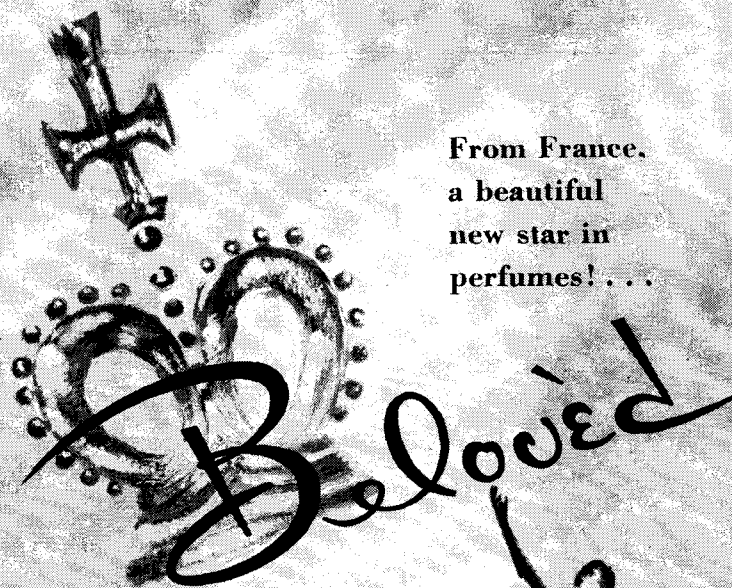
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the designing of a gas station in traditional Colonial style—a structure the firm, against Zeckendorf's outspoken inclinations toward modernism, had put up for a client in 1948 at Seventy-third Street and the East River Drive. In 1949, Zeckendorf grew weary of consulting outside architects when he wanted something special, and hired a chief architect of his own—a young Chinese named I. M. Pei, who was an assistant professor of architecture at the Harvard Graduate School of Design and had been recommended to him as a fellow with a thoroughly modern outlook. Zeckendorf explained to Pei, as soon as he reported for duty, that in his opinion architecture and real estate had too long been, if not at odds, at least not in intimate rapport, and that he was determined to effect a happy marriage between them. Pei had been with Webb & Knapp only a couple of weeks when Zeckendorf rushed into his drafting room early one morning and said, "I just drove down Fifth Avenue, and I was sick! Those new apartment houses! What's the matter with you architects, anyway?" Pei remained tactfully silent, and Zeckendorf went on to say that the whole existing concept of apartment houses was absurd, and that he wanted Pei to design one that would be based on the principle of a tree, with the utilities and services housed in the trunk and living quarters built on platforms extending like limbs from the bole. Pei gamely undertook to lay out such a structure, and within two weeks came up with a sketch of something that Zeckendorf and he dubbed a Helix. The Helix—on paper—is a cylindrical building composed of five concentric rings around a central core. The core and the two innermost rings, progressing from inside out, contain elevators and fire stairs, a circular corridor on each floor, and a shaft for ducts and pipes. Then come a ring of bathrooms and kitchens, one of living quarters, and, finally, one of balconies. Internally, the structure is designed to be so flexible that tenants can select living space on one, two, or three floors and convert it into any number of rooms they wish. Zeckendorf thinks the ideal Helix should have twenty-two stories, and he has estimated that one of that size would cost two and a half million dollars to put up. Having been unable so far to persuade any bank or insurance company, the sort of firms that foot the bill for most of the big buildings erected nowadays, to take a chance on so unorthodox a housing unit, he is presently planning—in contrast to most contem-



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porary real-estate men, who shy away from risking any of their own capital on anything—to erect one himself. He has bought the summit of Nob Hill in San Francisco, where a Helix is slated to rise, like an architectural beacon. Zeckendorf is excited about this prospect. "One single great edifice new in concept can act as a bell cow," he says. "Look at the fashion industry, where one dress can affect styles all over the world. The Helix could easily be another Christian Dior."

As a matchmaker between real estate and architecture, Zeckendorf has managed to bring the two together in the form of an office building in Atlanta, a chain store in Plattsburg, and an annex to a shopping center in St. Louis, all designed by Webb & Knapp's expanded architectural department. Zeckendorf has on the drawing boards another shopping center, with which he plans to enhance the peculiarity of Los Angeles as soon as present restrictions on building are lifted. It will cover sixty-eight acres and be in the tradition of both the Greek agora and the Chinese market place, a derivation partly attributable to the fact that Pei, when a boy, spent much of his time in a Suchow market place with his grandfather, a poet who was quite likely to devote a whole day to a leisurely discussion there of the variations in the sounds uttered by different kinds of crickets. One day a year ago, while Zeckendorf and Pei were whizzing across country by plane, the architect was reminiscing about his boyhood. Suddenly, Zeckendorf said, "You know, we ought to re-create the shopping center as a social force. We ought to build something that will make housewives stop saying 'Oh, God, I've got to shop today!' and make them say 'Let's go shopping!'" Pei suggested that, in addition to the conventional groceries and drugstores, their center be fitted out with such restful oases as a grove of palm trees, Oriental teahouses, and a Persian bazaar. "That's it!" cried Zeckendorf. "Shopping should be like a carnival! Tell the publicity staff I said that."

MOST real-estate firms are fairly localized in their operations. Webb & Knapp has figured in deals in thirty-five states of the Union and in Canada, Mexico, and England. The concern owns twenty-three hundred acres of oil land in Louisiana; a piece of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," which recently went on the road after a run of seven hundred and forty performances on Broadway; and the largest slice of Denver that belongs to an ab-

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sentee landlord. Six years ago, Zeckendorf bought up that city's Courthouse Square, a two-and-a-half-acre park, and announced his intention of superimposing on it a set of buildings comparable to Rockefeller Center. His desire to spruce up Denver was not appreciated by all its citizens; some of them, in fact, went to court to try to have him enjoined from doing over their skyline. Zeckendorf ultimately triumphed in this litigation, but court delays and building restrictions have held up the project.

Zeckendorf is constantly on the alert for new worlds to assault, if not to conquer, and for several days in the fall of 1950 it looked as though he would become a major stockholder in the Brooklyn Dodgers. He is not an active sportsman, aside from an occasional flurry of partridge shooting. He is not even much of a spectator sportsman; although he has been since 1947 president of the board of trustees of Long Island University, where, until a short time ago, the major sport was basketball, he never once watched the college's celebrated quintet perform. He has never been to Ebbets Field, either. By his remote-appraisal technique, however, he judged it and its talented occupants to be valuable properties. Accordingly, he was much interested when Branch Rickey, who owned twenty-five per cent of the Dodgers' stock, was brought to his office one day by John Galbreath, the boss of the Pittsburgh Pirates, with which club Rickey subsequently became affiliated. Zeckendorf had been in on several real-estate deals with Galbreath, who, like himself, is a man of multiple interests. Zeckendorf was advised that Rickey's stock was for sale. After some preliminary negotiations, he was on the point of bidding a million dollars for it when he learned that Rickey had an agreement with the other stockholders that gave them the right to match any offer he might get from an outsider if he wished to dispose of his holdings. Zeckendorf, miffed at being asked to bid for a property to which the title was not free and clear, said he wouldn't make an offer unless Rickey would pay him a consolation fee of fifty thousand dollars in the event that the other stockholders exercised their option. Rickey agreed, and Zeckendorf thereupon formally offered the million, which Rickey accepted.

When the news got out prematurely that Zeckendorf had acquired control of the Dodgers, he and his office associates were bombarded with requests for box seats on the third-base line. The other stockholders did match his bid,

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

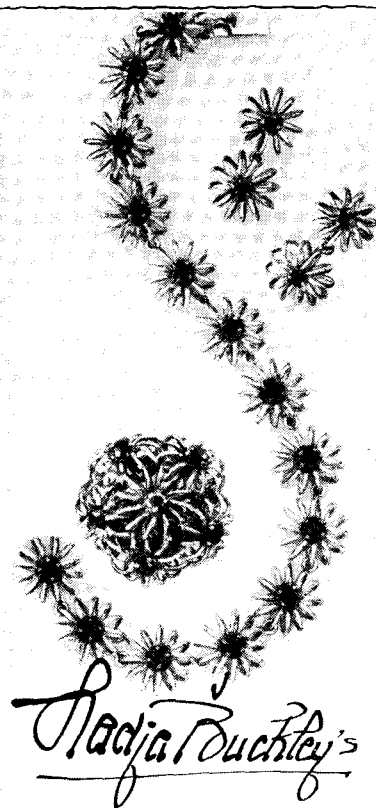
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Fifth Ave. at 53rd St., N. Y. 22

though, and he was left with nothing but a lot of publicity and the fifty thousand dollars. Some baseball fans considered this a more than reasonable bonus for his contribution to the national pastime that season, inasmuch as he hadn't even watched Brooklyn play, whereas Pee-wee Reese and Jackie Robinson were each getting considerably less for a full season's strenuous effort. Zeckendorf does not feel that he was overpaid. "Personally, I thought the sum inadequate," he told a friend during a hot-stove-league session last winter. "After all, fifty thousand dollars represented only a five-per-cent return on my prospective investment. It wasn't a question of how much or how little effort on my part was involved. It was that I had committed myself to tie up a million dollars' worth of venture capital that I could have had working for me elsewhere. Looking back on the episode, I think I made a stupid deal. Only my enthusiasm for the glamour of the game prompted me to make a deal on such disadvantageous terms."

ZECKENDORF's new private office, which he expects to move into around Christmas, is a windowless, cylindrical room, with a diameter of twenty-six feet—or just about half the distance from the pitcher's mound to home plate—on the top of Webb & Knapp's Madison Avenue headquarters. His only outside view is of the sky, which he can glimpse by gazing through a handful of plastic skylights let into the ceiling of his cylinder. Walter Lippmann once had a similar room, to permit undistracted meditation. Pei, who designed Zeckendorf's sanctum when Webb & Knapp recently decided to treat Webb & Knapp to a three-hundred-and-twenty-five-thousand-dollar redecorating job, has explained that he resolved to shield his boss from lateral vistas after analyzing his character. "I came to the conclusion that he is a show-



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a blend of flower oils which gives Snow Blossom
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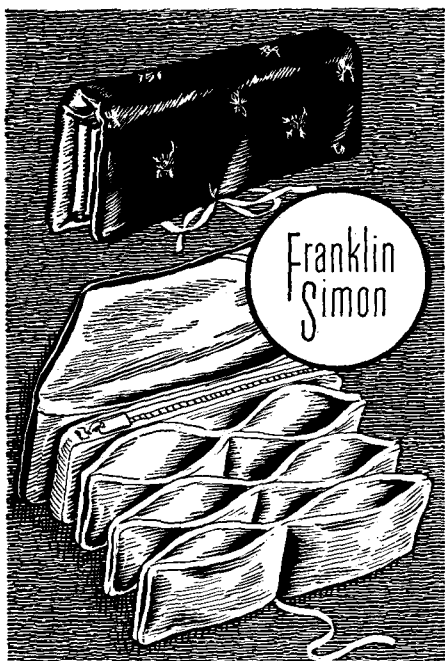
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man," Pei says, "and that it would be ridiculous to create any environment for him other than one consisting exclusively of himself. 'Why give him windows to compete with his own personality?' I asked myself." Zeckendorf's spacious cell is to contain a desk and a chair for him, a couple of chairs for visitors, a piece of sculpture, and a steel girder—an integral part of the building that cannot be eliminated and that Lippmann would probably find distracting.

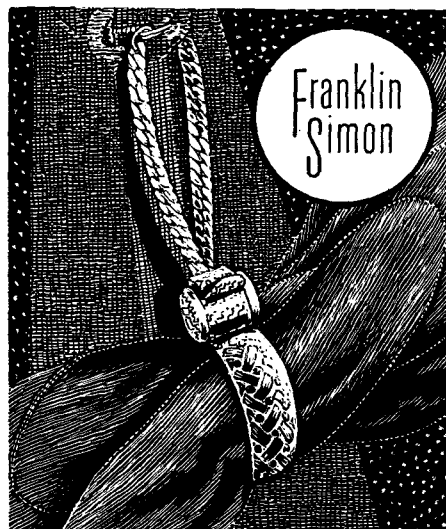
Whatever office Zeckendorf may be on display in, he rarely has time for meditation. His workday frequently lasts from 8 A.M. to 7 P.M., but he nonetheless often doesn't get an opportunity to read his mail. His desk is apt to be littered with correspondence that one of his three secretaries has hopefully but vainly placed there for him to see. Not long ago, a broker dropped in to inquire if Zeckendorf had come to a decision about a proposition he had submitted by mail. Zeckendorf pawed ineffectually at the top of his desk for a moment and then, as his telephone rang, cordially urged the broker to look for the letter himself. The broker dug into a pile of papers and finally came up with it. "But where's the strip map I attached to it?" he asked, almost in tears. "How would I know?" said Zeckendorf cheerfully, possibly to the bewilderment of the person on the other end of the wire. He is hardly ever off the phone for more than a minute or two at a time, and he is hardly ever without at least one visitor. The volume of his phone calls is so great that occasionally a visitor has to spend an hour with him to complete a three-minute explanation of something. A few people object to such delays—"Sorry I took up so much of your time," a mortgage broker remarked acidly after fidgeting through thirty-seven phone calls while waiting for a response to a simple question—but others find the experience enjoyable, and even instructive. "I was with Zeckendorf for an hour and a half the other morning and I doubt whether I got in a total of more than two hundred words," a bank vice-president said recently, "but I was perfectly content to watch him in action, and, besides, I picked up a couple of useful tips from what I overheard." Zeckendorf—vigorously chewing Sen-Sen, which, except on rare occasions, he gnaws as a substitute for smoking; juggling phone calls, visitors, and big deals; and peppering his receptive memory with dozens of new and otherwise unrecorded facts every hour—seems less perturbed than anybody else by the phrenetic pattern of his existence. A while

FOR CHRISTMAS



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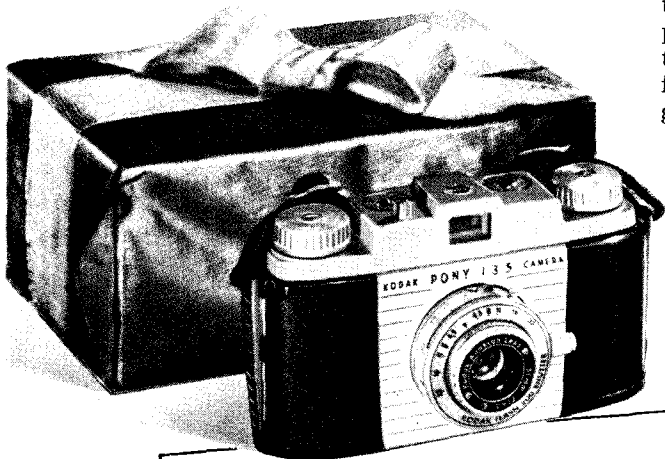
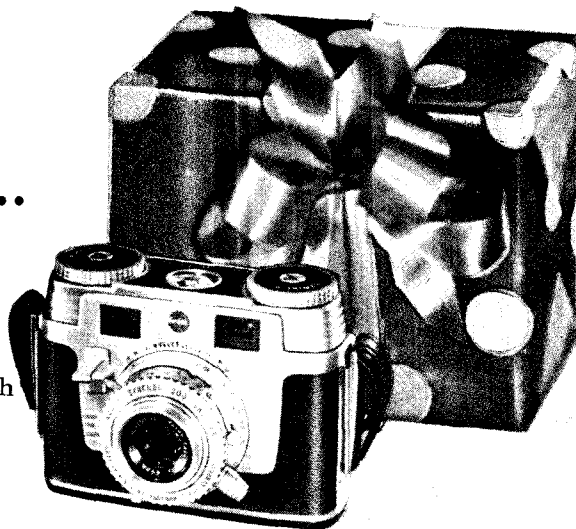
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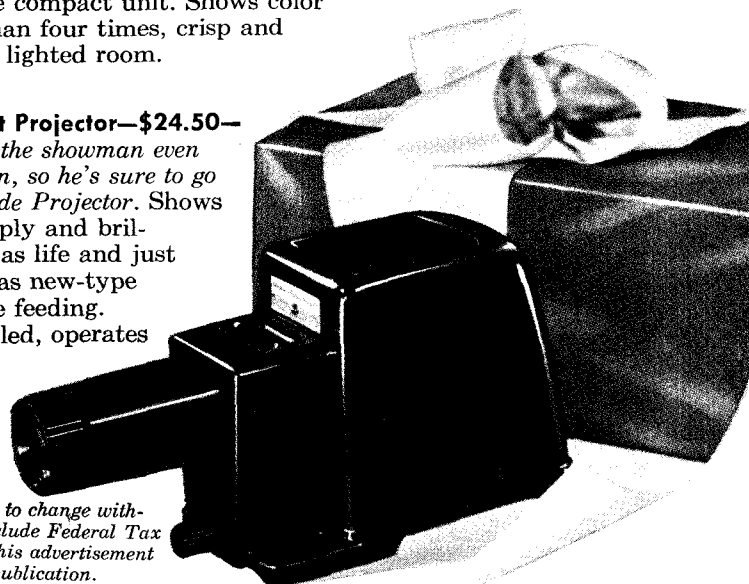
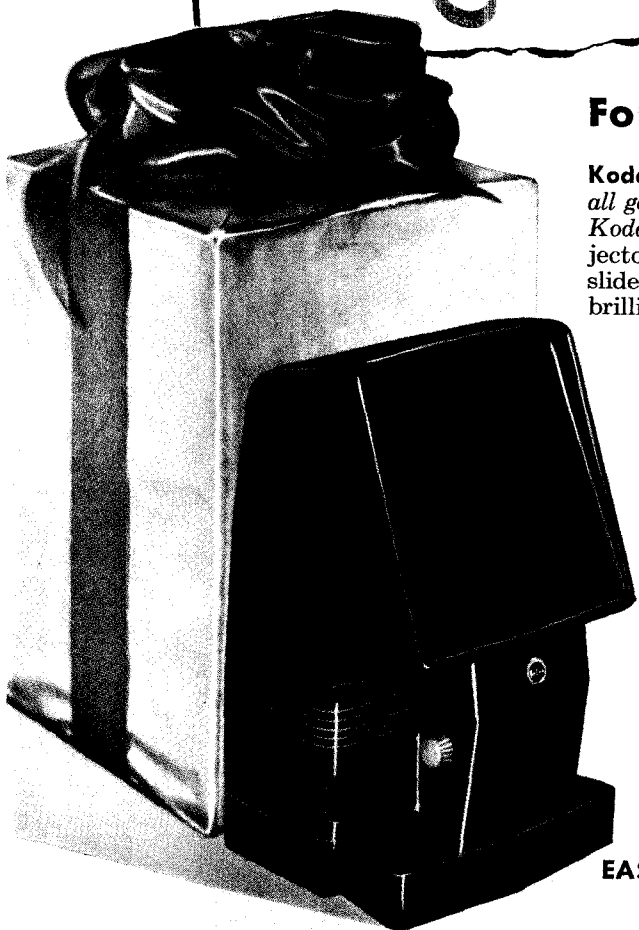


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ago, a friend asked him how in the world he managed to keep going at such a rate. "Well, I'll tell you," said Zeckendorf, and proceeded to narrate one of his favorite stories: "There was this tycoon who was always doing a million things at once and making a lot of noise about it. His office was so hectic that one day a book salesman wandered into it unannounced, took off his coat, sat down, and stayed there all during a long and loud conference without being noticed. Afterward, the tycoon spotted him and said, 'Who are you?' 'Sir,' said the salesman, 'I came here originally to try to sell you some books, but now I don't want to. I just want to give you some advice. You keep going on like this and you'll end up with ulcers.' 'Don't be silly,' said the tycoon. 'I'm not the type that gets ulcers. I give 'em.'"

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

(This is the first of two articles on Mr. Zeckendorf.)

Turner finale this week will be brief... anyway, his pictures are the thing; and before Nov. 18, time for at least another visit to the A.G. What's an artist to do, if he doesn't paint pictures? Turner was a born artist—although his mother died insane, and he never married. He painted landscapes and waters so well, you don't miss neglect of clouds. Most versatile artist England ever had—or the Renaissance; though Italy's Michelangelo and da Vinci were about as pro-like, except that the world bows to M's pictures and never more than heard of his architecture. Da Vinci also invented first fly-machine.

But Turner's pictures of architecture—notably Bath cathedral—are among his best. Always a painter; he took all the liberties—when he depicted the sea, or a calm lake or a translucent river. But the sea—when he got to it—was mobile! and Turner was first to see its fundamental evanescence or he'd have never made it so vagarious—in red and flame-color effects. Master at storms too;—or he'd never have painted "Shipwreck," and its storms of water, foam, waves. Seldom cared for mere accuracy. The sea was either infinitely calm, or the Turner version of it, never have been such a welter of fury. In his pictograph—there is such mobility of enchantment, that it took three rooms at the A.G. to hold mainly his U.S.-owned canvases.... Oh, I see that space is limited. So—"vale" Turner!—*Toronto Star*.

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THE NETHER REGIONS

IN "I Am a Camera," at the Empire, John van Druten has come up with a fairly perplexing piece. For the most part, it is the work of a civilized and observant man, but often, it seems to me, it trails off into astonishingly naïve and banal scenes. The play, as you probably know by now, was adapted from a collection of short stories written by Christopher Isherwood, who appears by name, but in the person of an actor, as one of the two principal characters in the play, a device that ceased to trouble me after the first ten minutes or so. The action is set in a Berlin boarding house in 1930, when the Nazis were beginning their campaign to take over the world. The title refers to Mr. Isherwood (the one on the stage, that is), who frequently remarks that he regards himself as a camera, with its shutter open, recording people and scenes and a period of history that are to be developed and printed in a subsequent period of tranquillity.

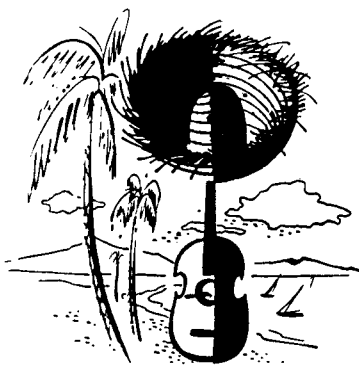
Since I have never read the original stories, I don't know whether this picture of Mr. Isherwood as a remarkably literary and self-conscious young man with a weakness for untidy metaphor is justified or not. I am just trying to give you the facts. The other leading part is that of a girl called Sally Bowles, who has a good deal in common with the doomed heroine of "The Sun Also Rises," both ladies being in the habit of describing themselves proudly as bitches and whores, both being dipsomaniacs of a kind (Mr. van Druten's heroine likes brandy before breakfast and warm gin or champagne at any time), and both being, in effect, less women than symbols of a society that has lost its roots. Thanks partly to Mr. van Druten's unusual gift for funny and accurate dialogue and partly to a brilliant performance by Julie Harris, who reminded me a little of Leonora Corbett in "Blithe Spirit," this slightly shopworn conception (there are also traces of

"The Green Hat" in it) works out very nicely. The lady is a tramp of more or less standard design, but she is a fascinating and rather touching one. In addition to these protagonists, the plot contains a Jewess, and a man, reluctant to acknowledge that he is a Jew, who at first plans to marry her for her money and finally marries her for love, in spite of the political difficulties. This theme, intended, I suppose, to suggest the atmosphere of a time of general moral bankruptcy, when there was little security for anybody, is not always firmly and organically attached to the body of the play, but on the whole it serves its purpose. The other characters in evidence are the landlady of the establishment, who is anti-Semitic without understanding precisely why; a rich and festive American, who offers Mr. Isherwood and Miss Bowles escape, in the form of a trip around the world, but annoyingly disappears when they are packed and ready to go; and Miss Bowles' mother, a British gentlewoman determined to restore her daughter to respectability even if this involves marrying her off to a writer, a species of which her opinion is low.

Mr. van Druten is, as I have said, capable of turning out neat and engaging lines, and he has a genuine feeling for situation and character. His chief fault, occasionally visible in this play, is a tendency to be a little obvious and immature. It is quite possible that the recurring soliloquies having to do with the agony and responsibility of the creative writer were taken intact from Mr. Isherwood's book, but they sound strangely adolescent on the stage, and I'm sure "I Am a Camera" would be very much better off without them, as it probably would be without a couple of speeches about racial tolerance, which, while incontrovertible, have a florid and editorial quality rather at variance with the mood of the play. I also found it a little hard to believe that the relationship between two attractive young people, both somewhat preoccupied with sex and alcohol, would remain wholly platonic for a period of three months, but Mr. van Druten and Mr. Isherwood are, after all, entitled to their own version of the proceedings, and I will waive the point.

Miss Harris, as Sally Bowles, has accomplished a miraculous transition from the lonely and awkward innocent she portrayed in "The Member of the Wedding." William Prince is excellent as Mr. Isherwood (the idea that a romantic hero should also be a spectacular hypochondriac is almost irresistibly en-





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tertaining to me), and I admired Edward Andrews, as the American millionaire; Catherine Willard, as the epitome of middle-class British society; Olga Fabian, as the landlady; and Martin Brooks and Marian Winters, as the lovers whose chance for happiness under National Socialism seems slight at best. Boris Aronson has designed a fine set, which conveys exactly the right sense of spiritual disorder.

"DON JUAN IN HELL," a two-hour-long and almost totally extraneous dream sequence that Bernard Shaw inserted into the third act of his "Man and Superman," will be visible at the New Century Theatre until December 31st. The cast is composed of Charles Boyer, in the title role; Agnes Moorehead, as a lady from his mortal and dissolute past; Sir Cedric Hardwicke, as her father, whom Don Juan killed in a duel; and Charles Laughton, as Lucifer himself. The staging is unique in that it is simply a reading of the text, with the four actors, in modern dress, seated on chairs, from which they seldom stir, and addressing themselves to microphones. The arguments are that Hell is preferable to Heaven, which offers little more than an eternity of boredom (Don Juan, characteristically, is the only real dissenter from this proposition), and that women are much more formidable than men, though by nature less muscular and executive. At one point, somebody—the Devil, I think—has something to say about the evils of vaccination, but this has nothing to do with the main themes of the play, being simply a topic, like vegetarianism, that the author felt obliged to bring up from time to time.

Described so baldly, the experiment at the Century probably sounds moderately stupefying, but it is actually quite a stimulating experience. For one thing, Mr. Shaw's elaborate perversities have never been more wittily expressed, and, for another, they have never before been delivered with more precise and effective diction. Now and then, to be honest, I found Mr. Boyer's pronunciation a little bewildering, but altogether the acting has a style and humor and discipline that you very seldom encounter in the theatre. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

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FOOTBALL

Turnabout



FOR some years, Navy has come up to the Army game a distinct second choice. Against some famous Army teams, though, it has done rather well, once coming from behind to gain a 21-21 tie, once coming from behind and just missing a win, and then, last fall, knocking off a heavily favored Army team by a score of 14-2. This season, with Army constructed entirely of performers whose scholastic standing is unimpeachable, Navy went to Philadelphia as the favorite, and it was up to Army to surprise the customers and the experts. The surprise it cooked up was quite a dismal one: a short kickoff, known as an onside kick, instead of the conventional long one. An onside kick is a free ball; that is, the kicking team has the right to pick it up and run with it, but only after it has gone ten yards. An eager beaver on Army's side grabbed at it after it had gone just nine yards, and it was the referee's duty to award the ball to Navy where the foul was committed, on Army's forty-nine-yard line. Without throwing a single pass, Navy marched to a touchdown; then it picked up Army's fumble of the next kickoff, and got another touchdown, this one on a pass. After that, Navy, sensing a certain lack of drama in the proceedings, fumbled the ball to Army, which gratefully marched it to Navy's six-yard line. There Meyers, Army's best bet on Saturday, threw a pass to a pal waiting behind Navy's goal, but a Navy fellow by the name of Raster, not getting the idea, gathered it in and galloped to Army's goal, a hundred and one yards away. The score was now Navy 21, Army 0, and the first quarter wasn't even over. It was at that moment that this correspondent was seized with an irresistible impulse to run, not walk, to the nearest exit.

Sunday's papers said that Navy had won by a score of 42-7, a statistic that can but palely convey the difference between the two teams.

WHAT went on up in Boston must have been more fun, and Boston is more fun on a football weekend, anyway, than Philadelphia's Municipal Stadium, which is set in a gloomy, fog-bound wasteland so distant from the



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town that the topless municipal towers are almost awash on the horizon. In Boston, Holy Cross was playing Boston College. All season, Holy Cross has been proclaimed a world-beater by its following, and has sometimes acted like one. On Saturday, though, a less than moderate Boston College sneaked over a touchdown a couple of seconds before the game ended, to prove, 19-14, that there must have been a mistake somewhere.

A PAIR of surprises turned up on the Coast, where, in Los Angeles, Notre Dame was playing Southern California. One was the crowd, which filled only half the stadium. The other was the fact that Notre Dame won, 19-12. This department had a look at Southern California when it came East this fall to play Army, and was impressed by its size and its performance on an extremely slippery field. Army, by the way, stood up rather better to Southern California in the mud than it did to Navy on a dry field. Big-time Midwestern and Coast football has always been quite different from Ivy League football, and the difference is more noticeable since the return out there to the wartime habit of playing freshmen on the varsities. This gives the coaches a greater diversity of talent to choose from, and, if faculties are fussy, it gets around one of the problems of scholastic standing; with luck, even the simple-minded can often be kept in college two or three months, or beyond the end of the football season. Notre Dame upset Southern California largely because of the efforts of Guglielmi, its extremely intelligent freshman quarterback, who went into the game after his team had fallen behind. Guglielmi throws a long ball and leads his receivers; in civilian terms, that is, he throws his passes so far and so fast that the catchers have to be on the dead run to reach them. It's the style of play used by a lot of the professional teams, and it's also the sort of thing you don't often see in Ivy League football, which is mostly played by youngsters who have neither the age nor the experience for such tactics. Guglielmi is real good at his specialty; if you see him in the movies of the game, which should be on hand now, he'll remind you of Bertelli, an earlier Notre Dame passer. —J. W. L.

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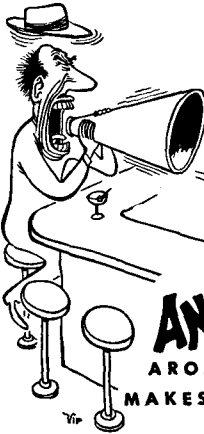
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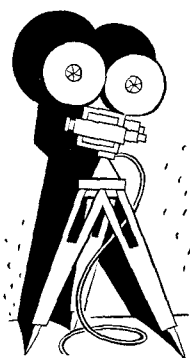
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Another Carol



AS usual at this time of year, old Scrooge and the Cratchits have moved in on us, in yet another version of "A Christmas Carol." In this one, an English film, the horrors of poverty in nineteenth-century England are given only a light coating of sentimental varnish, and the lovability of the oppressed isn't emphasized, as sometimes happens, to the point where the spectators begin to have a furtive sympathy for the oppressors; even Tiny Tim is fairly tolerable. The Scrooge of Alastair Sim is a fine character up to his reformation. Then, unfortunately, Mr. Sim acts as if he'd got senile dementia rather than religion, for he goes about the business of saying "Yes!" to Christmas and all charitable impulses with so many superfluous snufflings and snortings that one longs to go back to the tranquil reels before his redemption, when a sinister smile and a harsh word were almost his whole stock in trade. In addition to taking what may be an invidious view of Mr. Sim's conduct as a newly laundered sinner, I was rather disturbed by the Spirits of Christmas, Past, Present, and Future. The first of these looks like the sort of pious fraud who would adulterate the flour in mission doughnuts; the second is a kind of Santa Claus in chestnut whiskers, who is as full of loud and empty laughter as a salesman in a smoking car; and the third is a gloomy apparition shrouded in black. But these handicaps don't overwhelm the film. As a matter of fact, there's enough good here to warrant the attendance of all save the hardest of heart.

THE determination of Hollywood to make pictures about the lives of the denizens of Tin Pan Alley is apparently invincible. The long miles of boredom represented by movies about Gershwin, Kern, Porter, and the rest have evidently not bothered the high-echelon thinkers of the West Coast a bit. Indeed, in the latest excursion into musical biography, "I'll See You in My Dreams," Warner Brothers have

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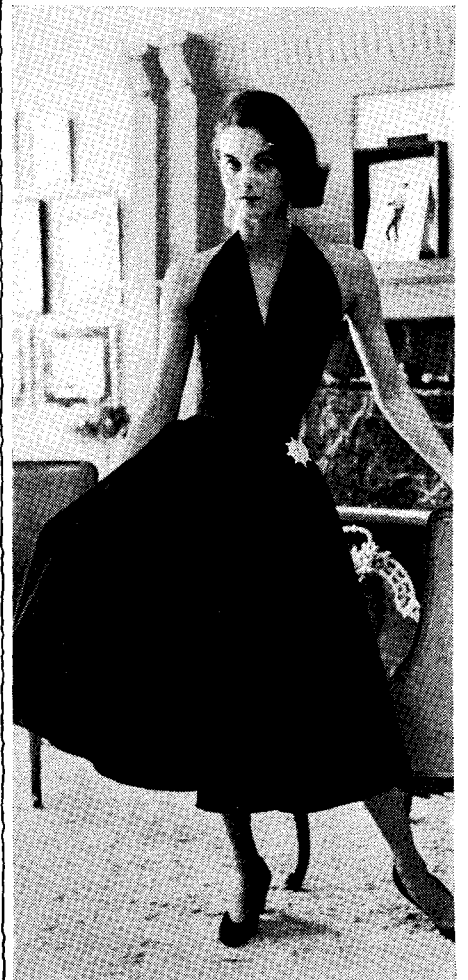
abandoned the rule of thumb that required these ventures to center on composers, in favor of describing the dilemmas of a lyric-writer. The avatar of the arms-charms set in "I'll See You in My Dreams" is Gus Kahn, who provided rhymes for practically everything from "Memories" to "Whoopie." I am not in a position to check on the actual facts of Mr. Kahn's career, but as set down here they run something like this: A poor boy driving a wagon is anxious to sell lyrics and meets a girl who can write music; together, they write a popular number; she gives up composing so that the boy can work with the very best songwriters; the boy marries her; the boy has endless success. As you can see, this is a little short on conflict, but then musical biographies generally are. The songs Mr. Kahn had a hand in are uniformly pleasant, but they are constantly being interrupted to take care of the silly demands of what passes for the plot. I regret to report that the producers have saddled Mr. Kahn with one of those saccharine mothers from the Old Country who are always specialists in one dish or another. This one is a strudel expert. Someday, for a change, I'd like to meet a Central European mother in the movies who is unable to boil an egg. For the record, Danny Thomas is the Kahn of this dreary saga, and Doris Day is his wife.

I THINK I should warn you against a couple of melodramas that are knocking around. One, "The Man with a Cloak," has to do with the attempts of several people, back in 1848, to lay hands on the fortune of a French exile in New York. The thing lumbers along with a minimum of speed, while the cast, which includes Joseph Cotten, Barbara Stanwyck, Louis Calhern, and Leslie Caron, swirls about with a maximum of eye-rolling, mustache-stroking, and arm-waving. The other bit of torpor is called "Pool of London," and is an English picture about bobbies and crooks on the loose along the London waterfront. Although it tries to build up a touch of social significance by involving a Negro in a smuggling deal and then having him badly treated, it is really just another foolish imitation of our own gangster stuff. It will be a good day when the English give up this tough-guy nonsense. "Pool of London" features Bonar Colleano, Earl Cameron, Susan Shaw, and Renée Asherson. They do as well as could be expected in the circumstances.

—JOHN MCCARTEN



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GRANDFATHER ATTENDS A SPECTACLE

"THE day I met Joseph B. Gregg, of Missouri, the Erie Canal had sprung a leak," my Grandfather Adams said. Adding that this was no uncommon occurrence in the late eighteen-twenties, he rose to dispense a second round of raspberry shrub. The shrub had been brought out to celebrate his eighty-first birthday, in honor of which we grandchildren were paying a dutiful call at his cottage, on Rochester's quiet Union Street. Poorly constructed sections of the canal's berm and towpath, the old gentleman went on, were dangerously vulnerable to muskrat burrowings and flood pressure, and this particular leak had been a bad one.

"I bet it wasn't in *our* part," Charlie, the youngest of us, said confidently. All of us had often been told of the Adams share in the digging of Clinton's Ditch. Our great-grandfather and his brother had fulfilled profitable contracts, and Grandfather himself had earned six shillings a day, while on summer vacation from Hamilton College, operating a stump puller with eight-foot wheels.

"Betting is an unworthy practice," Grandfather answered sternly. "However, Charles, you are correct in your assumption. The Adams contracts held water."

The breach had occurred in the Palmyra section, he told us, and it had been annoying to him, as he was planning to take a boat from Palmyra to Rochester. "But for that mischance, however," he said, "I might not have met the puke."

Our elder cousin Jenny gave a ladylike start, and some of the raspberry concoction spilled from her glass and stained her shirt-waist. "Why, Grandfather!" she protested faintly, dabbing at the spot.

John, the most inquiring of our group, asked, "What's a puke, sir?"

"A puke," Grandfather said, "is an inhabitant of Missouri. This one made no bones of it. I had walked out along the canal berm to see for myself how low the water was, when I came upon him sitting there. We greeted each other, and he said, 'My name is Bulimy Joe Gregg. I'm a puke from Missouri, and I don't care who knows it.'"

"But what does it *mean*?" John persisted.

"I don't know. Nobody knows," Grandfather replied. "Now, everybody is aware that Tennesseans are rightfully termed mudheads, but if you apply that name to a man from Tennessee, he is likely to squail his walking stick at your jaw, whereas a Missourian puffs up with pride in terming himself a puke. All Missourians are braghards."

"What was the Missourian doing so far from home?" Jenny asked.

"At the moment, he was sniggling for eels," the old gentleman replied. "He sat on the berm and beat his arms for warmth, and his language was forbidding. The water was getting lower every moment, and he did not like it. 'What ails your dratted little river?' he said to me. 'It's dreening off.' I informed him that it was no river, but the Grand Erie Canal. 'Well, it's running down,' he said. 'Streams don't run down where I come from.' He then asserted that if the minikin little dribble that I called a canal were dropped into the Big Muddy—he meant the Missouri River—it wouldn't even leave a dirty streak. He added that any true puke could lick three times his weight in bobcats and five in dandiprat York Staters, and asked what was I going to do about it."

"Why did he want to fight you?" my cousin Sireno asked.

"Missourians are always spoiling for a fight," said Grandfather. "I told him he might better mind his line—there

was a fish on it. He pulled in a five-inch stickleback and pricked his thumb on the horn, and his language was worse than before. After he had calmed down, he wanted to know when the Erie would be boatable. I told him that since it was November, and near the close of the season, there would probably be no navigation till spring. He looked glum and asked how he was to get to Rochester. 'Coach it,' I said, and informed him that I had decided to do the same, as I was planning to attend the great spectacle there."

"What spectacle?" Charlie asked. "The circus?"

"More notorious than any circus," replied Grandfather. "Sam Patch. He'd been bridge-jumping and cataract-jumping for money in any town that would pay for it. Everyone thereabouts was talking of him. He proposed



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to leap the Upper Falls of the Genesee from top to bottom the next day. My new acquaintance had heard of Sam, and he said he ambitioned to see the fearless leap."

Jenny's mind was elsewhere. "What did he look like?" she asked dreamily.

"Sam Patch? A meagre, wizened, inconsiderable little hoddody-doddy," said Grandfather.

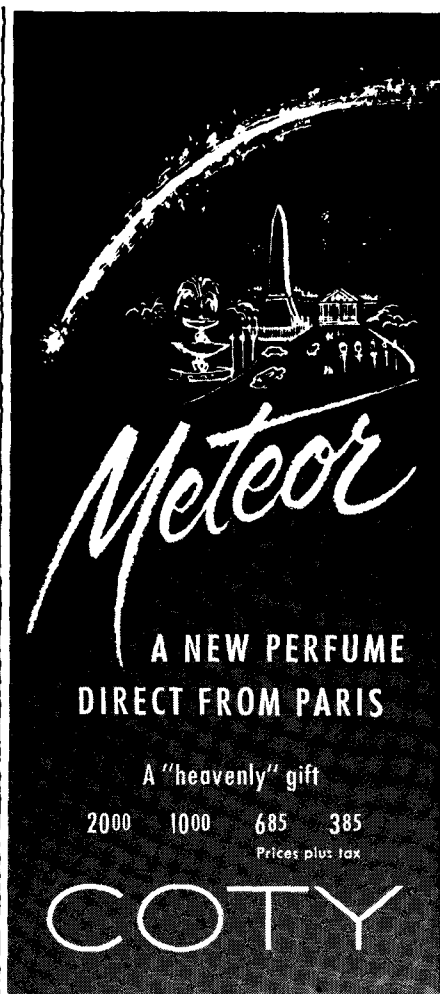
"I mean the gentleman from Missouri," Jenny said.

"Oh! He was a fine, upstanding blade," Grandfather answered. "Very vigorous for a man who would never see thirty-five again, and with a stout opinion of himself, for no better reason than that he was from Missouri. In his conviction, a Missourian could do anything that any man could do, and do it better. 'What of these falls of yours?' he asked. 'I'll warrant they're no great shakes.' 'They may not be Niagara,' I told him, 'but one hundred sheer feet from top to bottom is not to be sneezed at.' 'Pooh!' he said. 'Our maize-corn grows that high in Missouri. How much will this Patch get for making the leap?' There would be a collection, I told him, in the taverns and taprooms. I guessed that it would run fifty dollars upward. 'Fifty sweet dibs!' he said. 'I'd jump off a belfry into a horse trough for that! Let's go look at these pistareen falls of yours.'"

GRANDFATHER was not pleased to hear Rochester's grandest sight spoken of in terms of a deteriorated twenty-cent piece, but he passed it over and invited the Missourian to accompany him. The man agreed, and they took the Champion Line coach to Rochester, where they repaired to the Exchange Hotel to engage quarters. Every room had been taken by the advance crowd. "We were lucky to find standee," the old gentleman said, and, seeing our puzzled looks, explained. "'Standee' was the privilege of occupying one's length on the floor of the taproom or the hallway. Sixpence was the proper charge, but the innkeeper mulcted us of a shilling apiece. We had to pay it. It was standee or the open street for us, and the night was cold as Presbyterian charity. We located our spaces on the taproom floor, and my new friend chalked his name in his with a flourish—'Bulimy Joe Gregg from Missouri.'"

"Bulimy?" Reno repeated. "What does that mean, sir?"

It meant, Grandfather said, a ravening appetite, and he added that Joe Gregg claimed to have earned it by



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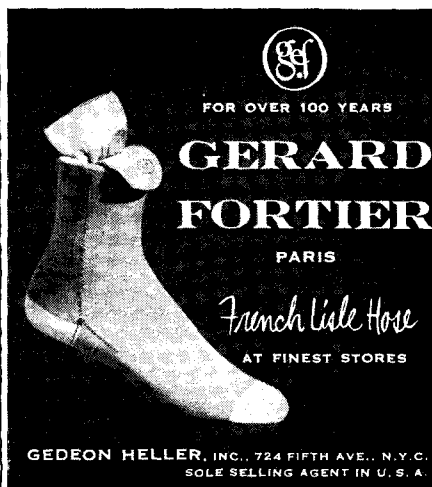


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devouring a whole buffalo hump at one sitting. "Whatever the merits of his claim," Grandfather concluded cautiously, "I never saw the man who could do better with a two-bit, sixteen-dish dinner. The Exchange Hotel made no profit on him."

After dinner, Grandfather went on, Joe suggested that they have a look at the hero of the occasion. They learned that Mr. Patch was making the rounds of the barrooms, taking up his collection and cadging drinks from his admirers, and after a brief search they ran him to earth in Bement's Recess, where he was eating pickled oysters and apple slump, and drinking kill-divvle—a popular heartener of the day. "He was a pawky young scrawn, puffed up with vainglory but plainly nervous," Grandfather said. "His bear was dozing in a corner."

"Bear?" cried Charlie eagerly. "Did he have a bear? What for?"

Grandfather explained that Patch had a trained bear and that after Patch jumped, another collection was customarily taken up, and then the bear also made the leap.

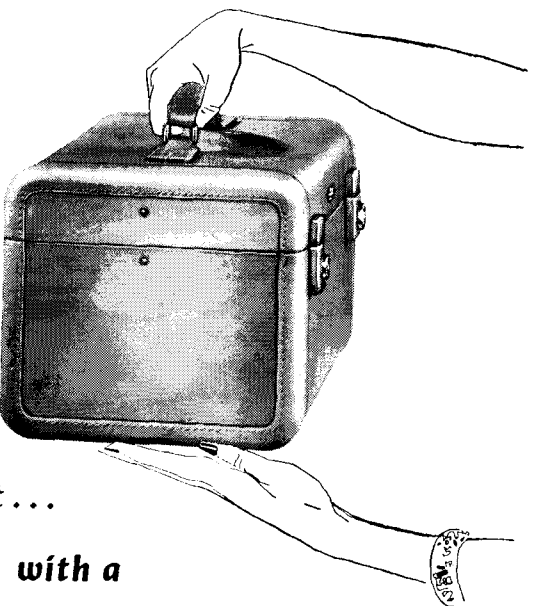
"Cracky!" said Charlie. "I'd rather have seen the bear."

AFTER a third round of shrub had been poured, Grandfather asked Jenny to go to his desk and fetch him the ancient scrapbook into which were pasted an assortment of clippings and letters having to do with his early experiences. Consulting it, he gave us a brief biography of Sam Patch.

Patch, born in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, in 1807, was a mill boy and then a weaver. As a lad, he became adept at the popular local sport of plunging from bridges or high buildings into the Seekonk River at Pawtucket. That this accomplishment could be put to commercial use was not brought home to him until he moved to Paterson, New Jersey, in pursuit of his trade as weaver. There, after several purely amateur leaps, he was invited to perform at an Independence Day celebration, and received a fee. Perceiving that this was an easier way of livelihood than a sunrise-to-sunset schedule at his loom, he became a professional, exhibiting his skill at waterside fairs and celebrations. He devised a slogan for himself (Grandfather pronounced it "slo-gan," after the Indian fashion), which attained to national usage: "Some things can be done as well as others."

When Patch came to Rochester on the occasion in question, he had already made descents of eighty feet into the Ni-

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agara River and one hundred into the Genesee. This performance, however, was to be a still greater achievement, and the platform built for it was one hundred and twenty-odd feet above the pool below the falls.

Grandfather put his scrapbook down within easy reach and proceeded with his story. He said that the Missourian, after examining young Patch with a disparaging eye, went up to him and expressed the belief that he would never meet his engagement the next day. It was evident that Sam had already had enough to drink, but now he took another gulp.

"Why not?" he quavered.

"I guess you don't know what day tomorrow is," the Missourian said.

Sam fell back upon his slogan.

"Some things can be done as well as others," he declaimed, but without conviction.

"Not on Friday," Gregg retorted. "And not on the thirteenth. And tomorrow," he intoned ominously, "is Friday, the thirteenth."

At this point, Grandfather told us, he decided to go back to the taproom of the Exchange Hotel and get some sleep, but Gregg sat down at Sam Patch's table and began filling his ear with depressing predictions. At midnight, the Missourian returned to the taproom, and Grandfather awoke as he sat down in the space beside him. "I've fixed that young buck's flint," Gregg boasted.

Grandfather was puzzled. "What are you trying to do?" he asked. "Boggle tomorrow's performance?"

Gregg chuckled. "I've tucked him in his bed and sung him to sleep with the Indian death song," he said, and raised his voice in the song—a series of wails that brought angry protests from the other men on the floor. "He was sniveling like a scairt baby when I left."

"I still do not take your meaning," Grandfather said. "How will it advantage you to frighten the poor fellow out of his wits?"

"Listen!" Gregg returned. "I'm a fast man with my clacker. I've been on the theatrical stage, I have. I've trod the boards with Lafayette Stepanfitchit and with Buffalo Dixon. Let me get my gab in with the crowd at the falls tomorrow and I'll talk that cheap job-bemow right out of his trick and that purse right into my pants pocket. Fifty sweet dubs!"

"I suppose you'll make the jump yourself," Grandfather said scornfully.

The Missourian winked. "Maybe I will and maybe I won't," he said. "That ain't figgered out yet." Then he set his



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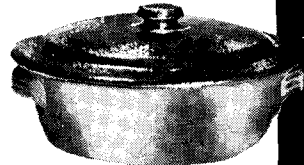
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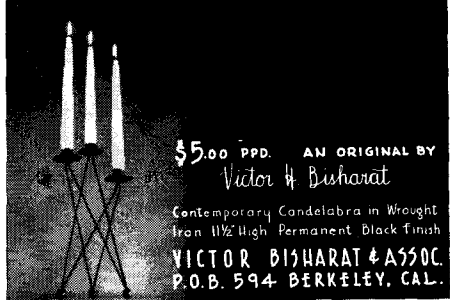
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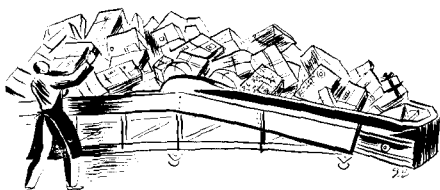
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carpetbag for a pillow, spread his great-coat for cover, and was off to sleep at once.

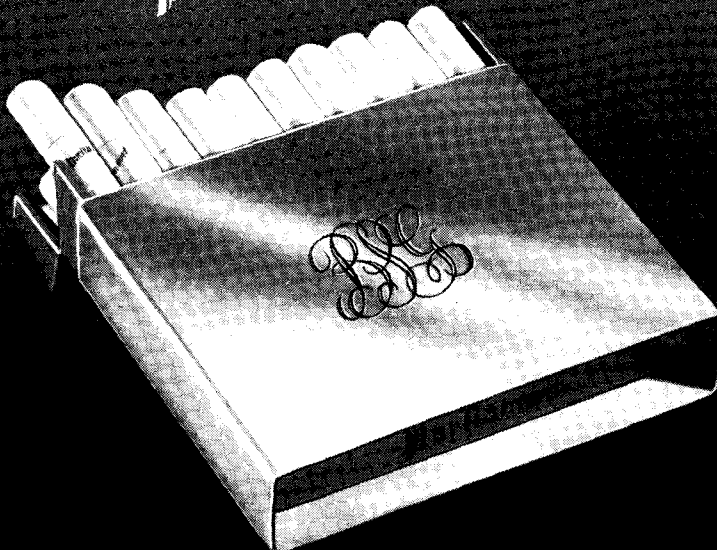
BY virtue of an early start the next morning, Grandfather and his Missourian found places for themselves on Brown's Island, an artificial islet carved out of the west shore of the Genesee at the brink of the Upper Falls in the excavation of Brown's Millrace. It was shaped like a slightly curved and rather thick finger, and was bare except for four well-grown trees and the platform from which Patch was to jump. This scaffoldlike structure, rising more than twenty feet above the ground, was at the very tip of the finger. It was made of raw boards, and had a railing that was open at the front, over the falls. It was decked with insufficient strips of bunting, which, in Grandfather's opinion, gave it a scabrous aspect. He told us that it had seemed to him to be actually leaning over the smooth curve of the great cataract. The day was raw, rainy, and dispiriting. From a staff at one corner, the national flag flapped wetly in the November gusts. One hundred and twenty-odd feet below the platform, the deep pool at the foot of the falls eddied and foamed.

From this vantage point, Grandfather could see the strands on both sides of the river filling up with spectators. Some of the more adventurous spirits clung like bees to the scarps and ledges of the precipitous cliffs. Upriver, the mill roofs were black with human clusters, and traffic was clogged on the Buffalo Street Bridge. Newcomers were arriving steadily, for the event had been widely forecast in the press, and excursion schooners from lake ports as far away as Canada had been bringing in their quotas since the previous day. Even Bulimy Joe was impressed, though he took occasion to assert that he had seen just as many folks at a fur traders' rendezvous on the prairie.

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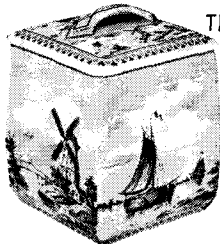
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familiars, with whom he had played the newly popular game of baseball in Mumford's pasture lot. There was also a contingent of the tough element from the canal basins and the river front. Ladies minced about, finified in their gala best. Grandfather saw more than one Paisley shawl that could not have cost less than twenty dollars. Several officials, journalists, and other prominent citizens occupied favored places on the platform itself.

A cheer was raised as Sam Patch wormed his way through the crowd, followed by his manager, and mounted to the platform. He was dressed in a close-fitting white outfit—"faded to the skin" was Grandfather's description. His face was splotted from drink. His eyes and lips twitched. He peered nervously over the edge of the chasm at the surface of the river, which, when the eye glimpsed it through scurrying blobs of wind-tossed vapor, looked a mile down.

Patch fell to pacing back and forth, flapping his arms against the chill. His manager circulated among the spectators, taking up a final collection in his hat. When he reached the spot where Grandfather and his companion stood, the Missourian held up a silver piece and shouted, "Two bits to help bury the poor looby."

Sam heard, and he looked down at Bulimy Joe with a forced grin. The manager climbed to the platform and, while Patch counted the money in the hat, made an announcement: "At two P.M. precisely, Mr. Patch will fearlessly make his fearful leap of one hundred and twenty feet into the yawning abyss. At three o'clock precisely, his bear will make the same jump."

The bear was led forward, made a bow, lumbered to the edge of the platform, and whimpered unhappily at the void. Two o'clock sounded from a church tower. Sam Patch unwound a black silk handkerchief from the platform railing and fastened it about his loins. He straightened up, struck a pose, and spoke to the gathering. His address—which Grandfather read to us from a clipping in the scrapbook—was brief:

Napoleon was a great man and a great general. He conquered armies and he conquered nations. Wellington was a great man and a great soldier. He conquered armies and he conquered Napoleon. But he could not jump the Genesee Falls. That was left for me to do. I can do it and I will.

The roughs in the crowd had begun to yell at Patch, Grandfather went on, derisively demanding that he make his

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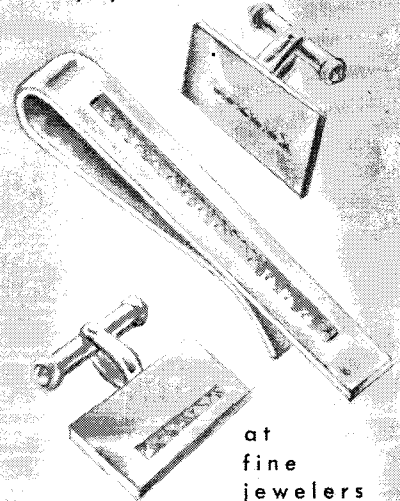
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leap at once, when there was a diversion on the cliff opposite the platform. Half-way down, the soil crumbled beneath an overgrown urchin perched precariously on a ledge, precipitating him into space. Wild yells accompanied his descent, until he was lucky enough to lodge, unharmed, in a treetop. Patch profited by the respite to take a long pull from a flask offered to him by a kindly ringside patron, and when he was once more the center of attention, he began to play for time. He hitched up his clothes, adjusted the handkerchief with minute particularity, and loosened the top of his shirt. Amidst growing murmurs, he stumbled across the platform, caught a fold of the flag, and pressed it to his lips. At this, the Missourian bellowed out "That's right, kiss it goodbye!" and followed this injunction with a chilling rendition of the Indian death song.

Sam flinched. He turned a look of appeal upon his manager, who caught the cue and tried to make a speech, of which only fragments were audible above the rising clamor of discontent: "... unfavorable conditions ... a brief delay ... your patience kindly bespoken."

Suddenly Bulimy Joe swarmed up a pine that overlooked the platform—like a squirrel with a tick on its tail, as Grandfather put it—and, from a point level with the tremulous performer, addressed him. "Come out o' there, you two-penny headpiece," said the Missourian, "and let a true-blue puke show what he can do."

Poor Sam's head wobbled on his shoulders. He had begun, uncertainly, "Some things can be done—" when a burst of cheers for Bulimy Joe drowned him out. Joe scuttled upward another yard and thrust himself out from the tree bole in a graceful and athletic curve, landing on the flimsy platform, which shuddered under the impact of his descent. He waved a courtly salute. "Ladies and gents!" he boomed. "Give me the money, and with your kind permission I will make the leap."

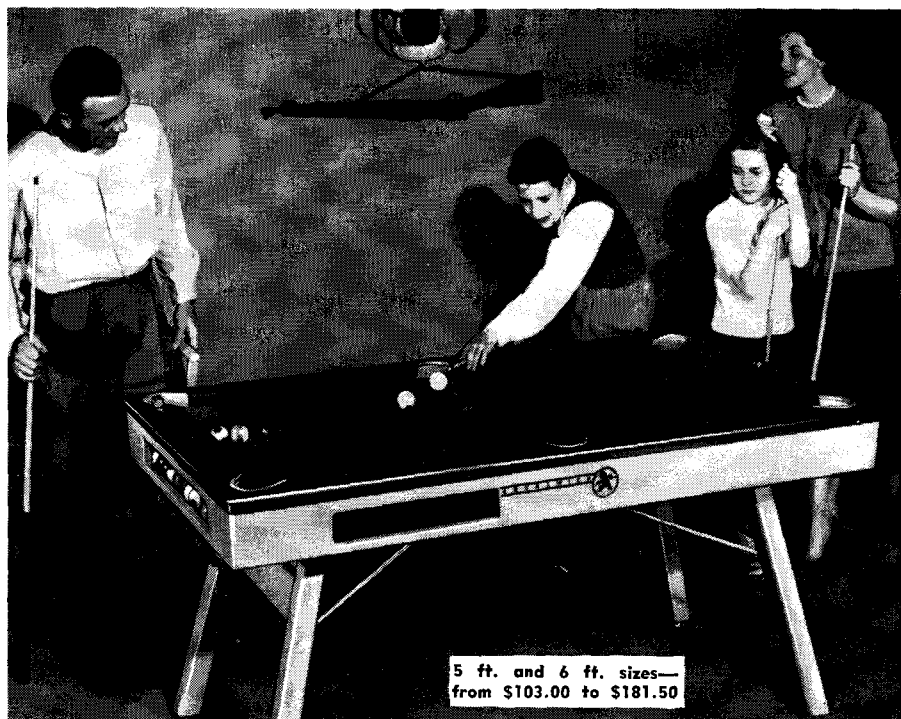
A wild whoop answered him. Sam Patch staggered over and clawed at his shoulders. "No!" Sam gasped. "No!"

Gregg growled at him. "Get out!" he said. "You're drunk."

"I ain't!" Sam yelled.

"And scart," the Missourian said.

With that, Sam gave him a look of mingled hatred, misery, and terror, whirled about, and, with buckling knees, ran along the side rail, grasping it hand over hand as he went, a pathetic figure of panic. When he got to the opening at



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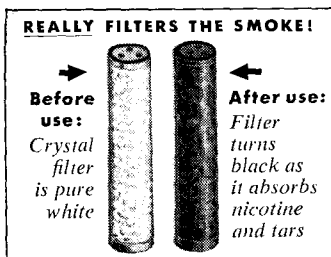
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the front of the platform, he closed his eyes, flexed his knees, gave a hoarse shout, and jumped clear. Halfway down, his body, still perpendicular, disappeared in a fog patch. When it emerged, it was falling in a sidewise slant and the arms were flailing the air. A woman shrieked. The single shrill note echoed back from the opposite cliff through the silence. When the plummeting form struck the surface, face down and arms outstretched, Grandfather said, it looked as if a fountain had spurted from the depths to meet it. And that was the end of Sam Patch.

"**D**RINK did it," Grandfather said. "Didn't they ever find him?" Reno asked.

"Yes," the old gentleman answered. "At the river mouth, the following March."

Rochester sprang into valuable prominence in the public prints, he went on. Sam Patch was celebrated for years in song and drama. Fully a decade after his death, a comedy called "Sam Patch in France" was holding the boards, although Sam had never been nearer France than Paterson, New Jersey. As for poetry—Grandfather opened his book again and read us a long dithyramb, which concluded:

There's none alive could ever match him.
Oh, cruel Death, thus to dis-Patch him!

"What became of the bear, Grandpa?" Charlie asked.

"The poor bear followed his master

to a watery grave," Jenny said, clasping her hands sentimentally.

"The poor bear," Grandfather said, "bit the manager and made tracks for the nearest thicket. Apparently he was through with show business."

"And the puke," John said. "Would he really have jumped?"

"I don't know," said Grandfather. "Nobody knows. When the confusion subsided, he was gone. So was the collection. I have always suspected that he made his evasion with the contents of the hat."

"Didn't you ever hear of him again?" I asked.

"I did," he replied. "In the elegant upstate town of Cazenovia. Through a guttersnipe. That was in '34, as I recall."

"Who was the guttersnipe?" Jenny asked.

"In Thespian parlance," Grandfather said, "a guttersnipe is a cheap broadside announcing a theatrical show. This was a third-rate troupe of dust-eaters, shun-pikers, and swingkettles. Not a known name in the lot."

He opened the scrapbook once more and held it out for our inspection, unfolding a flimsy playbill that was pasted into it. The bill was headed, "SAM PATCH, A TRAGEDY IN 3 POWERFUL ACTS." Below was a cast of characters, concluding, "AND SAM PATCH... Rendered with Notorious Success by his Old Friend and Loving Associate... Joseph B. Gregg of Missouri."

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They know, also, how to split clams on rocks,
But nothing (and this gives them a certain dignity)
About "the seriousness of the present world situation."

The squirrel, who is so clever at cracking a nut
And indulges in such fascinating antics,
Can walk headfirst down the trunk of a tree but
Knows little, if anything, about semantics.
The impression he leaves with me is rather a pleasant one.

There is an alligator lives in the Zoo
Who is gifted, though he neither paints nor sings;
He has made an art of having nothing better to do,
Never gets nervous or "takes a grave view of things."
I find him, for some reason or other, extremely attractive.

Do you think the world will end with a bang or a whimper?
I'm rather inclined to think it won't end with a bang—
More probably with a simper
Like that on the face of the little orangoutang
In Bronx Park when he's feeling so pleased with himself.

—JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

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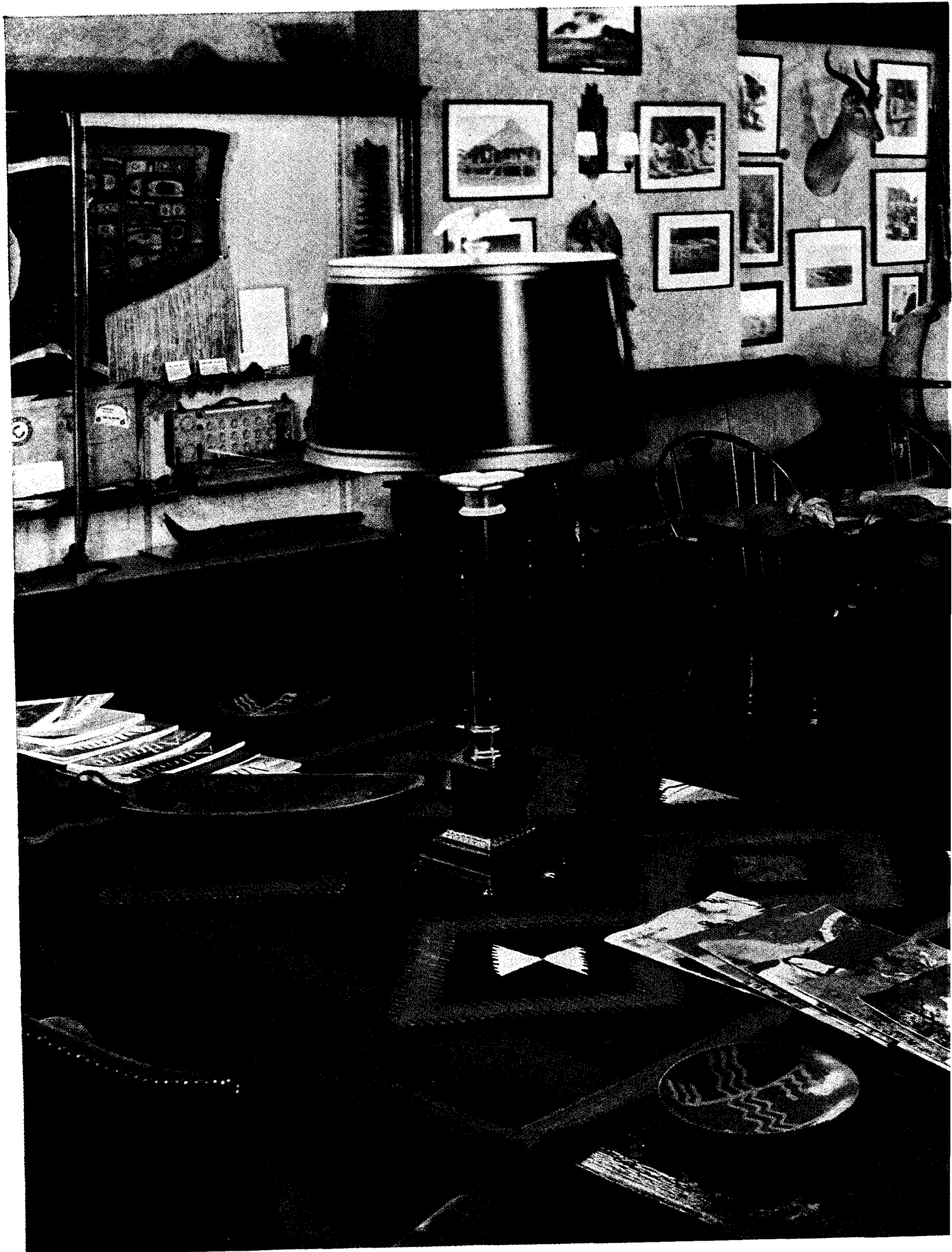
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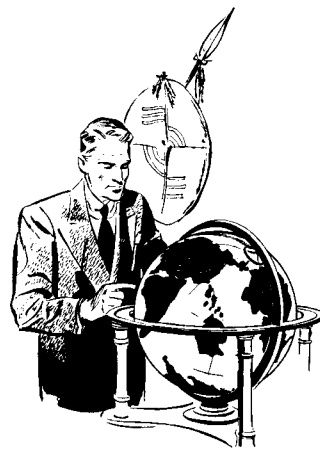
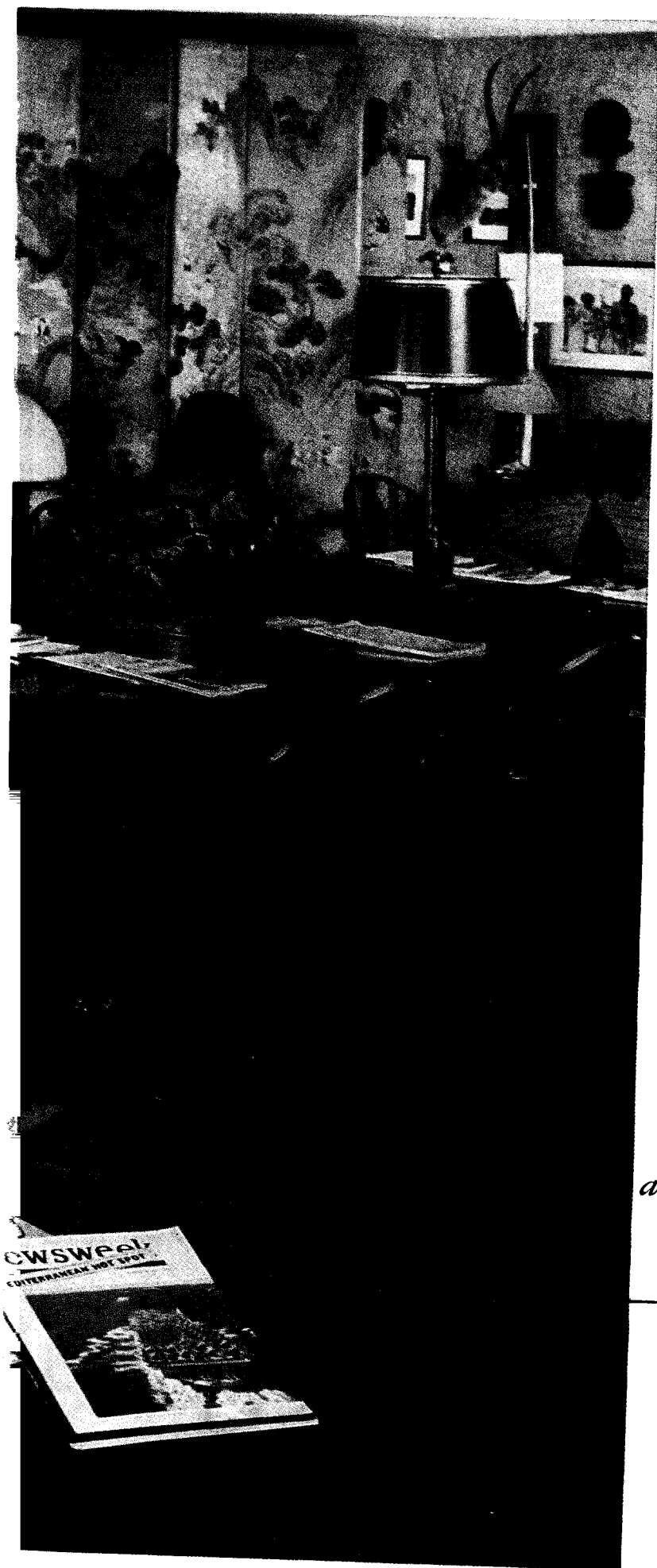


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A REPORTER AT LARGE

NOTES FROM A LISTENING POST

HONG KONG,
NOVEMBER 15

ONE way to study Red China is to take a city and see what you can make of it, and a good city to take is Canton, South China's metropolis, a large, hot, noisy, and sprawled-out port on the Pearl River, with a population of about a million. Canton is but eighty miles from Hong Kong, our listening post for Red China, and the inhabitants of the two cities are very much alike; it used to be that people migrated between them at each shift in the economic balance, as BB shot in a puzzle rolls with each tilt of the box. Hong Kong knows more about Canton than about any other Chinese city.

Regionalism is an important component of the Chinese character and sense of geography, and the region Canton dominates is among the half-dozen big ones—the Southeast Coast, which is the one that looks abroad. Most of the world's several million Chinese emigrants, in America and elsewhere, are Southeasterners. Canton was the first Chinese city opened by the West; it was the mother of Victorian *chinoiserie*, which grew out of the city's love for curlicues in art and decoration and gave the world a misleading idea, on the whole, of Chinese design, for much of it

(in Peiping furniture, say) is chaste. Southern Chinese are different from Northern Chinese and live in a different setting, a setting that is distinctive for, among other things, its aqueousness—rice paddies, floods, river transport, seafood, sampan colonies, ducks. As if reflecting this characteristic, the Cantonese have always had a quick, darting, fishlike way of moving, in contrast to that of Northerners in the arid stretches near the Wall, who pad along slowly, like their camels.

The Cantonese are drawn to the sea and have some yearning to split from the rest of China. They have been great revolutionaries, most recently in the time of Sun Yat-sen, a Cantonese. Canton was the central arena of Dr. Sun's work long before the Empire fell, in 1911, and it was the seat of his movement in its most creative period, the early nineteen-twenties. After that, Chiang Kai-shek took the movement north to his own region, the Lower Yangtze River, and the Cantonese lost control of it—almost lost touch with it. The majority of the nations that have had China policies have had a separate one for South China. The British, ever since they got Hong Kong, a little more than a century ago, have felt they could dominate the South, as a distinct unit, from their colony. To the Jap-

anese, when they were in China, the South was expendable; they didn't try to develop it as they did the North. In Czarist times, the Russians looked on the North as their sphere and were for letting the South go hang, or leaving it till later; they may still feel this way, although they are busy in Canton now. All Chinese regimes—at least since the arrival of the British—have looked on the South as a special problem, have distrusted it, and have taken special steps to deal with it. The Chinese Reds, who spent their formative years in the shut-off Northern country around Yenan, are as distrustful as any regime has ever been. They have installed Northern "advisers" in the South China government even below the county level, and the Canton police are thought to be entirely under Northerners. The Cantonese have always hated rule by outsiders, and the rule of today's outsiders is sharpening for them the torment of the more general, nationwide Red tyrannies.

The worst of these tyrannies is the purge of "counter-revolutionaries," which chiefly means those charged with helping the "Chiang bandits" or the "American imperialists." Almost no Chinese can be sure of immunity, and the campaign has cost thousands of lives in Canton since it began, several months

ago, with a call for denunciations. The "culprits" are picked up in the hours after midnight and before dawn by trucks, which make a lot of noise in the silent streets. They are told the police want to talk to them briefly, and they are carted off, not knowing whether they will ever come back. Most of them are kept in a big prison in Tungshan, a pleasant, leafy suburb east of Canton, on the Pearl River. Their families can rarely find out what is going on. I know of a woman who pried out of the police the information that her husband was in Tungshan, and then went out there, waited, and saw the jailers. They told her she might leave money to buy food for her husband and could come back in a few days. The next time, she left money for medicine and was told to come back again. The third time, she found her husband's name



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posted before the jail on a list of the executed.

Because of the purge, the prisons in Canton and elsewhere in Kwangtung, the province of which Canton is the capital, are crowded. Not long ago, an anti-Red Hong Kong paper estimated that there were a million prisoners in Kwangtung (out of a population of thirty million); the paper is violent and unreliable, but the figure gives an idea of the scale—some hundreds of thousands anyway, one gathers. Particular measures are reportedly being taken to clear the prisons: some convicts are being sent to labor camps, non-political ones over fifty are being paroled, and so on. Often public “trials” of counter-revolutionaries are staged and the people urged to attend; the Hong Kong *Wen Wei Pao*, a Communist mouthpiece, said there were thirty thousand spectators at a trial in Canton on July 15th. The current purge, which affects mainly the cities and towns, supplements one the Communists have been conducting in the countryside for some time—part of the Red “land-reform” program—and among its aims is catching people who escaped the rural one. Factory workers in Canton have been banded into five-man security groups, each man charged with reporting any of the others who may be a landowner in hiding. One story recently printed in Hong Kong—perhaps in exaggeration—had it that twelve thousand landowners had been trapped in Canton. The land reform in some parts of Kwangtung, by the way, has reached the stage of “counter-accusations,” where the biter gets bit and the denouncer is himself denounced for having been hasty or sweeping and having stepped on a higher man’s toes. It marks another stage in the progress of the terror and of Red control, and it is likely that counter-accusations will start in Canton soon.

A major objective of the purge is to make the people accept Red doctrines, so different from their accustomed ones, and to this end words are used in a way that strikes an outsider as perverted and grossly ironic. In accounts of the purge, the phrase “meritorious service” usually merely means nothing more than informing. Alleged culprits let off on probation or under police surveillance are said to be “under the control of the people.” In discussing methods of handling counter-revolutionaries, one official Communist journal has said that “execution... is, of course, the most thorough and severe measure for depriving the counter-revolutionaries of the conditions for their counter-revolu-

tionary activities.” The Nationalists, when they were retreating from Canton in October, 1949, showed the people another brand of ruthlessness. In the name of a scorched-earth policy, they blew up the city’s steel bridge over the Pearl River, killing many of the sampan dwellers below with flying metal. This tactic proved nothing; the bridge just led off into the country and had no military importance, and to destroy it seemed the meaningless deed of a paranoiac. The Red purge going on in Canton now isn’t like that. For all the emotion of the “trials,” it appears cold and orderly, the work of an animal breeder slaughtering out the culls. Buddhist nuns in Canton—Buddhism forbids killing, of animals or human beings—have been forced to speak up in favor of the purge. Canton, indeed, now offers much support of the Buddhists’ fusion of human beings and animals. The Cantonese, in their bearing, are said to resemble meek beasts in a stockyard. They are all wondering, travellers say, if the next day will find them gone. Yet the Canton streets are reported to look normal and quiet, with men and women going calmly on their rounds.

One of the ironies of the purge is a special sentence—death commuted to two years’ hard labor, with a good-behavior clause attached. It doesn’t mean what one might think. If the convict behaves himself for his two years, he is rewarded by not being killed when his term is up, and is allowed to continue his hard labor for as long as the State pleases. The old Chinese Empire showed similar touches of magnanimity and had much the same destiny for those who were thus spared—exile to the mountains, steppes, and deserts of China’s far border regions, which most Chinese abhor. Many two-year men are going from Canton to camps in Chinese Turkestan, a desert land of Central Asia where there is a great deal of irrigation work to do. The irrigation will change pasture into farmland, making room for more people and perhaps tempting the wild Kazak and Mongol nomads of those parts to settle down. This has been the aim of every strong Chinese rule for centuries.

THE Reds hold Canton by other means than terror, and one of them is low prices. Last year, in the cities, they concentrated on keeping down the price of rice, cloth, coal, salt, and cooking oil, the mainstays of Chinese life. They put the program over by ruthless taxes, forced loans, and grain

levies. They didn't bother much with the countryside, and inflation is bad now in parts of Kwangtung, but in Canton there is no inflation in the cost of the basic commodities. In a way, to impose price controls was to wake the people from a nightmare. Toward the end of Chiang Kai-shek's time, money shrank so fast that a man couldn't run his household properly. When a clerk got his pay, he immediately changed it into something durable, like coal or cotton, and found some corner to store it in. Only fools were thrifty with cash, and people soon turned from producing things to speculating in them. But in Canton now, a man of fixed income—a laborer, say—has a chance to budget his life, and this has helped morale and the Reds' face. It has also affected the economic balance between Canton and Hong Kong. The price of rice in Canton is less than two-thirds of what it is here; Hong Kong, though nearby, is out in the world market. Most Cantonese, for this reason, cannot leave their city, no matter how much they dislike the Reds. Hundreds of thousands came to Hong Kong in the Reds' early days, but many of them couldn't afford it and returned after a few months.

Price controls are an indication of what may be the new order's chief virtue—a will to get up in the morning and face China's problems, which the Nationalists did not do. For thirty years, there was talk of completing a highway from Canton to Macao, the Portuguese colony on the southern edge of the Pearl River delta, but the job wasn't done till the Reds came; then it was done in a few months. The Communists have so tidied up their section of the Canton-Hong Kong railway, an enterprise under two flags, that a British railroad official in Hong Kong recently used their work as an object lesson while scolding the staff of his own section; why, he asked, couldn't the Hong Kong cars be kept clean, like the Chinese cars? This was a real switch in the roles of the two countries, unthinkable before. Tipping in trains and hotels has been abolished by fiat, also unthinkable once; in China, individualism and the casual rakeoff seemed in the nature of things, like black hair.

Another side of all this is the death of the businessman. The Reds think they won't need the middle class for long, and they have begun cutting it down, though they keep vestiges for present use. Canton traders who can help the State's business in Hong Kong or Macao are prospering—buyers of



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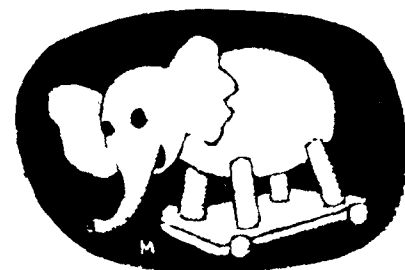
such war supplies as fuel oil and drugs, and sellers of such Chinese produce as tung oil. Factory owners who make what the State needs are favored, too. But businessmen out for themselves are unwanted. Private factories get a worse deal than State ones from the unions, which are under Party control. I know of a man who owns a knitting mill in Canton and has tried to run it from Hong Kong by telephone. Some months ago, the workers took it over, unofficially, and seized most of last year's profits, putting them into new equipment and dormitories; this year's profits seem out of reach entirely. The owner might have tried running things on the scene, but in the end he would have lost his factory anyway, and also his freedom. That has happened to many.

Small Canton merchants are having a hard time. Two years ago, the main shopping street, Tai Ping Lo, or Peace Road, which leads from the Pearl River into the city, was a lively place. The buildings along it—four or five stories high, about the Canton maximum—rise from arcades over the sidewalks, in South Chinese style, and in those days the arcades were jammed with hawkers and their wares; the shops behind them were jammed with goods—stockings, flashlights, cosmetics, underclothes, raincoats, toothbrushes, buttons, erasers. The wide street itself was drenched with the noise of peddlers' calls, automobiles, rickshaws, and the racketing wooden clogs the Cantonese wear. Now, one hears from travellers, it is very quiet. Cars are infrequent, for gas is short. Many hawkers are out of business; prices are low in Canton, but people have little money, because of the taxes, and they have to think twice about cosmetics and flashlights. Besides, there is competition from the new State shops. Most private shops are open, but they are kept open by government edict, and they look it. Few customers show up, and the proprietors stay inside and while away their time, which they don't feel will last much longer; their function is to keep the help employed as long as they can. Small business once was a vital current in Chinese life, and the Chinese were often called a nation of four hundred and fifty million traders. Travellers in China were seldom asked about the weather or politics in the places they had come from; they were asked about the prices. All that seems to be fading now.

Canton used to have fine cooking. Some restaurants are four or five stories high, with quality and price ascending floor by floor; the top floor may include

a ballroom. Others are not high but extensive—garden restaurants, which the guests enter through elaborately planted courtyards, sometimes ornamented with caged apes and peacocks, and where they dine in pavilions spotted here and there. All the establishments used to have pretty waitresses to feed the guests, hand them hot towels, and attend to their various wants. The restaurants served feasts in the Cantonese style, which embroiders food as it does furniture—whole small ricebirds, melon soup, sharks' fins, sea slugs, and less esoteric dishes cooked with many frills. Most of the Canton restaurants are still open, but they serve less food and often run at a loss. Each plate is taxed, the percentage of the levy increasing with the price. In Canton, there is an old custom of using different-size plates for different-size parties—small ones for two people at a small table, medium ones for five, big ones for gatherings of eight or ten at a large table—which insures that every guest has room enough for several dishes, and thus the variety sought by Chinese taste. Now small plates, which are taxed least, are the vogue. The size most evident in Canton currently, one hears, is about like our butter plate—a great contraction. People dare not spend money carelessly in restaurants for fear they will be informed on and squeezed. The government's policy is to sop up private savings, by one means or another, wherever it detects them.

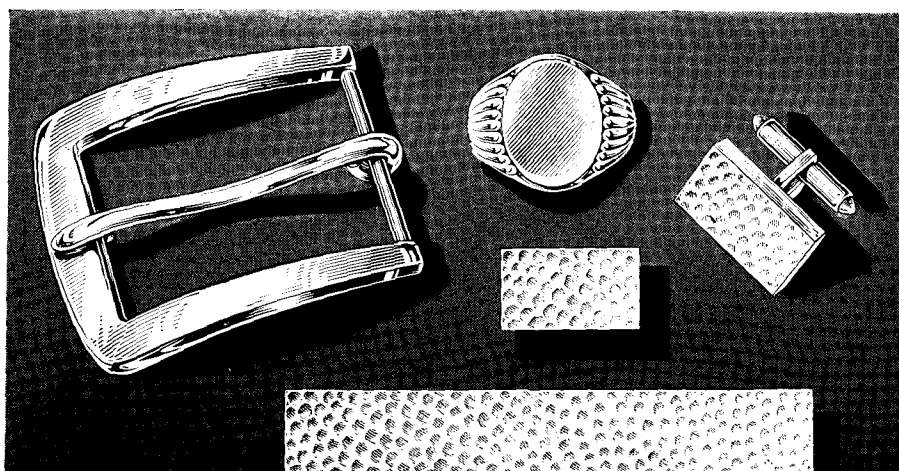
Gambling has always been an intense preoccupation in Canton, and it flourished wildly in the last days of the Nationalists, when there was a feeling of doom and officials were thinking of little but their own survival. The Reds fell heir to this condition and set out to cure it, but apparently they chose not to be strict at first. According to stories told here in Hong Kong, they have waged a Socratic attack. Young Party workers, these stories say, show up at mah-jongg games as kibitzers. (A mah-jongg game in Canton makes a lot of noise and can be easily spotted.) They sit in on the games and dissuade the players from stopping, remarking that since the players clearly have leisure,



they should by all means spend it in this fascinating way. The kibitzers keep this up, making a game go on and on, and the players, knowing they can't buck the Party, sometimes stay at a table for twenty-four hours. In the end, they renounce mah-jongg and, in penitence, declare they will give their set to the authorities. But they are not let off so easily. The Party workers observe that since they have so much time to kill, they should surrender the one-hundred-and-forty-four-piece set to Party headquarters at the rate of one piece per man per day. That's that, of course, and it takes just over a month to get rid of a set this way.

Other stories, considered less reliable, tell how young Party workers, after Canton changed hands and while gambling was still open there, stood outside the dens and halted customers as they left. Whenever they found one who had lost, they took him inside and buttonholed the manager. What was going on?, they asked. Could they have been mistaken? Gambling was a pleasure, they had thought, and here was this poor man saddened by his loss. The house had to cough up, and of course it was soon out of business. Such stories may be just folklore, but there is a good chance they are true. The Reds have a liking for poetic justice.

THE section of the Chinese community that the Reds have most appeal for is the young people, who have long been unhappy with their role in Canton. This unhappiness must be viewed against two backdrops, one behind the other in time. The one in the foreground is the mixed-up period of the war with Japan and right afterward. During the war, most Canton colleges withdrew with their students to backward towns of rural Kwangtung, leaving books and test tubes and institutional tranquillity behind. All courses of instruction grew lax. One subject that slipped badly was English, which is indispensable to Chinese higher education, especially in fields like medicine, because only a dent has been made in the task of putting foreign knowledge into Chinese. Then, after peace and the return of Canton to the Chinese, inflation fell hard on students and on teachers, with their fixed incomes. Finally, when students moved out into the Chinese Nationalist world, they found little awaiting them. In late Nationalist days, China's economy, what with inflation, misrule, and Red sabotage, was almost completely stagnant. A young engineer might land a government job designing



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roads or dams, but he knew they would never be built. His professional career would be pointless, and he would be very likely to accept the Reds' offer to apply his training, even though under a Spartan way of life, to great and necessary work. It is significant that when the time was ripe, the National Resources Commission, a big corps of technicians in the Chiang regime, went over to the Reds almost to a man.

The earlier backdrop to the Reds' attraction for Chinese youth is the malaise brought to China by the West in the past hundred years. In Western eyes, Chinese tradition does many things all wrong. One element of that tradition, for instance, is the family system. In the old China, a man's first duty was to his family. If, a few decades ago, he held a job on one of the railroads, he would be a better Chinese if he loaded the payroll with cousins, who might be fit for the work or not. This made for inefficiency, and Westerners declaimed against it. In the case of some Western innovations—say, missionary hospitals—they could prove their point well; it was easy to show that a Western hospital was a good idea, and just as easy to show that it couldn't be run in the Chinese way. Such demonstrable revolutionary notions were destructive of Chinese self-confidence, and the group they hit hardest was the youth, which had them pounded in day after day, and not always tactfully, in the Western-founded schools. The resulting ferment coincided with and compounded the usual crisis of maturing, when young people everywhere find that things are not as Teacher said they would be. The conflict between generations in China got more bitter. Over the years, for instance, there has been a standard triangle in Chinese family life, at its apex the husband and at its two fierce-pointed other corners his mother and his wife. In the parts of China remote from Western influence, a newly married couple still lives with the husband's family, and the mother-in-law is supposed to have absolute rule over the daughter-in-law. In Westernized China, of course, the daughter-in-law is supposed to be free of that. So the mother-in-law debate has grown worse in China than it ever was in other lands, and it has dragged on miserably. The Reds have taken the side of youth and change in this, as they have in all such matters. In a way, they have suspended the pains of growing up—of adjusting the rose-colored, Sunday-school explanation of life to fit the facts. They are trying, with their harsh control, to make

life fit the Sunday-school explanation. Sunday school with them is never out. The cultural changes once urged by Western missionaries have high priority on their program, and it may mean something that in the days of the Japanese War their chief source of educated recruits was Yenching University, a big Christian college in Peiping.

Chinese youth is a willing tool for the Reds. Student parades and riots helped put the Communists' cause over; now students are a trusted élite. One-fifth of all Party members are under twenty-five, and in addition there is the New Democratic Youth League, a huge outfit that feeds the Party and complements it. The present-day students can be looked on as successors to the old Chinese "scholar-gentry," the landed class whose young had the leisure to master the thousands of written characters and thus fit themselves for the bureaucratic jobs of their untutored country. The young scholar-officials of this Red era have a special look. Often the boys are thin and pale and wear thick glasses, the result of toiling for years at deskwork on a poor diet. The girls are often thin, too; they wear their hair in untidy bobs or in comely braids, the ends done up with rubber bands and brought forward over the shoulders. Boys and girls alike wear ill-fitting cotton uniforms. They are given much authority. Pairs of them stand at the frontier crossings between China and Hong Kong and between China and Macao, applying the strict Red controls on travellers; they are empowered to turn a person back whenever they wish, even if his papers are all right. They are watchdogs. If you seek out the office of the New China News Agency, a Red propaganda outfit in Hong Kong, you will find a peephole in the door; behind this will soon appear, with weird effect, the thick-glassed eye of a young sentinel.

The youth of Canton, like all Red Chinese with a future, are drilled for hours every day in *hsueh-hsi* meetings—small study groups held at every level of the hierarchy, at which members are allowed to express themselves, and also are persuaded of the Party line's truth and shown its bearing on all affairs. Frequently, young people are sent from Canton to South China villages to impart the line and whip up enthusiasm. Many are enrolling in schools for "military cadres," to be turned into stiffening for the Army, now unstarched by Korea. They hold fast through zeal. A young girl I know of in Hong Kong—and surely she is only one of many—goes the rounds of her wide-

spread family every week, lecturing each member on Communism's blessings. Hong Kong isn't Red, and she doesn't do this through slavery or compulsion—unless she feels a compulsion from the future. Some children in Canton have denounced their parents in a spirit exemplified by a recent letter to the Canton Party paper *Nam Fong Yat Po*, or *Southern Daily*, from the daughter of an old Nationalist general. "As a member of the New Democratic Youth League," the letter read, in part, "I will not have such an enemy as my father. From now on, my relationship to him as daughter to father no longer exists. . . . I fully endorse the government's action in arresting him. I also ask that the People's government mete out to him the death penalty. Let him be executed by the firing squad!" These brisk denunciations often come from children whose parents have, in our phrase, given them every advantage, and this isn't surprising if one looks on the revolution as a war between generations. The question of what will happen to lower-level Chinese Reds in middle age—if it is true they must always be enthusiastic and cannot enjoy the mellowing disillusion of older people in other countries—is an interesting one, but it doesn't concern Canton yet.

Traces of class lines persist among the young people. They are evident at Lingnam, an American-founded university across the Pearl River from Canton, with a cool green campus, and brick buildings topped by swoop-eaved roofs—an East-West style fashionable among missionary builders of the twenties and thirties. Lingnam is comfortable by Chinese standards and has long been the goal of rich children—the coonskin-coat and Stutz Bearcat element—of South China. Partly through a desire to absorb this group painlessly, it is said, the Reds are going easy on Lingnam. Classroom discipline has weakened—the place sounds like a schoolboy's dream—and Lingnam students are under less pressure than others to "volunteer" for Korea and like hardships. Party control is less tight. Lingnam has renounced its American income, and the Reds are furnishing a subsidy to soften the loss. Red agents have been installed on the faculty, but they haven't made as great changes as Red agents in other schools have. Even so, Lingnam's immunity is but relative. The boys and girls spend much time in *hsueh-hsi* meetings. Many go out to propagandize the Kwangtung countryside. On the campus, groups are set to watching other groups. Like other Can-



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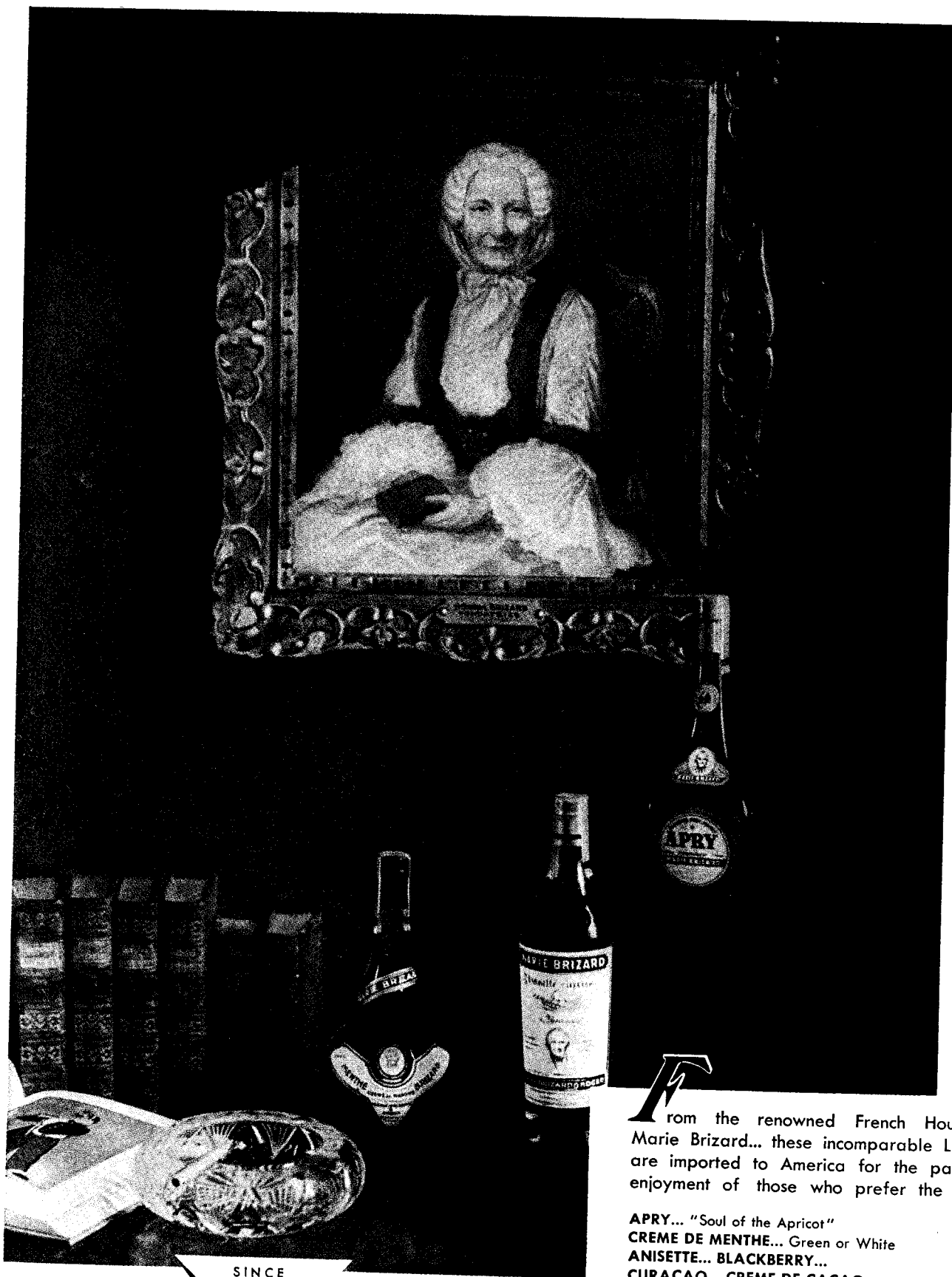
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ton colleges, if more slowly, Lingnam is becoming a political mill.

One reason for the Reds' gentle treatment of Lingnam is its standing with the "overseas Chinese," the big emigrant communities in Thailand, Malaya, Indo-China, the Philippines, Hong Kong, Macao, America, and other places. Lingnam is a favorite with overseas Chinese families, among whom are some of the richest and most "bourgeois" Chinese traders. The Reds don't overlook such bets; while treating Lingnam gently, they are using it as a recruiting center. About half the Lingnam students are said to be from overseas. Entrance exams for Lingnam have lately been held in Hong Kong and Macao, and many students from these places have been accepted. (Chinese boys and girls can't get first-class educations outside China unless they turn their backs on their country altogether and take the hard road to Western culture.) Presumably, these children can be fully indoctrinated and later sent home as an efficient Fifth Column.

The Reds look on the overseas Chinese as a means of spreading their power, and this attitude helps explain many things they do in Canton and Kwangtung. About six million overseas Chinese originally came from Kwangtung, and to the Reds they are still citizens of the province. The Chinese of Mott and Pell Streets are counted part of Kwangtung, whether or not they are American citizens and regardless of how long their families have lived abroad; in theory, and sometimes in fact, they have a voice in Kwangtung affairs. Because of this link between Kwangtung and overseas, an important local issue is the safety of the Chinese all over Southeast Asia. If a Chinese is roughly treated in, say, Thailand, the Peiping government makes a fierce protest, which is duly publicized throughout Kwangtung. To please the overseas Chinese, the Reds give them special benefits in the Kwangtung land reform. Many overseas Chinese keep a small plot of land and a village wife in Kwangtung, return-



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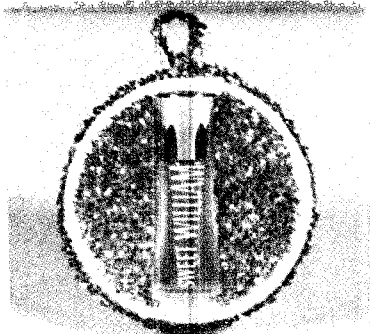
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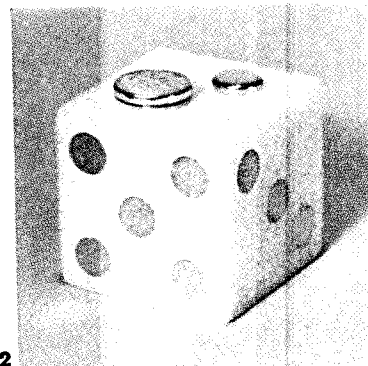
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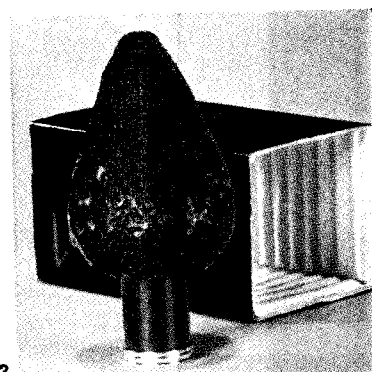
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ing now and then for a short visit to enlarge the family. Such landowners are dealt with leniently—on paper, at least—by the Reds; in some brackets of ownership they may keep twice as much acreage as their stay-at-home neighbors.

Another élite is being raised in Canton by the Reds—the workers. This project is suffused with a good deal of nonsense, from our point of view. The Reds were a peasant outfit during their main struggle for power, hiding in the bleak hinterland and the small villages of North China, and not seeing street lights for a decade. Yet Marx said the city proletariat would bring in the new age, and Marx is taken seriously in China. Red spokesmen are straining hard to show that they are leaders of the city proletariat. They argue that the Party itself became a proletariat because of its years of landless wandering and fighting. They are determined to establish their position in this doctrinal matter, and they work at it through forests of verbiage. There is also a practical reason for shifting the focus to the cities; peasant nations cut little ice in the world outside, so the Reds are ambitious to build the cities up for power. The peasants are being forsaken in what might be called, though not by Marxists, a gigantic sellout. They are being taxed, conscripted, squeezed by inflation, and eased out of the Party. The city workers are being recruited into the Party, saved from inflation, and taxed less heavily. There has always been a struggle between city and country in China. In the civil war, it looked as if the peasants had won a round, but the victory has been blandly taken from them. Peasants, it seems, never really win.

One cannot tell from Hong Kong how Canton's workers are taking the new regime. They are among those kept in Canton by the low prices there—indeed, this past summer, many young workers are said to have drifted the other way, from Hong Kong to Canton. One hears about Canton workers mainly from the unhappy trading class, whose judgment can't be trusted. Workers in private enterprise are having something of a holiday, it seems, taking over plants from the owners. Those in State enterprise have it worse—longer hours and lower pay, justified by the logic that the workers are the "people," the owners of the "people's" plants, and are working for themselves, lucky in that no "reactionary" is taking a cut; they should be glad to give their all, under the circumstances. In addition to the speedup contained in such ideas, there are the hours spent in *hsueh-hsi*

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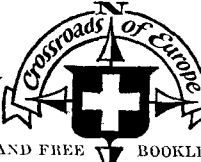
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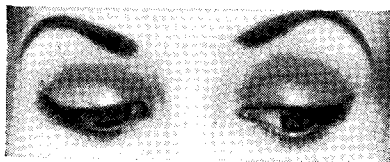
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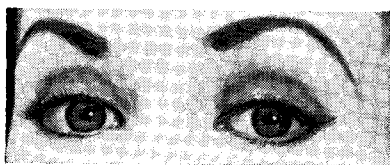
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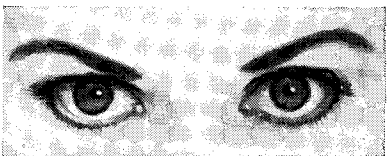
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meetings and parades, and the "voluntary" gifts of money for buying war-planes, and so on.

THE chief personage in Canton now is General Yeh Chien-ying, to give his name its Northern sound, or Yip Kim-ying, to write it as the Cantonese say it. General Yeh holds big jobs in Army and Party—Commander of the South China Military District, Governor of Kwangtung, Mayor of Canton. The purge, the squeezing of the peasants, the smothering of business—all the monstrous cruelties of Red Canton have been done under his hand. A cartoonist might draw him soaked with blood and standing on a pile of bodies. Yet at least two other views of him have currency. One is that depicted in Hong Kong rumors and newspaper stories, which present him as a stock political grafter. After the Reds took Canton, the rumors say, Yeh and a brother of his founded a big trading company in Hong Kong to do Communist business, but all the profits were kept in the family. Yeh bought many houses in Hong Kong, one also hears, and his brother often comes here, or goes to Macao, to smoke opium and relax in other ways. General Yeh himself is a voluptuary, and an accomplished dog-meat cook, according to the rumors; in public in Canton, he wears poor clothes and smokes cheap cigarettes, but at home he smokes good cigars and lives in style. In the past few weeks, two newspaper stories have added to this portrait of Yeh. One was a detailed account of the rivalry between him and General Fong Fong, his second in command, over Kwangtung provincial politics, each general trying, by devious moves and counter-moves, to put his cousins and his own men in local political jobs. The second described how Yeh's brother-in-law and uncle had conspired to smuggle luxury goods out of Hong Kong into China and had made piles of money at it; how they had been denounced to Peiping's secret police in Canton; and how, when the brother-in-law was arrested, General Yeh had got him off. This whole body of rumors has a notable consistency; in them, General Yeh always acts in the character assigned him. Unless the rumors are true, which is doubtful, the consistency must be laid to the wide acceptance of the stereotype they portray; by tradition, the crooked politico is as much a stock figure in China as the Irish cop is in New York, and everyone knows what ingredients to put into a story about him. This corrupt Yeh can hardly be

identified with Yeh the Red terrorist, and both conceptions jar with the third Yeh—the Yeh that people have actually met. General Yeh is better known to Westerners than most high Reds. He was Army chief of staff in the war years when the Americans were in Yen-an, the Red capital, trying to work out coöperation against Japan. Later, during General Marshall's peace mission, he commanded the Red Chinese section of the Peiping "Executive Headquarters," a triangular outfit created to handle truce talks. He is a pleasant, apparently open man, strong but not large, with fine Chinese manners. In Yen-an, he seemed to like Americans, and had a way with them, though he spoke little English; he was always giving parties and drinking Chinese toasts, and he was very much liked. One of the few Chinese Reds with experience in diplomacy (except on the Russian side), he is also a good Army staff officer, and he has been tested, for he is a veteran of the Long March in the mid-nineteen-thirties, when the Reds were driven thousands of miles, from Southeast to Northwest China, by Chiang's armies. There is some ground for the stories about Yeh's self-indulgence, because in Yen-an he plainly enjoyed good living, yet he is also a long-disciplined Marxist, and physically tough.

One important but little noted fact about General Yeh is that he is a Hakka, from eastern Kwangtung. The Hakkas are an ethnologically distinct people who in past centuries migrated from West or North China to the Southeast. They are tough and self-reliant, tending to live in the rugged mountains rather than in the easier valleys and cities. Hakka women have never bound their feet; they work in the open and aren't ashamed of it. There are many Hakkas in Kwangtung, speaking a dialect different from that of their Cantonese neighbors and struggling with them endlessly. The struggle is a big thing in Kwangtung politics. In the past, a Hakka frequently got to be governor of Kwangtung, and the Cantonese resented it. They certainly resent it now, and we can be sure that this resentment is having its effect, even if we can't weigh it from the outside.

SOMEWHERE in the Canton picture, dimly seen, is Russia. One gathers that there are a few hundred Russians in Kwangtung now. No estimate can be relied on, for the Russians are more or less cloistered, and some of them may never appear in

public at all. We are told, maybe reliably, that nearly all the Russians working in Kwangtung are quartered in Canton, and that they leave town only briefly, on specific missions. Many live in the suburb of Tungshan, where the prison is, and others, possibly the higher ones, live on the small, privileged island of Shameen. A trustworthy Canton source puts the number of Russians now on the island at a hundred.

Shameen is like nothing else. It was reclaimed in 1861 by the British and French from mud flats in the Pearl River; the Chinese Empire had told them there was no living space for foreigners in Canton, and this was their answer. It takes about five minutes to walk the length of Shameen, and less to walk across it. On it are two narrow rows of buildings, with a wide avenue between them and a strip of park along one side, opposite the Canton waterfront, or bund. In the old days, the consulates, banks, clubs, and verandaed houses of the most important foreigners were there. It was calm and stately: quiet lawns, shady banyans, tropical flowers, no automobiles, and gracefully moving people—Europeans in crisp linen clothes, and Chinese amahs and houseboys fastidious in white jackets and black trousers. The city's bustle was kept out, haughtily. The island represented an extreme case of treaty-port racial snobbery, and was hated by the Chinese for that reason. One of the milestones in the progress of Chinese anti-foreignism was an incident in the nineteen-twenties, when students marching on the far side of the channel between Shameen and the city were fired on by the Sikh and Annamite guards of the British and French. During the past decade, Shameen has crumbled. When the Japanese were there, they brought cars over, which broke the pavements and scarred the iron fences. After V-J Day, Shameen fell into Chinese hands and was not kept up. Now one hears that the lawns have been trampled bare and that the park along the bund has been turned into football grounds.

The first time I saw Red Russians on Shameen was two years ago. The



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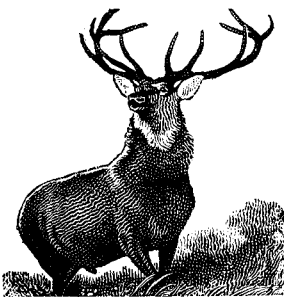
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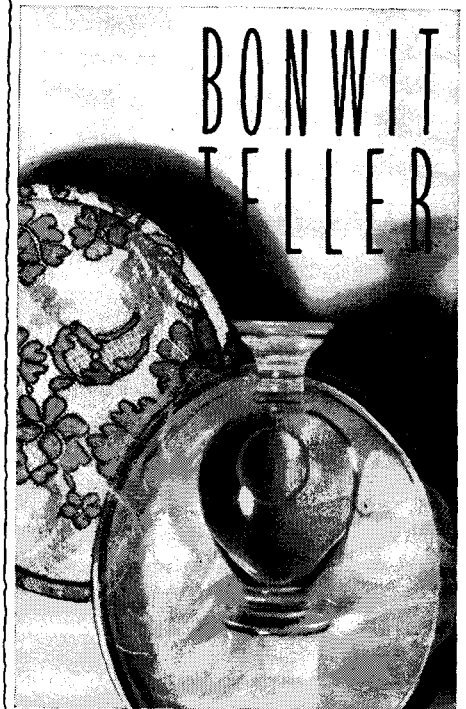
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Nationalist government, after fleeing from Nanking, had set up in Canton awhile, and Russia's inscrutable policy had directed its embassy to travel with the show. Several Russians and their families—they had already broken off contact with other foreigners—were housed in a mysterious straight-fronted, harsh-looking red brick building on Shameen, across from the Anglican church. One hot Sunday morning, I came out onto the avenue from the cool of the church and found Russian men playing a game there—a traditional one, I suppose—in which they hurled staves the way we would pitch horseshoes. The staves were the size of baseball bats, and at first I had the notion that it was a ball game in which the players had lost their tempers and begun throwing things. In those surroundings, the men seemed violent and unkempt. Other Soviet Russians I have seen in China have reinforced this impression, and I am almost sure the Chinese feel the same way. The Chinese, who, after all, think people should be dark and willowy, have an aversion to foreigners, and as far as I can learn, it applies to Russians more than to any others. The Russians, whatever they may be like at home or taken singly, are ungraceful when seen abroad en masse. The men wear ill-fitting suits that look as if they had been made in a box factory. The women wear frowzy, quick-wilting dresses; I used to see groups of them standing by Shameen's moat, holding their pale babies, all beaded with perspiration, and waiting to be ferried over. They, too, looked out of place. The Russian figure seen in China is bunchy and nobby, and the face is wooden, inharmonious with that smiling country. The Russian advisers, chaperoning each other in pairs, are aloof from the Chinese; they can't get in the swim.

Dreadful stories about Russian men and Chinese girls spring quickly to the Chinese mind, and have some basis; Russian troops in Manchuria after V-J Day raped indiscriminately, sometimes in the streets, before crowds. Chinese obscene gossip about the Russians is specific and gargantuan. When Hong Kong papers report on Russians traveling in Kwangtung now, they often describe them as being accompanied by Chinese girl interpreters; with that to go on, any Chinese can sketch a vivid picture. Hong Kong papers also often say that these travelling Russians are ambushed and chopped down by guerrillas. These stories can hardly be true, as even one such case would be intolerably humiliating to the Chinese



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Reds. The stories seem to express some dream of the people—there is more minstrelsy than fact in much of the Hong Kong press these days.

The role the Russians are playing in Kwangtung can't be definitely ascertained. Some are technical advisers in State utilities and industries. Canton has a paper mill, a cement plant, and a sugar refinery, all fairly big enterprises. Since the West came in, the Chinese have never been able to do without foreign technicians, and now, with the Europeans, Japanese, and Americans gone, the Russians alone are left to help put Chinese cities in the big time (a gigantic task, by the way; even Czarist Russia's industry was many times greater than China's). The Russians are also busy around the wide Pearl River estuary, which runs from Canton to the sea and was the road of British penetration a century ago; they have brought big coastal-defense guns and mounted them there. The Hong Kong press is always printing stories about new Russian arms for Canton. One in the *Sing Tau Yat Po*, a paper that sometimes has good dope on China, gives the idea. "A large Soviet freighter arrived in Canton on July 18th from the Soviet Union, and was unloaded the same night," the story said. "While the vessel was being relieved of its cargo of military matériel, the route from the Bund to Wing Hon Lo and Wai Oi Lo was lined with armed guards from the Canton Garrison Headquarters and Public Security Bureau. Traffic along these roads was resumed late in the night, when the unloading of the vessel had been completed." Regardless of whether this story is true or not, the Russians, with Chinese assent, can clearly do much on a night in Canton now.

Scarcely a hint comes from Canton about the top levels of the Russo-Chinese relationship. (Canton is far from Peiping, which is the seat of diplomacy—the field in which Russian influence on China may be especially strong.) There is plainly an understanding that Russia will supply technicians for Chinese plants, and technicians plus matériel for certain military ends, like keeping the West out of the Pearl River. It is also plain that China must feed these technicians and give the military people the freedom of some bases and premises. But from Hong Kong no sign is visible that Russia has "captured" China. Indeed, we can assume that to some extent the Russians give the Chinese gooseflesh nationally as well as personally; they are the current strong power above the Great Wall, and such powers have been

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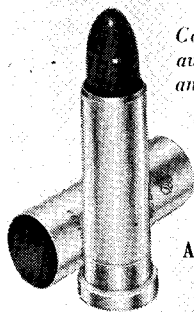
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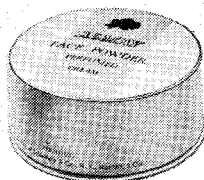
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feared by China since before Genghis Khan.

Communism has become so identified with Russia that each extension of it is taken for straight Russian imperialism. As far as China is concerned, one main point is overlooked—that Communism is the surest way yet found to continue the old Asian despotisms in modern times. The point is hidden by the stress Marx laid on the proletariat, which blinds us to history—to the fact that Marxism really does better in peasant countries than in industrial ones. Czarism was one of the old Asian despotisms, and so was the Chinese Empire. Both had much in common with present-day Russian Communism—bureaucracies of the lettered élite, held together by official dogma, ruling great expanses of peasantry with a stern, if sometimes faltering, hand. The West, with its so different ways, broke in and upset the bureaucracies, the dogmas, and the regimes themselves. Russia and China balked at turning Western entirely—they probably couldn't have done it if they'd wanted to—and their leaders settled on tossing out the foreigners and reviving despotism as the road back to self-respect. Some of the "Communist" things now taking place in China, like the attack on the family, are new, but many are echoes of the old system: the labor camps, the prodigies of road building and irrigation (always typical of a fresh dynasty), the torturing, even the Northern control of Canton's police. We should probably be slow to regard any of these as a sign that China has turned Russian. We just don't know yet.

—CHRISTOPHER RAND

The burst's brilliant flash, plainly visible here, was followed by a perceptible rumble and a windy guest.—*Boulder (Colo.) Daily Camera.*

So many things are.

The "tax scandals" in the internal revenue bureau were injected into the campaign by hecklers of Vice President Alben W. Barkley, who spoke in behalf of bribery.—*Honolulu Advertiser.*

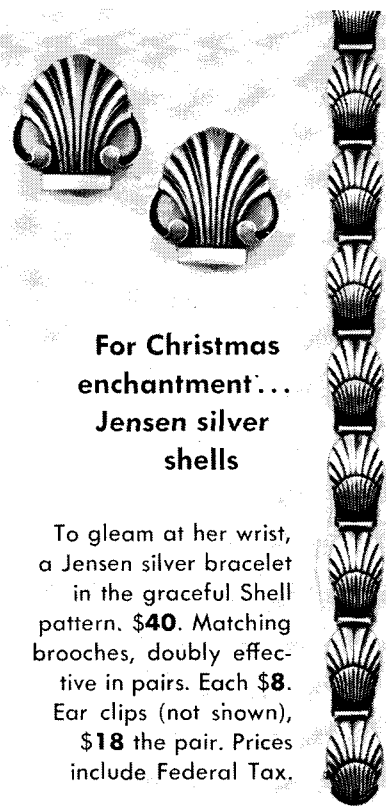
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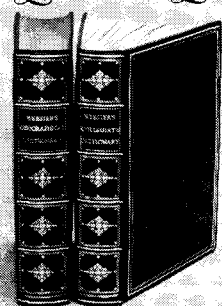
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MUSICAL EVENTS

That Waltz Again



KEEPING tabs on the Metropolitan Opera entails going back, every so often, to see the same masterwork, not so much to re-appraise the piece itself as to consider the effect a new singer in an important role, or a new conductor, may have on it.

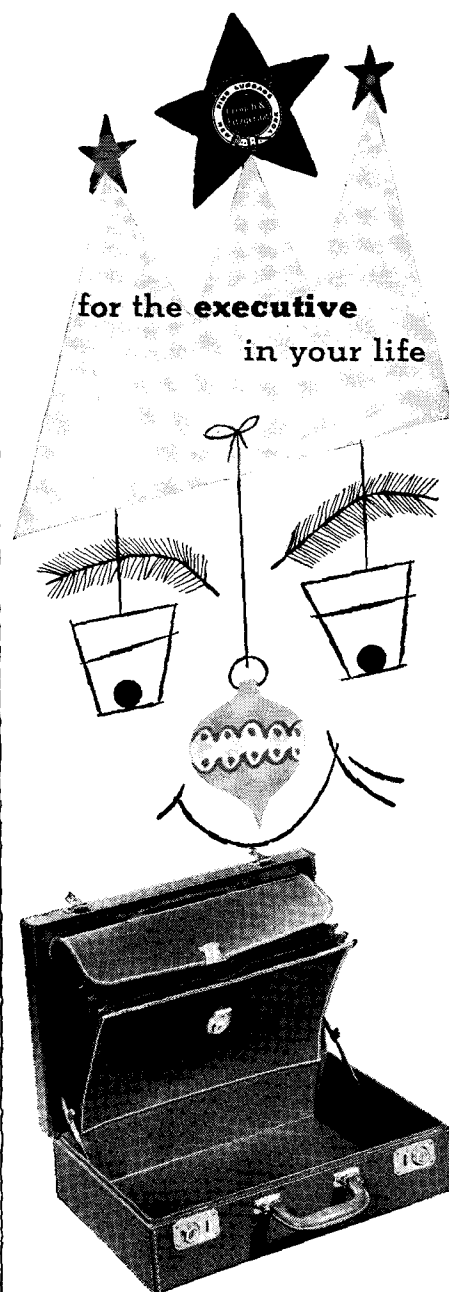
Seen in this manner, a string of three "Aida"s—to pick an example—may get one's back up a bit, but even so, there's enough good, solid stuff there to keep an opera fan interested and respectful. I think, however, that I have been overexposed to the Johann Strauss operetta "Fledermaus," which put in its first appearance of the season last week, and about all I can pass along to you this time out is that Hilde Gueden, who made her local début during the Met's opening week, as Gilda, in "Rigoletto," seemed to fill the bill exquisitely as the newest of our Rosalindas. She sang alluringly and looked fetching, and in her acting preserved the air of light mockery that thinly disguises the sentimental heart of the work. Playing the more obvious role of Adele, the coquettish maid, Patrice Munsel was another whose performance was illuminating and in the proper spirit. The rest of the cast, though—and this criticism extends to the ladies and gentlemen of the ensemble—could hardly be forgiven for their laborious efforts to appear charming.

Like Miss Gueden, Eugene Ormandy, the guest conductor, was on easy terms with the special demands of the piece, and consequently the work of the orchestra was all that could be desired. But I've had enough of "Fledermaus," slick or rough. I can take the overture, and I find a few of the set pieces stimulating, but it has no other delights for me. I've reached the point where I want the comic jailer (an experienced comedian named Jack Mann is playing the part now) to break his fool neck the first time he takes a drunken header down the flight of stairs, and I would like all the witless talk, every bit of it, to stop. And all that waltzing! I could happily turn the Lord High Executioner loose among those ballet dancers who, after everybody else has been singing and dancing in three-quarter time for the greater part of two acts,

mince on like a bunch of Arthur Murray pros showing up at a party and demonstrate, to the strains of the "Acceleration Waltz," how it really *should* be done. The characters are quaint—"Gabriel von Eisenstein, a well-to-do," "Alfred, a wild oat," "Prince Orlofsky, a prince," and the "guests, dancers, singers, servants, bums, prisoners, tarts" who mill around The Place, Bad Ischl, at The Time, 1874—but are no longer very amusing.

ON Monday of last week the Little Orchestra Society visited Town Hall again and presented another of its varied and interesting programs. This one, purely instrumental, began more entertainingly than it finished. The big hit of the evening was a suite of "Acadian Songs and Dances," collected from Virgil Thomson's score for the documentary film "Louisiana Story." This suite consists of seven fragmentary pieces based on Cajun folk melodies and heartily, but simply, arranged. Rhythmic and appealing, the tunes fly by, but I think that the suite is a trifle cluttered and that reducing it to five or six numbers—by leaving out the section (too similar to the preceding one) entitled "A Narrative" and possibly the section called "Walking Song"—would give the whole thing greater emphasis. Thomson's suite came second on the program, which opened with a Concerto for Harp and Orchestra, a work that served to introduce to this country the music of a septuagenarian Dutch composer named Henri Zagwijn. It proved to be a supple, well-made, mildly engaging piece—Marjorie Tyre took the solo part—and it got the evening off to a breezy start. A performance, clean but lacking in delicacy, of Ravel's orchestral version of his piano suite "Le Tombeau de Couperin" brought the first half to a close.

Yehudi Menuhin was the soloist in the second half, coming along after a rendition of Walter Piston's tense "Divertimento for Nine Wind Instruments." The violinist was heard in the first local performance of Ralph Vaughan Williams' Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, D Minor ("Concerto Accademico"), and in Béla Bartók's Rhapsody No. 2 for Violin, as rescored in 1944, a year before the composer's death. I found both works disappointing and Menuhin's playing unenthusiastic. The Williams concerto is dry stuff, especially in the last movement,



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which seems to have been tacked on when the composer wasn't particularly inspired. Bartók's rhapsody reveals a livelier intelligence at work, as the composer tries—with its slow, or "lassu," introductory section and the rapid-fire, or "friss," concluding portion—to bring the Hungarian czardas up to date, but the excitement of the dance is lost, and in its place is a complex, uneasy, and worrisome musical fabric. Thomas Scherman was, as usual, the conductor of all the works.

TO judge by the applause that followed the performance of Paganini's Concerto No. 1 in D Major for Violin and Orchestra during a Philharmonic-Symphony concert at Carnegie Hall last week, fifteen-year-old Michael Rabin, the soloist, was a big success. The concerto presents a violinist with an unusually difficult task and young Rabin disposed of it impressively. That in itself, I suppose, is quite an accomplishment, and one worth applauding; on the other hand, the piece, difficult or not, doesn't have much substance and it didn't seem to me that the soloist, proficient as he was, had exactly subdued the technical demands of Paganini's showoff number. There were times when he had trouble maintaining the pace set by Dimitri Mitropoulos, the conductor, and times when he slurred passages in his headlong dash to the finish line. He showed tremendous promise, but I didn't feel he was ready to be the soloist on a Philharmonic-Symphony program, or that the concerto belonged there, either. The program began with a commendable reading of three nobly proportioned orchestral preludes, one for each of the three acts of "Pales-trina," an opera by the late German composer Hans Pfitzner. It closed with Brahms' Symphony No. 1 in C Minor.

—DOUGLAS WATT

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LETTER FROM LONDON

NOVEMBER 27



REGARDLESS of how worriedly the English may discuss their grim domestic problems, and of how much they may argue over the merit or lack of merit of the team that Mr.

Churchill has appointed to take care of these problems, there is no sound except a loud sigh of relief from the majority of Britons over the handling of foreign affairs. Mr. Eden's first big speech in the House of Commons, reporting on, among other things, his appearance before the United Nations General Assembly and his reactions to the speeches of Mr. Vishinsky, seemed like good news, although it provided none. He gave his listeners the relaxed feeling that once more they were accompanying a stylish, lucid mind on a tour of countries that it knew every inch of intimately. In some ways, it is faintly comic that Eden, who so completely looks and sounds the old-school Tory aristocrat and diplomat, is the only Tory Minister whose record and personality make the Left regard him as non-suspect, and even persona grata. According to the privately expressed opinion of some Conservatives after the election, if it had been Eden, rather than Churchill, who had been on the cards for Prime Minister of a new Tory government, the Party would have got in with a far more resounding majority. There is a continuing rumor, which started while the campaign was on, that Eden's elevation may indeed come to pass before the next election—that Churchill may hand over the premiership to his younger second-in-command after a year or two in office and stay on in the role of elder statesman to lend the Government the tremendous weight of his prestige and experience.

However this may be (and it's hard to visualize, somehow), last week's foreign-policy debate was a personal triumph for the Foreign Secretary. Labour supporters made out, of course, that they were enthusiastic mainly because Eden was following their policy to the letter, which is true enough, since the late Ernest Bevin's policy was practically indistinguishable at all salient points from Eden's now. The debate drew some less admiring observations from the Bevanites. Their speeches

and interruptions boiled down to the following rough catalogue of current Bevanism: (1) an immediate plugging for negotiation with the Soviet Union, without waiting for the Western Powers to reach that position of negotiation from strength toward which they are aiming; (2) a distrust of the rearming of Western Germany; (3) an insistence that further rearmament here would, if accomplished at the price of another thumping American loan, place Britain (as Michael Foot, the Member for Devonport, put it) "in a position of dependence far worse than ever before;" and (4) some muddled misgivings over what is believed to be the American national temper at the moment—misgivings that are apparently jumpily on the increase throughout Europe. On this last matter, some of the Bevan faction's statements were enough to make listeners feel despairingly that instead of top-flight Ministers winging their way back and forth across the Atlantic, a little brisk two-way traffic of less special citizens might do a more helpful job of mutual explanation. At question time, a small, auburn-haired woman, Mrs. Barbara Castle, a Member for Blackburn, stood up in the House of Commons and heckled the Prime Minister—in the shrill tones and with the minatory gestures of a housewife scolding the father of the family for not pulling a dangerously boiling pot off the stove—for his refusal to give her assurances that he will take up the British viewpoint on the use of atomic weapons in Korea when he visits President Truman in Washington. This, of course, is an echo of the article of faith, religiously asserted at the time, that Attlee's visit in 1950 stopped the use of the bomb then, and tends to support the melancholy belief of some people that most of the Bevanites' views on American public opinion are drawn from the utterances of two or three excitable Congressmen.

Aneurin Bevan himself was noticeably silent throughout the two-day debate. Indeed, he has said nothing much since his resignation from the Labour Government last spring. Maybe this is because he is making a bid for the support of the moderates in the Labour Party and prefers to leave the wild sniping to his colleagues, or maybe it's because he thinks that the coming months will put the final, inexorable squeeze on the country's nerves and pocketbook and prove him right with-

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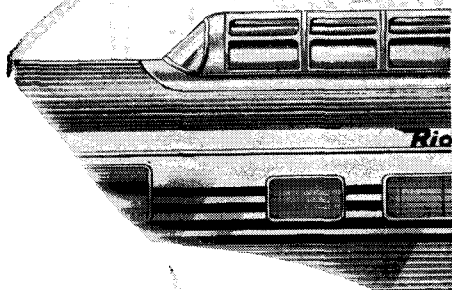
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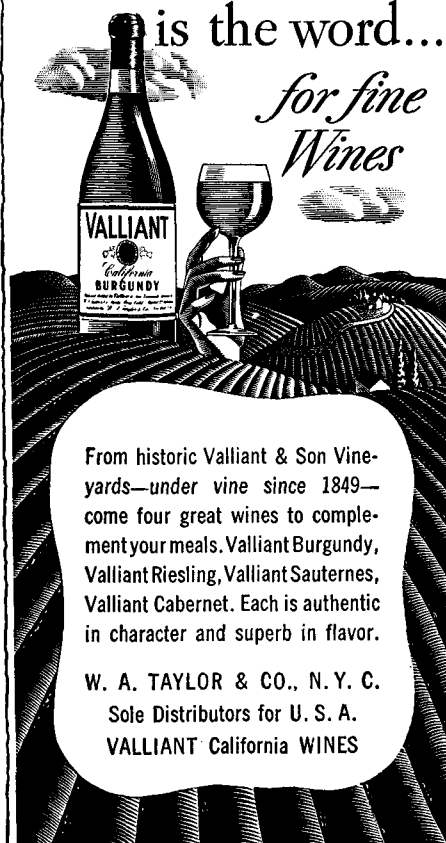
THE Government, which has been doing some painful adjusting since it got in, has just gone hardily ahead and invited another critical drubbing from the Opposition (and quite a few disappointed knocks from its own side, too) by being the first administration since the war to fail to provide a little Christmas bonus of rationed foodstuffs for everybody. The Socialists promptly called the Conservatives Scrooges and said that economically this un festive stand was not worth taking. When the Conservatives answer the charge in Parliament this week, they will probably reply that it is worth taking, if only to bring home to the ordinary citizen the fact that things are worse than usual—not to mention the fact that keeping up even the present ration level is hard enough without any under-the-mistletoe handouts. Notwithstanding the recent exposition by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, R. A. Butler, of the national financial fix, some Britons think that its meaning has not really begun to sink into the public consciousness, and that the Government's economic remedies were not tough enough, or else that they were tough in the wrong places—an opinion held by those who complain that Mr. Butler penalized their dinner plates and left untouched their imports of, for instance, Gregory Peck, wines, and gasoline. It seems that the grouses that were current before the change in government have just bounced over, unaltered, into the new political picture. Ironically, the Conservatives are in much the same quandary that the Labourites were in after the war—in office but without the glittering golden wand to bring about the transformation they had promised the poor voter, though this didn't stop the Labour Government from going right ahead with the transforming, all the same. The difference is that the Conservatives, who promised the country a happier, less hampered existence under the beneficent shelter of free enterprise, now find themselves in no position to free anything much.

Among the advance Christmas presents the Government has received is a whole packet of troubling new wage claims, including one from the miners, which would make coal more costly, though not more plentiful, since they also want an increase in leisure. In spite of all the worrying items on the Tories' immediate agenda, however, it seems to be the general opinion that, barring ac-

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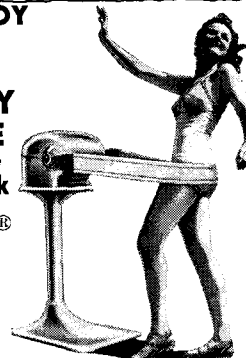
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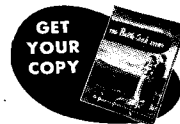
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cidents, there is no reason the Government should not stay in for maybe four years—or about three and a half years longer than many Labourites were confidently predicting right after the election.

MR. BUTLER found time the other day to serve as principal speaker at a meeting held at the English-Speaking Union, in London, at the start of an appeal for contributions to the George Bernard Shaw Memorial Fund. The spectacle of a Conservative Chancellor of the Exchequer, who must urge ever more stringent economy on the English, getting up to ask for generous spending to honor the memory of the great Irish Fabian would certainly have been good for a Shavian chuckle or two. Lady Astor also made a speech, in which she said that Shaw was a most satisfactory man in many ways but that he had let her down badly by refusing to leave her any money, even though she had pointed out that it would make people think she was the only woman he had ever loved. She went on to say that he had brightened up shortly before his death and told her a funny story. She suggested that everybody get together and launch a society for the breaking of Shaw's will. This document, which set aside a large portion of G.B.S.'s fortune for the furthering of his pet project, a time-saving alphabet, did not leave any funds for keeping up his house at Ayot St. Lawrence, now the property of the nation. One object of the appeal (which aims at the "considerable sum," as the Chancellor feelingly called it, of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds) is to provide for its maintenance should the tourists not roll up and pay entrance fees in sufficient numbers.

The liveliest moments of the meeting were the brushes between such speakers as Sir Lewis Casson, the husband of Dame Sybil Thorndike, who maintained that no one should be asked to fork out a penny to preserve "that regrettable house" and that Shaw probably didn't want it preserved anyway (which he certainly did), and those who argued that the significance of a great man's house lies not in the aesthetic value of its bricks and mortar but in the spiritual and emotional value of what is felt to be contained therein. No one argued about the more consequential part of the Memorial, which is to take the form of Shaw Awards to young playwrights, authors, and musicians.

Mr. Butler spoke to the meeting in

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THE Minneapolis Star and Tribune COLUMN



by **CEDRIC ADAMS**

MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE COLUMNIST

BANNED IN BOSTON was a shipment of dolls. When wound up, the dolls did a cooch dance . . . A new type of electric room heater is designed to be hung on the wall and is disguised as a painting. And the thing builds up 200 degrees of heat . . . Those Dan'l Boone fur caps affected by the younger set have their diverting moments. A mother in Minneapolis the other day spotted one where her son had dropped it on the living room floor. She thought it was an animal and she threw a broom at it . . . The pigskin gloves you wear come from the South American pig or peccary. The scratches and scars found in the leather are marks of the rugged jungle life the pig leads. Some are made by the tusks of another peccary in pig-to-pig combat. American pigskin rarely becomes leather but is used in the manufacture of gelatine . . . May not be too long 'til history's repeating itself and we'll be asked to turn in an old toothpaste or shaving cream tube before we get a new one. Tin, lead and aluminum shortages are looming rapidly.

★
WHEN SWEDEN'S CHARMING LUCIA QUEENS dance at the coronation ball in Stockholm Dec. 13, a young woman from the Upper Midwest will be among them. She is the American Lucia, selected last month by vote of thousands of readers of the Minneapolis Sunday Tribune to represent the United States at the Swedish Christmas festival. And we're all keeping posted on Lucia Day through the dispatches of Miriam Alburn, Tribune reporter who is flying to Sweden, via Scandinavian Airlines, with our Lucia girl. It all adds up to another interesting, unusual feature which the people of the prosperous, four-state Upper Midwest region have come to expect of their best-liked, best-read newspapers—the *Minneapolis Star and Tribune* (combined daily circulation: more than 485,000) and the *Minneapolis Sunday Tribune* (circulation: more than 615,000).

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his capacity as President of the Royal Society of Literature. Though the public is nervously expecting to get to know him the hard way in his Governmental capacity, he has been little in the limelight to date, despite the fact that he made a first-rate Minister of Education during the war, and was the architect of the Education Act of 1944, which has been informally named after him and which, among other reforms, encourages the sending of bright boys from the free state schools to the thitherto sacrosanct public schools. He is a wealthy man, a scholar, a patron of the arts, and one of the younger Tory planners whose plans include the welfare state and who are often regarded with apprehension by some of the older, crustier members of their party. A tall man, with a soft voice, he has, like Sir Stafford Cripps, the reputation of being a somewhat unbending figure, but journalists say gratefully that there is no Minister more approachable and more friendly. Mrs. Butler is the only child of the late Samuel Courtauld, one of the founders of the Courtauld Institute of Art, and the Butlers' Queen Anne house in Smith Square, which survived the bomb that shattered the church in the square's center, contains some superb pictures, including a Cézanne, a wonderful Seurat, and an enchanting Manet of tall Paris houses, plane trees, and sunshine. From the windows of his home, the Chancellor can ponder another picture, possibly the most important one in his collection just now: a view of the solid bulk of Transport House—the headquarters of the Trades Union Congress—on the other side of the square. —MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

I HEAR MUSIC...

Tomorrow at twelve it will be Lohengrin, echoing sweet thunder back from the altar. Tonight, it's a melody drifting in on the moonlight.

It's all the love songs we ever sang and danced to, come alive and rich and real. It's the wind in the aspens under the window, a soft, shaken sound of laughter. It's the blowing of white rambler roses against the lattices... white as bridal veiling, and hope, and faith.

As I listen and smile and move my hand, I hear more faint meaningful music... the silken whisper of the sheets that have always meant home, and delightful rest and peace—Wamsuttas.

—Adv. in the *Bride's Magazine*.

(Chorus)

Supercalc, Supercalc,
Super all the way;
Oh, what fun it is to sleep
In a one-horse open veil!



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Handler Richard E. Cooper poses *Champion Kingsize* after the Irish Setter won his fourth "best in show" award at Shreveport, La. Says Cooper, "Kingsize has been a sensation right from the start. It took just 18 days from his first showing to win his championship points. Kingsize looks like a champion — and he's fed like a champion, too. In fact, I always make sure I have plenty of Dash on hand for the dogs I take on trips to dog shows. You see, with Dash — nothing else is needed. Dash is the Armour dog food — fortified with liver, the richest of all meats!" Start your dog on Dash today!

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

MORE ABOUT CHRISTMAS



PROCRASTINATION being the thief of what we haven't got much more of before the wrapping paper begins to fly beneath the Christmas tree, we will do our best to spur on the laggards (and, we hope, give the foresighted a sense of accomplishment) by backtracking quickly over the various lists of Christmas gifts we've compiled in our recent issues:

November 10.... Custom-made gifts
November 17.... Wrappings and trimmings, and jewelry
November 24.... Gifts for the house
December 1.... Toys, and children's books

This week, we report on victuals and wines for the holiday table, and follow with a guided tour of presents for women. Next week: gifts for men, and perfume and luggage.

For the Christmas Table

AT former holiday seasons, it has been our custom to bring to your attention viands we thought worthy of your own, or somebody else's, Christmas table, with a short discussion, tagged on at the end like dessert, of exceptional wines currently available. This year, there are so many excellent, reasonably priced vintages on hand that we shall reverse the order and invite you to plan your holiday dinners around any of a number of the admirable wines we have recently tried.

As our own dark prejudice for a red wine with turkey is bound to be exposed sooner or later, we might as well begin by suggesting three grand red Burgundies, all from impeccable vineyards, that would do honor to any feast and to any company. The wines are a 1937 Musigny, from the vineyard of the Comte de Vogue, priced at \$5.50 at M. Lehmann, 374

Park Avenue (53rd); a 1945 Bonnes Mares, from the estate of the same conscientious viniculturist, that costs about \$3.25 at A. N. Luria, 1217 Madison Avenue (88th), and at Lehmann; and a 1945 Vosne-Romanée les Beaumonts, from the dependable Domaine Noéllat, sold by Sherry Wine & Spirits, 679 Madison Avenue (61st), for \$3.99. They are all from the Côte de Nuits, but the first two—the Musigny and the Bonnes Mares—being rather lighter than most of the great Burgundies of that *côte*, seem to us perfectly suited to a white-meated fowl with a highly seasoned stuffing. The Beaumonts of the Vosne-Romanée—a really tremendous wine—may be, we admit, just a little overpowering with anything less robust than a roast of beef, but for such heartening fare (and what's wrong with roast beef for Christmas, we should like to know?) here is a wine the like of which hasn't often come our way.

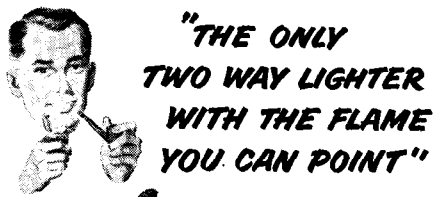
Two immensely serviceable clarets—one a Calon-Ségur that hasn't been

around since before the war, and the other a Lynch-Bages that was seen here briefly last year in a not overly successful vintage—are now to be had in fine condition and at highly satisfactory prices. The first of these, a St.-Estèphe of good body and considerable distinction that ranks in our affection only a bit below the Cos d'Estournel from the same commune, is to be had in the 1947 récolte for around two dollars a bottle at Sherry; Ellis-Meadows, 805 Park Avenue (74th); Colony Wine & Spirits, 801 Madison Avenue (68th); and Sumner Wine & Spirits, 629 Park Avenue (65th), and in half bottles, for \$1.12, at Sherry. Colony, Sumner, and Vendôme, 415 Madison Avenue (48th), also have a 1945 Calon-Ségur, at around \$2.20. The Lynch-Bages, a rather light Pauillac with the delicacy and bouquet of a more important wine, we have found only at Sherry and at Colony, in the 1943 vintage, for about two dollars a bottle.

So many thin, sourish wines are offered under the name of Beaujolais that



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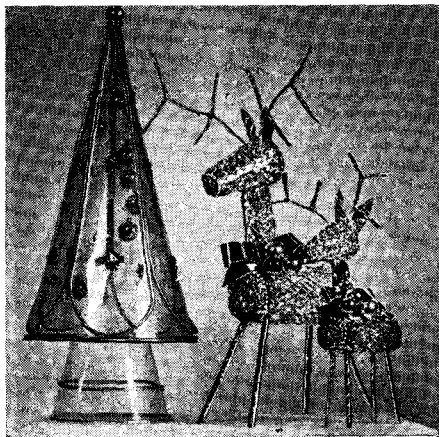
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it's a pleasure to speak of three delight-
ful bottles from this region that prove
how fresh, clean-flavored, and charm-
ing the best from the Côte Beaujolais
can be—something that has long needed
proving in this country. Sherry has a
1947 Fleurie Château du Vivier, at
\$1.49, that seems to us all a Beaujolais
should be—fruity, light, and unpreten-
tious. Lehmann sells a 1949 Juliéna, at
\$1.35 (in France, this is generally
considered the best produced in the re-
gion). And Colony Wine & Spirits and
Luria have a quite irresistible little
Beaujolais from the Brouilly vineyard,
at \$1.49; the same wine can be had
in half bottles (about a dollar) at
Bloomingdale and Colony. According
to all the rules, the Fleurie is pretty old,
but the Brouilly is of the 1949 vintage—
the right, tender age.

Partly because tastes in wines have
changed, and partly because the old bot-
tles have, for the most part, been drunk
up, vintages are consumed today whose
youthfulness would have stood a former
generation's hair on end. By a grand-
father's, or even an elderly uncle's,
standards, drinking a six-year-old Nuits
St.-Georges—a Burgundy that matures
slowly, because of its high tannin con-
tent—would seem no less than infanti-
cide. Judged by our own less exacting
palates, though, a 1945 Nuits from the
Les Pruliers domain (\$2.49 at Sherry)
and another of that year, from Les
Corvées vineyard (Premeaux), sold at
the Ambassador Liquor Store, 144 East
86th Street, for \$2.98, have already
attained the remarkable body that fine
wines of this region usually take on only
after a decade. In a slightly older and
more elegant Nuits St.-Georges (1943)
from the Les Murger property, to be
had at Luria for \$2.85, we found this
characteristically firm body to be so de-
veloped as to have almost a tangible
quality.

Some white wines that have given
us much enjoyment recently—not too
costly, but important enough to reserve
for special occasions—are a beguiling
1947 Meursault Clos des Perrières
(\$3.69 at Sherry); a 1949 Gewuerz-
Traminer, from the Château de Kays-
erberg (\$2.40, at Luria); and a 1947
Puligny-Montrachet Clos de la Pucelles
(\$2.49, at Lehmann). And for the
benefit of those people whose gullets
recognize a miracle when they get it,
we should like to point out that Leh-
mann still has 1933 La Tache, at
\$5.25—a wine that in our opinion leads
the procession. Colony has a few cases
of Richebourg of the same incomparable
year, at \$6.25; Luria has some 1924

Haut-Brion, at \$6.50; Sherry has a
1929 d'Yquem, at \$7.50, and, for lay-
ing down, has lately acquired the largest
collection of wines of the Romanée
Conti we have seen—Echézeaux,
Grands Echézeaux, Richebourg, and
La Tache, all 1947 and priced at from
\$3.49 to \$5.99—which will be a com-
fort and solace to *somebody's* old age.

In a group of wines selected by
Frank Schoonmaker from the cellars
of six of France's most famous provin-
cial restaurants, Bloomingdale not only
offers some exceedingly pleasant bot-
tles but, just in time for Christmas,
affords countless sentimental travellers
an opportunity to give countless other
sentimental travellers substantial re-
minders of happy gastronomic pilgrim-
ages to the great inns of France. In
addition to the Beaujolais Brouilly al-
ready noted, which comes from the
cellars of La Pyramide, at Vienne, we
have enjoyed a 1945 Côte Rotie
(\$2.49) from the same restaurant, and
a 1947 Meursault Perrières (\$2.59)
from the Hôtel de la Côte d'Or, in
Saulieu. There are no rarities in the
collection, but the list is studded with
good, sound wines at moderate prices.

One more suggestion for Christmas
giving that we think well worth con-
sidering is a dozen half bottles, or even
a case of them. Such a gift does away
with the guilty feeling that we are told
is experienced by certain Puritans when
they open a full-size bottle of fine wine
for a tête-à-tête home dinner, and is ex-
actly the right thing when Lucullus dines
with Mrs. L. Never before, as far as we
know, have so many excellent wines
appeared in small sizes; Sherry, Luria,
and Colony have particularly large as-
sortments, which include such white
wines as Château du Nozet, from the
Loire; Pouilly-Fuissé; Hermitage
Blanc; Château Carbonnieux—all from
first-rate vineyards—and such reds as
Chambolle-Musigny, Côte Rotie, and
St.-Georges. And Macy has much the
biggest collection of *grands crus* that
we have seen in half bottles anywhere—
Château Latour, a Margaux, Château
Lafitte, and so on—all of the 1947
vintage.

FROM great wine to great cheese
being no more than one easy step,
we shall now concern ourselves with as
interesting a collection of cheeses as has
been seen hereabouts in a long time.
But first we have a small matter to clear
up. As there is currently a rather wide-
spread misapprehension that only pas-
teurized cheese may be imported from
abroad, and, collaterally, that pasteur-

ization ruins all cheese, we had better take a shot at this canard before it flies any higher. The fact that, according to a recent government ruling, all foreign cheese entering this country must be *either* pasteurized *or* aged sixty days may account for the almost total disappearance from these parts of any really good Brie or Camembert, but it hasn't affected the importation of numerous other fine cheeses—some whose manufacture has called for a form of pasteurization since the beginning of time, and some that are just naturally improved by long maturing. As for the semi-soft imports, there is a variety in the shops that leaves little to be desired. It's true that we haven't been able to locate a port-salut to our taste; on the other hand, we never remember eating, even in Italy, a finer Taleggio than we have had on several occasions from Maison Glass, 15 East 47th Street. Much of the enjoyment of cheese depends on the care with which it is stored, and we feel that Maison Glass deserves a shiny medal for the scrupulousness with which it nurses its fine cheeses along, so that the customer gets them exactly *à point*. The Taleggio, which, we make bold to say, is one of the two best semi-softs now being imported (we shall get around to the other in a moment), is also to be had, for about a dollar and a half a pound, at Bloomingdale; Gatti & Ruggeri, 406 Sixth Avenue (8th); and the White Turkey Gourmet Shop, 16 East 49th Street. The last shop is a new concern, and you shouldn't pass it up because of its interior, where a decorator, apparently dedicated to the rococo, has made a frenzied attempt to reconstruct a particularly arch country store—potbellied stove painted white, cracker barrel in pastel colors, and so forth. Actually, there are a lot of good and quite sensibly chosen foods to be had here.

To get back to the semi-soft cheese that we think is every bit the equal of the



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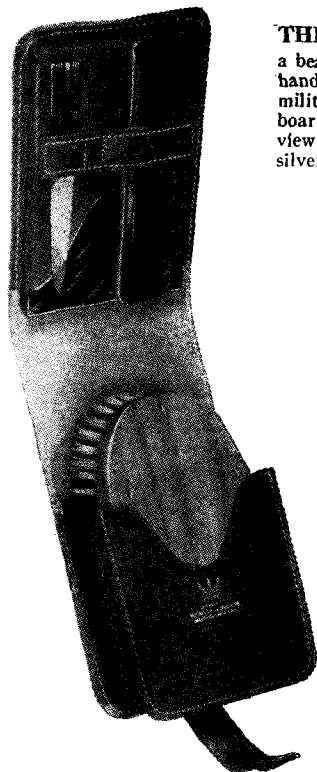
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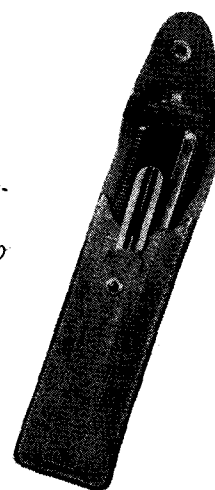
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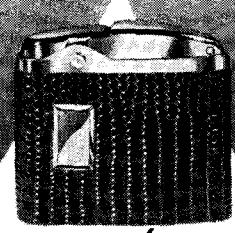
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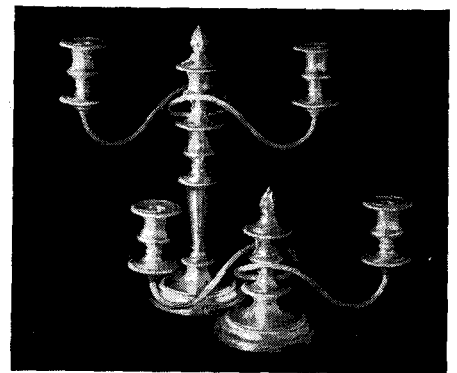
Taleggio: It is called Briquebec, it is made in the little town of that name near Cherbourg, and it is being sent over here for the first time. Its consistency is somewhere between that of the best port-salut and a Roblochon, and it has a wonderful, rather high flavor all its own. We have found it only at Phil Alpert's Cheeses of All Nations, 235 Fulton Street and 230 East 10th Street, where it sells for \$1.19 a pound. If Alpert happens to be temporarily out of the Briquebec, it is worth while ascertaining the date of the next shipment and going down to meet the boat. Alpert has on hand a fairly sharp, quite firm Mont d'Or, and an item, new to us, called *fromage de foin*, which, depending on the force of your imagination, has or has not a flavor of the new-cut hay on which it is ripened. Prices are ninety-eight cents a pound for the Mont d'Or and \$1.75 for the *foin*. . . . A product to be ordered by mail is a farm cheese made in St. Basile, Quebec, and called *fromage à la crème*—misleadingly, for it has no resemblance to the French cheese of that name. It isn't easy to give an idea of just what this delicious little cheese is like, but for a starter we can say that it's as smooth as cream and snowy-white, with a rind something like that of Camembert and a freshness that is almost as pronounced as that of newly made pot cheese. We had never before encountered it outside of Quebec, but as the sample we ordered arrived in prime condition, we see no reason to doubt that it has learned to travel. A one-pound loaf costs eighty-nine cents, plus postage, and it is shipped only in cold weather. The address is Ye Olde Cheese Shoppe, 1218 Stanley Street, Montreal.

A year or so ago, we were greatly heartened to have our judgment confirmed when many American cheese-eaters developed an attachment, at almost the first bite, for a new Swedish cheese called Hablé Crème Chantilly. A few months ago, however, citizens in various parts of the country sent up a loud howl that the quality of the cheese had fallen off. Upon investigation, we have found that the trouble was confined to two shipments of Hablé, which were inferior because of some sort of mishap in the feeding of the cows responsible for them, and that the cheese currently on the market (we have sampled it at random in various parts of the city) is as good as ever, which is high praise indeed. It's to be had at just about every food shop of any pretensions.

Among a number of other fine cheeses available, here are a few that, although they must be reported on



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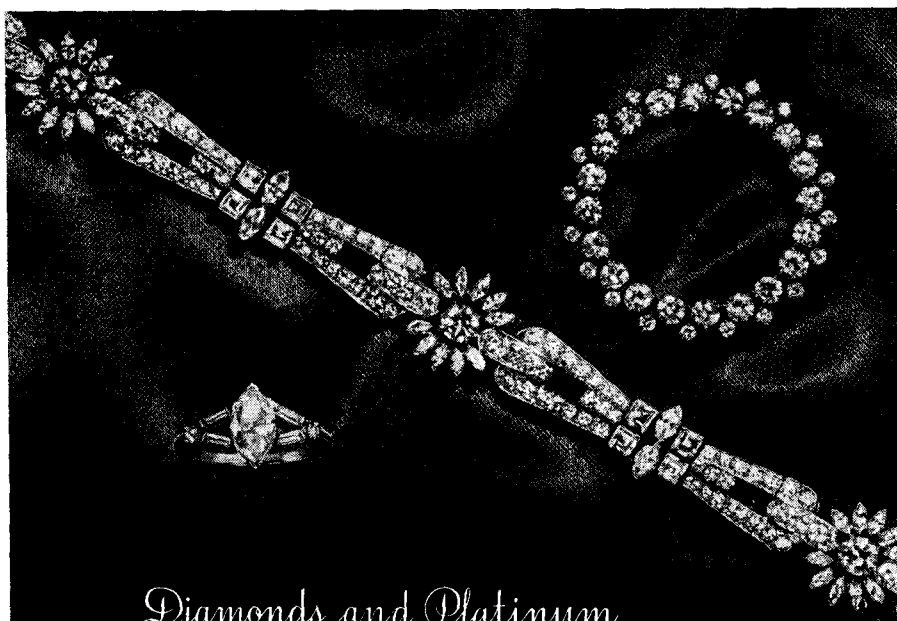
LYDIA O'LEARY

41 E. 57th St. (Corner Madison) or call PL 3-2823

briefly, we have lingered over long and enjoyably—not just sampled off the end of a grocer's knife. Bellows' Gourmet Bazaar, 69 East 52nd Street, has a small Rocky Mountain cheddar in a fourteen-ounce round, black-coated cake (ninety-five cents), which, besides being an estimable cheese, has an appetizing appearance on the cheeseboard. In Macy's grocery department, there is the finest blue Cheshire (\$1.49 a pound) we ever remember tasting in this country, with that characteristic natural saline quality that can't be imitated even in other English shires, let alone in other countries. . . . Altman, Macy, and the White Turkey Gourmet Shop have Swiss Romadour (sold in six-ounce wedges at about fifty cents each)—very strong, yet suave—and Maison Glass, Vendôme, Macy, Bloomingdale, Gatti & Ruggeri, and William Poll, 1120 Lexington Avenue (78th), among other places, sell Illinois-made Kolb Brie, which, when it is ripened to exactly the right point, we think as good an imitation as you will get of the famous French product.

ONE of the season's best pieces of news, gastronomically speaking, is the arrival in town of a branch of the Blue Hill Pavilion, of Blue Hill, Maine. Scattered among the hand-weaves, handmade toys, and such that the Pavilion has installed at the decorating shop of Clara Brock Lownes, 25 East 64th Street, is a line of the most captivating cakes and sweet breads that we have come upon in these parts. While meaning no disrespect to French pastry, Viennese *torte*, and other meritorious foreign confections, we own to a rather insular conviction that no cook on earth can beat an American woman, if she is endowed with a light hand and a proper disregard for the cost of butter and eggs, at what we—and all the Ladies Aid Societies of the land—designate as *cake*. The Blue Hill chocolate cake is exactly the sort of thing we have in mind; it is black with the finest Dutch chocolate, it is rich and moist, and, what is even more rarely found in such cakes, it has an incredibly fine, close texture. This paragon is frosted with a choice of rum, peppermint, or (and this is the best of the three, to our taste) chocolate icing; a ten-inch cake costs \$6, and a half one \$3.25.

Less classic but equally delectable is Hawaiian teacake (\$2), an inch-high white affair that tastes like angel food and is topped with some sort of brown-sugar-and-butter mixture strewn with grated coconut; it must, or so the Blue



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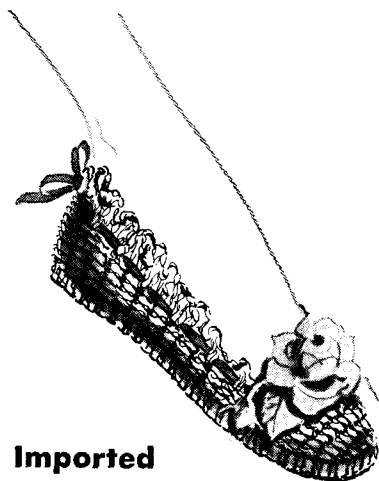
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Hill ladies aver, be served hot. At the same price, there is a caramel-like concoction with nuts, called a paradise bar. Each of these bars will serve ten. Perhaps the most delicate item of all is Mrs. Pickering's Birthday Cake—an uniced white loaf, rich and beautifully textured, of a deceptive simplicity that makes it the ideal accompaniment for tea or for a bland ice cream; \$5 for a ten-inch cake. Among the dessert things is a unique sort of pineapple cheesecake (\$5 for a ten-portion size), so light and so subtly flavored that it has entirely reversed our prejudice against a sweet that up to now we had associated with radio homemaking talks and tea shoppes. All these items can be sampled and ordered at the Lownes shop through December 15th. After that, they must be ordered by mail from Blue Hill; customers will be billed later.

A few blocks to the north of the Lownes place, at 922 Madison Avenue (73rd), there is the pastry shop of William Greenberg, Jr. (the firm has a branch at Madison Avenue and 94th Street), where you will find perfectly delicious confections, most of them done in the Central European manner. One item, however—a fifteen-ounce pound-cake that costs \$1.25 and is our favorite of all the Greenberg products—we would be at a loss to label as from any particular cuisine. It's not exactly the old-fashioned American cake of that name (indeed, we think it's rather better), and certainly it doesn't resemble any European sweet we are familiar with, but it is, all the same, a wonderfully good little loaf. A small chocolate cake of loose, fluffy texture, the four layers of which are put together with whipped cream, costs \$2.50. Among other delicacies, there's an apple tart (\$1, and big enough to serve four), baked in a characteristically Viennese crust, which is something like a rich cooky dough; lovely little bite-size schnecken (\$1.10 a dozen); numerous well-made coffee-cakes at from \$1 to \$3; and a smooth, non-fluffy cheesecake of the type that is quite wrongly known as heavy (\$2.25 for a six-slice size). Everything in the place looks just like the pastry to be seen in any shop, but because the Greenberg bakers use no commercial substitute ingredients—nothing but the best butter, eggs, and so on—the taste is very different. Deliveries are made on purchases of two dollars or more.

Last winter, at the peak of the chestnut season, we reported in these columns on a sensational *mont blanc* and a *dobos* *torte* created by Mrs. Margaret Phillips, 313 East 79th Street (Butterfield 8-

5625). This year, Mrs. P., who continues to turn out these splendid sweets (the *dobos* can be shipped as far as California), has added to her repertory a marvellous hazelnut roll (\$4.50, and large enough to serve fourteen), with ground and sifted hazelnuts used in place of flour, and filled with mocha hazelnut cream. She also makes a very impressive walnut *torte*, using ground walnuts instead of flour; it is put together and iced with chocolate butter cream. This is enough for twenty people, and costs \$6. Both these elegant creations are, of course, desserts in themselves, and not mere accompaniments to dessert. Everything is mailed special delivery, and there is a fifty-cent charge for postage.

If it's an accompaniment you want—for an ice, say, or a cup of tea, or a glass of Madeira—you should know about a new cooky star only just risen in the pastry heavens. It is turned out by Mrs. Gertrude Crum, who sells her wares at Soupçon, 203 East 61st Street. These morsels are not only thin beyond belief but are rich and of excellent flavor. There are two varieties, one mildly spiced with ginger (\$2.75, for a tin of approximately a hundred cookies), the other, at the same price, touched with vanilla. Mrs. Crum makes a cheese wafer—also available at Soupçon—that is perfect to nibble with almost any drink; it is of the same paper-thinness as the cookies, but piquant with good cheddar and a sprinkling of paprika and caraway seeds. The price is \$2.50 for a twelve-ounce tin.

IT'S the turkey, of course, that always gets the greatest attention when Christmas feasting is under discussion, but we are pretty certain that what most women want to know about more urgently is where to get good cocktail provender—preferably something brand-new. We can, as it happens, direct these ladies to a superlative cocktail spread that we guarantee hasn't—up to now, anyway—been on canapé trays at half the cocktail parties in town. Ellen Grey,



800 Madison Avenue (68th), has borrowed a recipe for Charleston's famous shrimp paste and, right there in the unlikely precincts of Madison Avenue, has produced an hors d'oeuvre that would be a credit to any great house along the Ashley. In South Carolina, shrimp paste appears in a dozen manifestations, and Ellen Grey has chosen to duplicate what we consider the best one, depending, as it does, on absolutely fresh shrimp and lively seasonings. It's sold in pound and half-pound loaves, packed in square plastic containers, and it's meant to be sliced and laid (not spread) on a bit of toast or a cold beaten biscuit, with a blob of mayonnaise on top. For a buffet supper, the loaf may be cut in thick slices, served garnished with lettuce, and escorted by a sauceboat of mayonnaise. The price is \$4 a pound.

At Soupçon, where the presiding deities of the kitchen have a real talent for cocktail things, a new and ravishing spread has been invented—which, we hasten to warn, will ravish only those who are not squeamish about garlic. The mixture has a base of finely ground Smithfield ham, which is blended with fresh herbs and other seasonings besides the garlic. It costs \$3.75 for an eight-ounce jar, and as it not only starts the old gastric juices going at a great rate but sets up a noble thirst, it will, we fear, run the customer into a lot of cocktails.

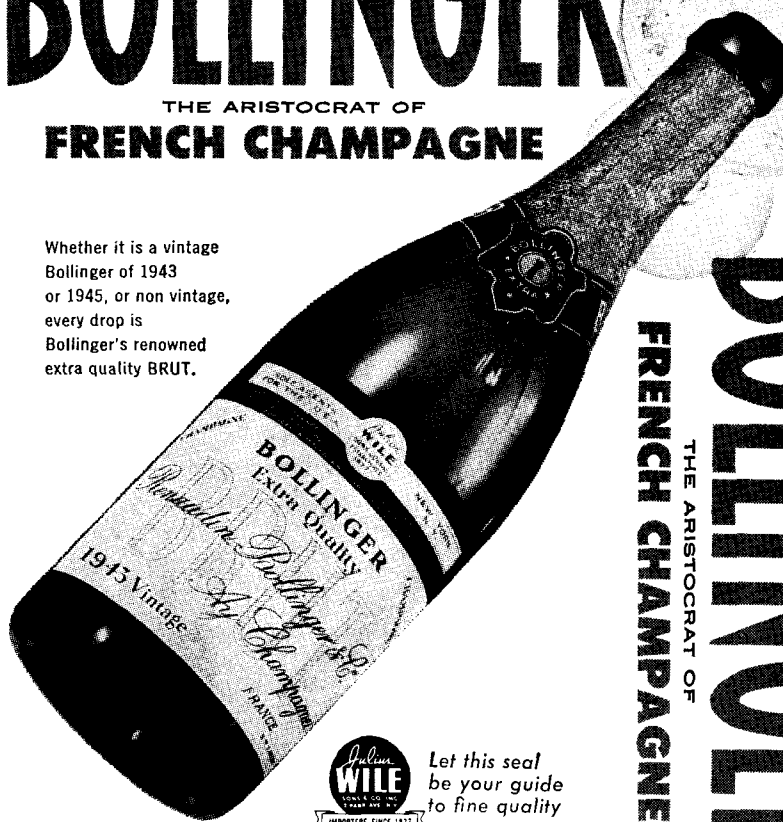
Some most unusual cocktail wafers have recently arrived from Holland in fifteen-ounce tins that look so much like a score of other imported-biscuit tins that there is a danger of their being overlooked. The name, Cheese Crispies (which must have sounded more striking in Delft, where the wafers are manufactured, than it does here), gives no idea of the quality of these fragile tidbits, which look like that French pastry known as *palmiers* and taste like rarely met-with homemade cheese straws—sharp with Dutch cheese, and rich with butter. The wafers stay crisp, even after the box is opened, for a surprisingly long time, but even so we think the flavor is improved when they are put in the oven for a minute or two. At Maison Glass and Charles, 340 Madison Avenue (43rd), Cheese Crispies sell for about \$2.75 a tin.

THE fact that jellies and pickles have generally come to be thought of in this stylish country as unfriendly to wine has put a sad crimp in the old-fashioned habit of serving condiments. Actually, they aren't *that* unfriendly. Just the same, it is difficult to put one's hand on a well-made condiment to go with

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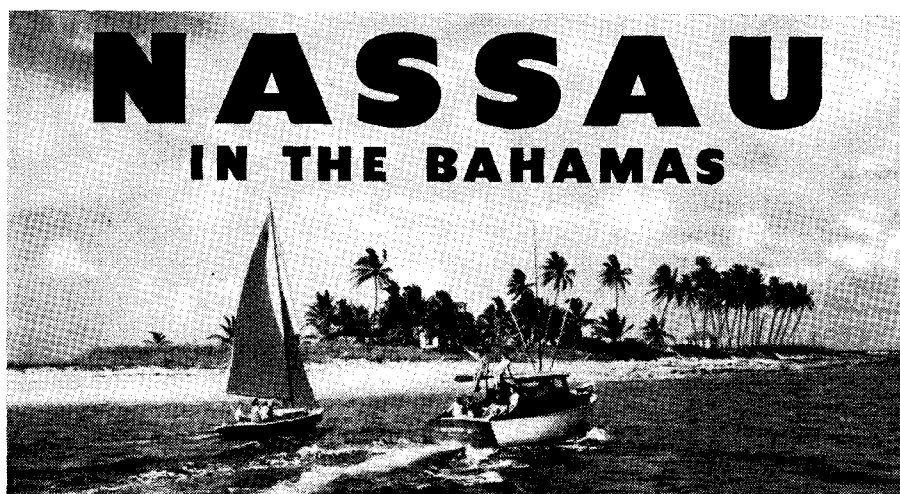
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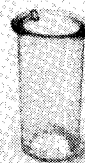
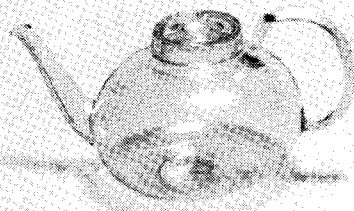
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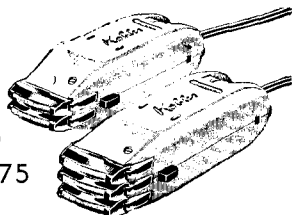
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meat and game. Bellows' Gourmet Bazaar sells a wild-plum sauce (forty-five cents for an eleven-ounce jar) that any turkey would be proud to associate with; this is not the New England beach plum but a fruit of greater character (or so we think), which comes from upstate New York. . . . The Woman's Exchange, 541 Madison Avenue (54th), has jellies—beach-plum, seventy-five cents; quince and currant, both sixty-five cents—put up by jelly-makers who have been at it so long it's no wonder they do it well. . . . Mrs. Clara Levinson, Box 212, Hightstown, New Jersey, turns out, under the label of Joelmar Homemade Products, a number of delicious jellies, including damson and quince, at seventy-five cents a half-pint glass, and crab apple, at sixty-five cents. She also makes bread-and-butter pickles (\$1.50 a pint) that we like very much. Postage is prepaid on an order of \$2.75 or more; on Tuesdays and Fridays, there is a door-to-door messenger service. . . . For the first time since the war, Fortnum & Mason have sent over a variety of their classic preserves—black currant, strawberry, raspberry, and gooseberry—which taste even grander than we had remembered, and make a hot buttered scone something to dream about; at Bloomingdale, they are priced at from \$1.30 to \$1.65 a pound jar. . . . Jane Amherst, 1935 Argyle Street, Portland, Oregon, makes an assortment of excellent jams, the best of which, to our taste, are the apricot with kernels, the greengage, the wild blackberry, and the damson. Prices, which include postage, are \$4.95 for five ten-ounce jars in a box decked out with sweet-smelling pine cones. . . . Farmer Louis Bromfield has sent to town a batch of canned fruits and vegetables from his Malabar Farm. Of these, we have sampled a yellow-tomato-juice cocktail (very well seasoned, except for an almost total absence of salt); some immense peach halves in a light syrup, which have more nearly the flavor of fresh peaches than any others we know about; and some almost equally fresh-tasting halved pears. All these things are sold at Altman; seventy-two cents for a quart of the tomato juice; seventy-nine cents for a pint jar of pears; and sixty-nine cents for a pint jar of peaches. . . . The Bauer sweet orange marmalade, artichoke relish, and hot pear relish, which devotees of these incomparable preserves have hitherto had to order from South Carolina, can now be had at FFF Foods, 35 West Eighth Street, at seventy-five cents a pint jar. Each of the three items is notable by itself, and the artichoke concoction

would lead a useful life in any pantry as base for a great number of cocktail spreads.

Whether as a base for spreads or as an accompaniment to fish or meat, the suavely blended sauces put up by Mrs. Shirley Ayer Pearson, Plymouth, New Hampshire, are a blessing in any household where highly seasoned dressings are appreciated. The products include a creamy Hot Mustard Sauce (it isn't really *very* hot), which goes nicely with almost any sandwich you can name; something called Three Star Sauce, made with pure olive-oil mayonnaise and a number of well-chosen seasonings, that is equally successful with sandwiches and sea food; and a Spiced Orange Meat Sauce, which is fine for glazing a baked ham or serving with duck. All these condiments are, we had better tell you, on the sweet side. They cost \$1.30, plus a quarter for postage. . . . The "21" Restaurant has recently put its famous Sauce Maison—the one with the fiery horseradish base—into neat twelve-ounce and six-ounce pottery jars, which sell for \$3 and \$1.75 at Bloomingdale; both sizes are for sale at the restaurant, too. This, as far as we are concerned, is a condiment that makes all those English bottled sauces—Major This's and That's—seem pretty pale.

IF right spang in the thick of holiday preparations, when you, your cook, and your accommodating butcher have all nearly reached the breaking point, you have ever received a brace of pheasant in full plumage, you may have wondered, as you hastily scribbled Christmas greetings on a fresh card and hustled the birds off to a friend, just where they would go from there, and in whose oven the formidable fowl would finally come to roost. We are pleased to convey the news that Smith's Organic Farm, Red Hook, New York, raises and ships plump little pheasants, in the first flush of youth, that create no such embarrassing complications. These lovely fowl are eviscerated, cleaned of the last pinfeather, and frozen, and they arrive to bring only happiness in the home. They cost \$13.50 a brace (postage prepaid), and in the hands of any trustworthy cook will provide, for six or seven people, a dish succulent beyond words.

Influenced by fervent words of praise from M. Louis Diat, late of the Ritz, in favor of some quick-frozen mountain game trout raised by the Green Spring Company, in Newville, Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, we



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recently overcame our feelings against trout that don't leap from brook to broiler and sampled these. They are indeed remarkably fine fish, and although they are not the equal in flavor of what is pulled out of a Colorado stream and eaten within the half hour, they are, because of their diet and their brief life—all spent in swift-flowing brooks rather than in ponds—mighty close to it, and vastly superior to any tame fresh brook trout we have encountered in the market. The fish come eviscerated, sealed in individual pliofilm bags, and packed in dry ice in a neat little cardboard creel, and, for good measure, they are accompanied by an ingenious chart that shows exactly how to bone a trout. Altogether, a fetching present, as well as a good fish course on your own table. The price is \$6.50 for six trout, express prepaid.

Christmas holidays being the bumpy going they are for the housekeeper, it would, of course, be sheer bravado to try to get through them without a ham—preferably one cooked by somebody else. The hams that are smoked and cooked by Mary Watkins McLaughlin, Halifax, Virginia, are not only lifesavers for the hostess but a delight to the ham connoisseur, than whom there is no more exacting man alive. The McLaughlin hams are not at all like the Smithfield product; they are tenderer, more delicate, and altogether more suitable as the main dish of a meal (they are equally estimable cold on the buffet table), and not just serviceable with cocktails and as cold collations, which we consider the functions of the Smithfield. Cooked, they cost \$2.25 a pound, express extra; uncooked, they're \$1.25 a pound. Orders are billed after delivery.

For the benefit of those who aren't thinking of a ham for a special grand occasion but just want a good country product in the larder, we recommend the cooked hams of E. W. Knauss, of Quakertown, Pennsylvania. The hams—typically Pennsylvania Dutch—are very lightly smoked and go just as well with hot vegetables and corn muffins as in a sandwich. Like all the Knauss products, they are most reasonably priced—ninety-five cents a pound, plus postage and a fifty-cent handling charge per ham; orders are billed after delivery. Knauss also smokes carefully raised young turkeys (\$1.50 a pound, including postage), and he has, we think, the right idea in choosing small birds, of from five pounds up, which cause no housing problem in the refrigerator. If you hold out for a heavily

smoked turkey, the Quakertown birds are not for you, but we like their soft, almost bland taste, which doesn't overpower and dominate all other flavors, in the arrogant manner of the usual highly seasoned, highly smoked fowl.

AS we just about reach the end (and time it is, too) of this seemingly endless feast, we should mention the fine chocolates of Mrs. Ina Shallenberger, Harrods Creek, Kentucky, which, with simple finality and no exaggeration, she labels Perfection Candies. The Shallenberger sweets we have sampled and admired are mocha truffles (a smooth, melting-in-the-mouth center, covered with mocha chocolate), various chocolate-covered butter creams, and little nuggets of burnt almond coated with granulated chocolate. There are several other kinds we haven't tried, and, such is our confidence in Mrs. S.'s handiwork, we suggest letting her pick out an assortment. The price of all the candies is \$2.50 a pound, or \$4.75 for two pounds, postage prepaid.

One more small item to be brought to your notice is Chanteclair peppermint sauce for ice cream—an unusually good homemade sauce composed of white chocolate, heavy cream, and butter, and deftly flavored with mint. There are two more of these Chanteclair sauces—a mocha and a ginger—but we bring up the peppermint because it goes so well with Schrafft's chocolate ice cream, for which we have an especial weakness. Although the Schrafft stores will be closed on Christmas Day, there is—you might as well face it—New Year's dinner to cope with, and on that



occasion reliable old Schrafft will be on hand to help you cope.

Gifts for Women

THERE don't seem to be any full-blown trends we can call attention to this Christmas, but we can report (1) that women are still apparently transfixed by the hypnotic glare of rhinestones and fake jewelry, and (2) that their steadfast admiration for separates is close enough to a trend to give the Yuletide shopper a sense of direction amid the season's confusion. The two enthusiasms come together happily in the field of gaudily decorated sweaters, tops, and skirts, and these old standbys, flashing with gimcrackery, are for once assured a distinguished place among the presents under the tree. Naturally, the flowering of separates places heavy responsibilities on accessories, and requires that they be studied respectfully by the conscientious Christmas giver. What we propose now is to stop talking generalities and get down to cases, with a survey of the big stores, stole by stole, bag by bag, and sweater by glittering sweater. After that, we'll glance into the smaller shops for the best pickings among them. All you have to remember is that the prices we mention include luxury taxes. Here goes:

The imported cashmere cardigan, a fundamental separate, is all over town, in varying degrees of glorification. Hattie Carnegie, for instance, takes a red or navy sweater and gives it a contrasting lining of navy or red rabbit fur (\$125), and she matches a simple tie-silk blouse (\$35 or \$40) with a sweater that has a tiny turnover collar and tie of the same silk (\$55). . . . Milgrim's cardigans, white or pastel, are embroidered, in the shop's own workrooms, with little rhinestone and gold-nailhead rosettes spattered like polka dots down the front and around the shoulders (\$45); other cardigans—all pastels—are strewn with felt primavera flowers (\$35). . . . At Lord & Taylor, there's a ribbed wool-and-angora bolero, hand-knitted in England, that might serve the lucky girl who gets it as a bed jacket, if not as a topper for all sorts of dresses; \$10.95, in rust, soft blue, or black. . . . De Pinna's embroidered cashmere sweaters, made in this country of Austrian wool in a variety of pastel and bright colors, have a touch of embroidery not only about the neckline but on the cuffs of the long sleeves. With crystal and pearl embroidery, they're from \$49.95 to \$79.95; a white or red one dolled up with black velvet ribbon and jet is \$57.50. . . . Saks Fifth Ave-

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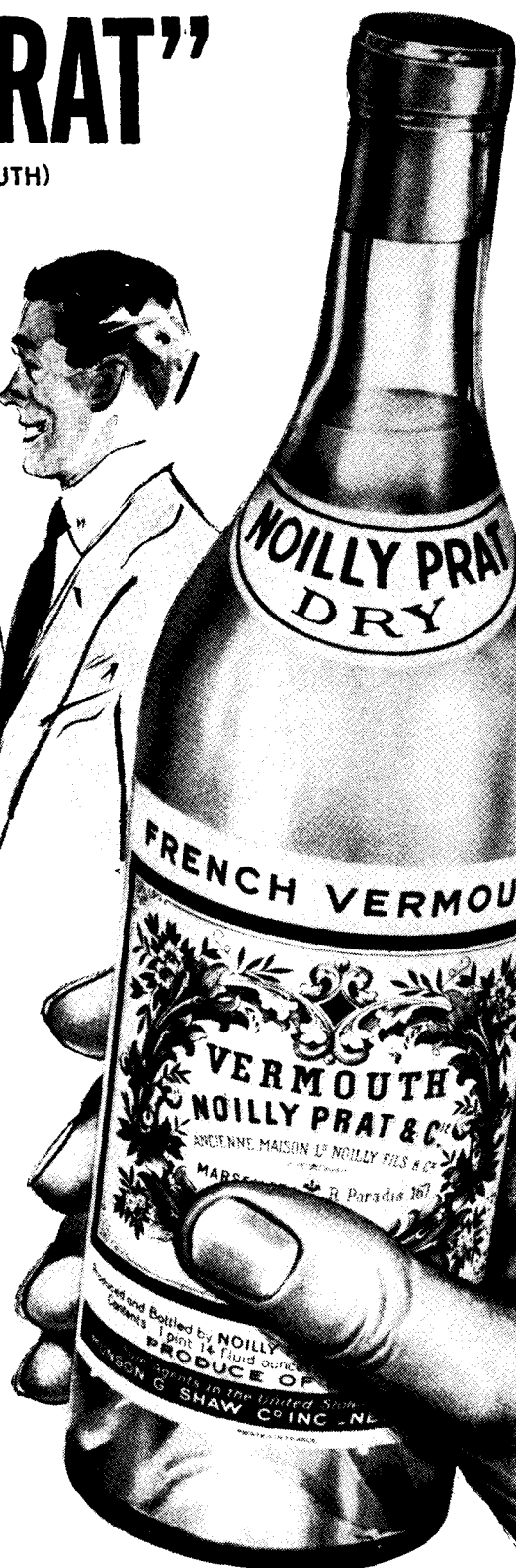
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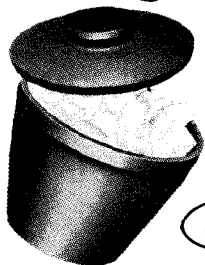
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nue have two-toned sweaters of crocheted ribbon (beige and cocoa, gray and pink, or navy and white), finished off with ribbed wool and lined with rayon chiffon; \$25. A good-looking angora pullover at the modest price of \$9.95 has a bateau neck fancied up with wide crocheted scallops, gold thread, and pearl beads.

A STRANGE merger of the practical and the frivolous occurs in some aprons that are frivolous because they would be outrageously impractical in a kitchen and practical because their frivolity makes it possible to tie one over a narrow skirt and turn it into the belle of the cocktail party. An apron at McCreery, of black net edged with fringed scrolls of narrow gold braid, is accompanied by a matching stole; \$15.50 for both. . . . Bonwit Teller have aprons of solid-color glazed chintz with detachable straw-cloth patch pockets ornamented with straw burros, flowers, and the like; \$6.95 with two pockets, \$5.95 with one. . . . Lord & Taylor's Fantasia Shop presents a number of sumptuous overskirts of black nylon net, some polka-dotted with giant black sequins (\$45), and others decked with ostrich-feather pompons or ermine-tail bows (\$52.95). Black lace aprons embroidered with sequins range from \$12 to \$25.

BELTS render service above and beyond the ordinary call of duty where separates are concerned, acting as a unifying force between tops and bottoms, and most women view them with the avid eye of a collector and can scarcely have enough of them. At Bendel, you'll find a nice lot to choose from. A black satin one has ticktacktoe designs in crystal; \$35. A cummerbund of black or red mat jersey, shirred at each side of the waistline, is \$11.95. For daytime wear, there are reversible calf belts (black on one side and red on the other, for instance) studded with big gold-metal coins; \$12.95. . . . Just about the most flamboyant belt in town (it's called the King of Siam) is made of gold kid spattered with outsize glass jewels in dazzling colors; \$39.50 at Bonwit Teller. . . . Bergdorf have something they like to call a "Minimizer," which is very narrow at the buckle and a good four inches wide the rest of the way around; it's of red or black calf, and looks particularly good over a coat; \$24.

THIS brings us to costume jewelry, a subject that is getting larger and louder every year, it seems. At Jay



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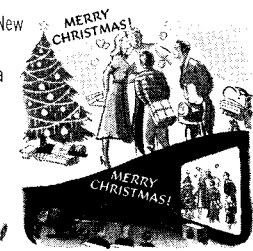
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Thorpe, stones that look like rose quartz, crystal, and topaz are set in metal that looks like bronze; \$174 buys a set consisting of earrings, a bracelet, and a necklace, all in flower-cluster designs. . . . Hattie Carnegie prizes a four-strand fake-pearl bracelet on which is hung a gold-metal basket heaped with more fake pearls, for a woman who puts all her pearls in one basket; \$66. . . . Bergdorf have a pearl-sprinkled gold-metal acorn that hangs from a gold-metal bracelet and conceals not only a watch but a tiny storage place for pills; \$43.45. Still another charm here is a minute gold-metal drum, with fake rubies and real cultured pearls making the lacings; \$80. And a pair of gold-metal drumsticks, each tipped with a cultured pearl, is \$20. . . . Rough-cut stones resembling emeralds, rubies, topazes, rose quartz, and so on, wrapped or caged in gold metal, are all around. Gunther Jacckel have them as earrings (\$6), bracelets (\$18), and chokers (\$36). . . . Among the Danish silver jewelry at Georg Jensen is a circular brooch that shows a fat robin sitting on a fern; \$22.50. The domestic entries include silver-and-enamel charms showing Saint George and the Dragon or Adam without Eve (\$36); silver chains to suspend them from (\$17.50); and an Eskimo baby, done in pastel enamel on silver, that would make a pretty lapel pin for a young girl (\$10). A silver key chain has a horseshoe on it from which dangles a quarter. This costs \$3.85, and a similar key chain with a nickel dangling from it naturally costs just twenty cents less. . . . The Fantasia Shop, at Lord & Taylor, has some delightful hair ornaments made of lacy, light wire scattered with artificial jewels. The wire can be twisted any way the wearer likes—to make a tiara, decorate a chignon, or nestle like veiling in a poodle haircut; \$19.95. . . . McCutcheon sells good-looking rhinestone earrings in a double-snowflake pattern for the reasonable price of \$3.60. . . . Milgrim has a pretty wristwatch on a black suede band, the face surrounded by rhinestones; \$30. . . . And



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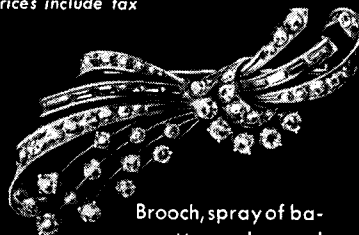
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there are some screw-back earrings on which real trout flies are mounted—these at Abercrombie & Fitch, of course—for the devoted better half of a fisherman; \$4.50.

SINCE stoles are surefire for practically any female person who has outgrown dolls, the stores are swirling with them now. At Bergdorf Goodman, there is, thanks to Schiaparelli, a big open circle, a little over two feet in diameter, of eighteen-inch-wide wool jersey with tucked edges. That's all there is to it; it can be arranged about the neck, shoulders, and waist in any number of ways. It costs \$10, and comes in several solid colors. Bergdorf also have their own stole scarf, copied from a Spanish one. It's a triangle, with a seventy-seven-inch base and thirty-seven-inch sides, of red, black, navy, or brown wool jersey, trimmed with plenty of black braid and sequins, and sporting a long fringe; \$23.50.... Lord & Taylor's Fantasia Shop, which we seem to keep coming back to, has a bigger triangle of black or white wool jersey dotted with gold, bronze, or plain old black sequin snowflakes and fringed with gold thread; \$37.50.... At De Pinna, there's a two-yard stole of white, pink, or black wool threaded with gold, the whole done in a loose, hammock-weave crochet stitch; \$14.75.... Less dressy but very warm and handsome are Bloomingdale's scarves and stoles of hand-woven mohair from Scotland, in rainbow plaids or heather mixtures (scarves, \$4.95; stoles, \$11.75).... At Bendel, yard-square plain white Jacquard silk scarves, which are harder to come by than you might think, are on hand, from England; \$11.95.... Jay Thorpe have some airy stoles copied from Dior; they are solid-color, multicolored, or *ombré* silk gauze with metallic stripes; \$22.95 and \$25.

IN the lingerie world, to which we now proceed, nylon continues its triumphant advance, looking lacy and wispy and quite unlike its inherently durable self. Bendel has a nylon georgette called Saabalon, which, in a flowery print lavishly trimmed with nylon lace, makes enchanting nightgowns (\$45), slips (\$29.95), and pants (\$18.95). Incidentally, there are also handmade blanket covers of the same lovely stuff (\$45 for the single-bed size), as well as a bed jacket to match (\$25). Nylon also makes a black petticoat, of the finest possible screening and edged with lots of ruffles, which

springs back into shape no matter how often it's washed; \$35. For evenings at home, the Roman designer Visconti has produced a one-piece, sleeveless garment of black satin, which buttons up to a round neck and has pants that taper and end at mid-calf. Very fetching, and \$69.95. To go over it, there's a hip-length flaring velvet jacket, cognac-colored or Venetian blue, embellished with gold thread, fake pearls, and jet medallions; this costs (look out, now!) \$195.

Schiaparelli contributes some delightful fancies at Lord & Taylor, made of a very fine nylon tricot in white or pastels, many of them trimmed with Val-type black lace. Pants (\$16.95) and full-circle petticoats (\$39.95) have horizontal rows of the lace; slips (\$19.95) have easy, circular skirts, and so do some of the nightgowns (\$59.95). Then there are double-thickness peignoirs of the same stuff, with mink shawl collars (\$295)—a gay present to keep some mink-lover warm.

Bonwit Teller have nylon tricot lingerie trimmed extravagantly with Alençon-type lace, all handmade in France. Slips cost from \$25 to \$39.95, which will give you an idea of what the cashier is going to exact from you. Felt petticoats, which are quite equal to coming out into the open as skirts, flaunt appliquéd black felt poodles with rhinestone eyes; \$16.95, in peacock blue, fuchsia, and kelly green.

Altman uses spun nylon, which resembles thin wool and is nearly as warm, to make pants in such jaunty colors as emerald, Shocking pink, yellow, and sapphire blue; \$1.95. From France, there's a nightgown of gray silk chiffon appliquéd on the bodice with pink lace flowers; \$49.95. Good handmade Italian silk crêpe slips embroidered with pin dots have satin scallops around the tops and are \$19.95.

Macy, too, has handmade Italian silk crêpe slips, many with hand-embroidered flowery sprays strewn on the bodice and skirt, for from \$10.29 to \$23.49. Another type of slip—French, this time—is of pale blue-gray chiffon, with lots of Chantilly lace; \$21.57. A black satin domestic one has a beautifully fitted top of black lace over pink chiffon, and more lace sewn on the skirt in the outline of a French maid's apron; \$23.49.

Gunther Jaeckel turn out a lovely warm boudoir coat of quilted Celanese tricot in white, geranium, pale aqua, or navy. Silver threads in a scroll pattern on the shawl collar follow the lines of the quilting. The coat can be worn

flaring or belted in with a long rope cord; \$19.95. . . . Milgrim's copy of a Dessès dressing gown is done in very stiff rayon brocade, with two vertical lace ruffles nipping in at the waist to emphasize the princesse line; \$49.95. . . . A woman who has no intention of letting down when she is just lounging around at home would take to a one-piece pajama of pale-blue and black Paisley silk, at Saks Fifth Avenue; there are ties to bind the pant legs at the ankles or, what is much more fashionable just now, at mid-calf. This, plus a matching dressing gown and sash, is \$125, which is no letdown. . . . Abercrombie & Fitch have a fine present for a woman who likes the warmth and the demure, Victorian look of a flannel nightgown. Theirs is made of pink, blue, or white Viyella flannel, and has embroidered edging across the pockets and on the Peter Pan collar; \$15.

AND now for a short talk on handbags. Hattie Carnegie offers a splendid big French pouch of red, blue, black, or white calf gathered onto a self-covered frame (\$83.40), and an evening bag, five by seven inches, of gray or white crystal beads on a mother-of-pearl frame (\$150). . . . Bendel has a charming envelope evening purse of Chinese brocade with a clasp top; \$13.80. A matching eyeglass case is \$2.95. A French evening pouch, beaded all over in silver, steel, or blue iris, costs \$19.80. . . . Bergdorf have a box bag of their own, in rayon faille, velvet, or satin, with a mirror in the round top and a lace-edged cotton handkerchief poked through the handle; \$15. A black rayon velvet muff bag here is \$39. . . . An alligator handbag—something that could hardly fail to evoke hosannas on Christmas morning—is on hand at De Pinna in a nice medium size at a nice medium price: \$49.50. . . . A woman who takes lots of short trips would be—well, transported with Gunther Jaeckel's calf box bag, eleven by eight inches, which has a zipper top and is big enough for overnight gear; \$30. . . . Georg Jensen has evening bags that are very nearly impressive enough to become heirlooms. Some, of petit point, cost from \$65 to \$160, and there is a selection of matching compacts (\$16) and cigarette cases (\$20); other bags, of richly colored all-over Hindu embroidery containing silver or gold thread, and mounted on velvet or suède, are ticketed at \$95. . . . For a traveller, Macy offers a sturdy handbag in tan grained calf, twelve by eight inches, with two big zippered



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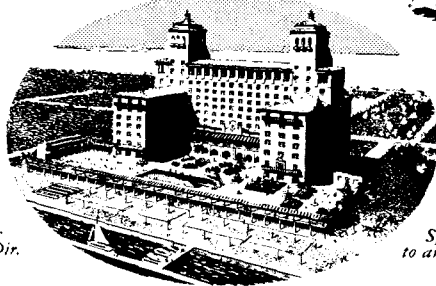
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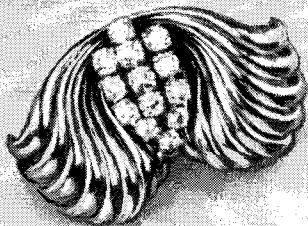
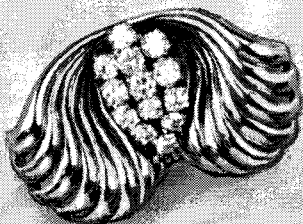
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pockets inside; \$17.97. A large feed-bag sort of pouch, imported from Italy, is made of calf skin in a light, creamy tan, with brass eyelets and leather thong drawstrings. The inside is separated in the center, to allow for a rudimentary filing system; \$33.54.

BEFORE leaving the larger stores for an inspection of the smaller and more intimate ones, we'd better clean up some miscellaneous items that struck us as worth while—for instance, gifts to take care of the women on your list who might find themselves out in the rain. Bendel has a full-length rain cape in black, gray, or navy rayon taffeta, which, with its matching hood, fits into a travelling case eight inches square; \$14.95. A reversible raincoat of rayon taffeta (navy or black on one side, overchecked on the other) is ample enough to wear over a coat and costs \$29.75. Matching umbrellas with twisted handles that look like Malacca are \$6.95. . . . A silk-and-cotton umbrella at Bergdorf Goodman has a handle that is not only real Malacca but has a taxi whistle thoughtfully installed in it; \$10.50. One of their handsomest silk umbrellas, of the long, parasol type, has a gold-metal swan's head for a handle, but it won't honk; \$30.

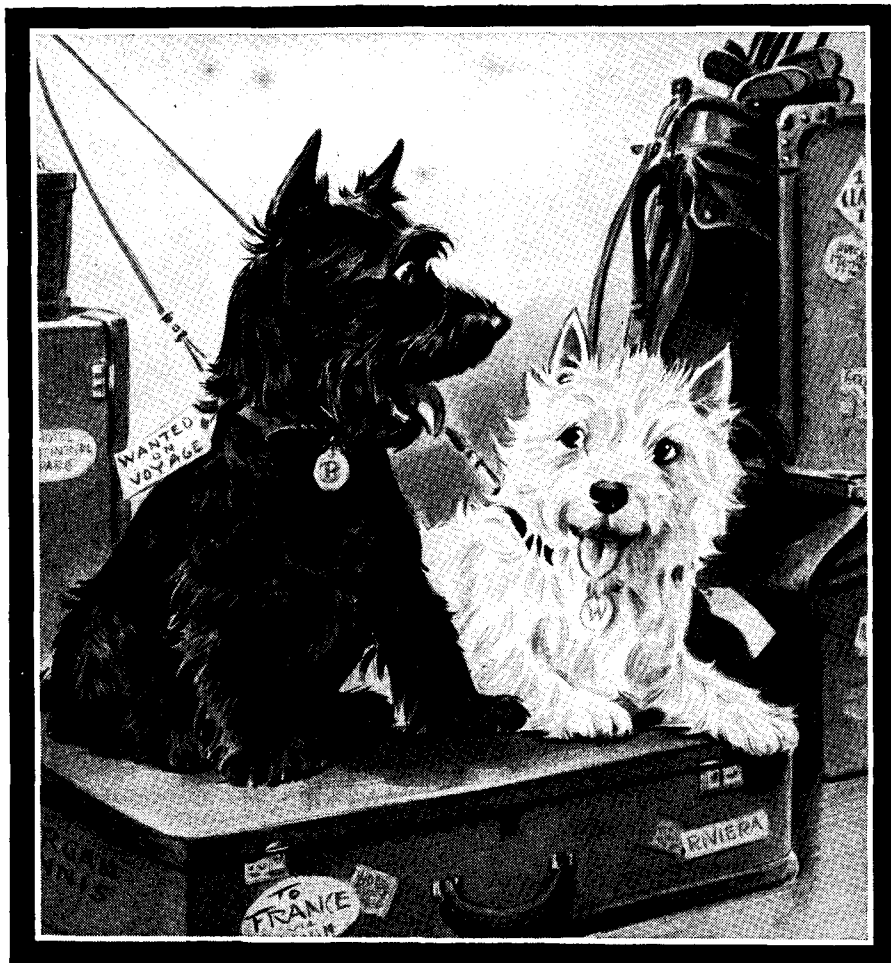
If some lady you know is forgetful—or afraid she'll be forgetful—a gold-plated sterling key ring with a little sleigh bell on it is for her; whenever she leaves her house she need only give her handbag a shake to find out whether or not she has her key; \$3.54 at a number of places, including Bendel. . . . A reader-in-bed would rejoice over a pair of those prismatic spectacles that enable one to read a book comfortably while lying flat with the book on one's stomach; \$19.95, at Mark Cross. . . . At Hattie Carnegie, and almost everywhere else in town, you'll find boudoir alarm clocks framed in rhinestones; \$29.70. (Any minute, we expect to hear about a cup of coffee framed in rhinestones.) . . . Binoculars that fold into a brocade or leather case no bigger than a compact



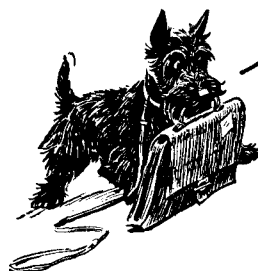
are \$23.40 at Bendel and elsewhere. . . . Abercrombie & Fitch purvey classic shirts that look like a man's but are made with darts in recognition of the female waist. They come in Viyella in a variety of solid colors (\$10.50) or in clan plaids (\$14.50). The perfect coat for a country squire's wife is for sale here—a reversible with showerproof cotton gabardine on one side and a deep-pile wool on the other. The collar can be turned up cozily around the ears; \$77.50. An English wallet, very little larger than the average billfold, contains not only a full-length bill compartment and a coin purse but a memo pad and automatic pencil; in red, green, blue, or black morocco, it is \$9.60. . . . For a girl with magnificently turned ankles, De Pinna has stockings clocked with rhinestone flowers or snowflakes; \$2.95 to \$4.85, the price depending on the extent of the foliage or snowfall. . . . Jay Thorpe have some cigarette chests of pink, blue, gray, or black satin topped with sea-shell flowers, beads, and tiny sequins; \$9.50, and compacts, pillboxes, and such come in the same designs. . . . A woman who spends a good deal of time in the country is a candidate for one of Brooks Brothers' heavy cardigans, which have fronts of Shetland wool in a hound's-tooth pattern, and backs and sleeves of blue, yellow, or brown brushed wool. These are \$37, and for \$22.50, you can get a length of matching checked wool to make up into a skirt. English yard-square silk scarves that are very good-looking and also provide a complete list of Derby winners (the Epsom Downs Derby, of course) since the race was first run, in 1780, are \$20.

All set for a tour of the smaller places? Let's be off:

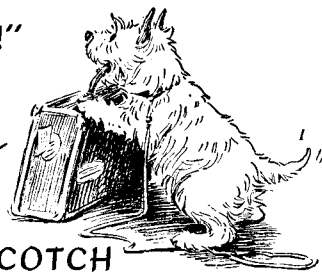
ELIZABETH ARDEN SALON, 691 Fifth Avenue (54th): Particularly pretty lingerie at prices that start at \$6.95, an amount that will pay for a nylon tricot slip bound with nylon satin ribbon. Handmade nylon georgette crêpe slips are embellished with delicate, appliquéd crêpe flowers, embroidery, and French lace; \$26.50. A nightgown of the same sort is \$29.50. Pale-blue nylon that looks like dotted swiss makes a peignoir that can be belted in with a white rayon velvet sash; it has a double Peter Pan collar with white nylon organdie underneath; \$26. The costume jewelry here includes lots of imitation canary diamonds—in a flexible choker necklace, say. It's set with marquise stones in a flower design and has rhinestone drops; \$48,



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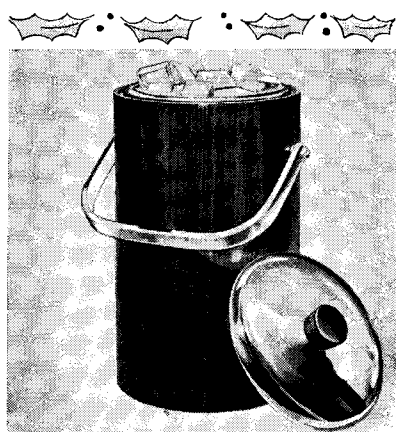
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and earrings to match are \$12. A small overnight case, seven by eleven inches, all fitted out with the management's own cosmetics, is made of simulated calf with white saddle stitching; \$27. A dressy envelope purse, nine and a half inches long, is available in black rayon velvet or one of several rayon brocades. It has one closed compartment for money and another for glasses, make-up, and such; \$23.40.

BARING OF PARIS, 745 Fifth Avenue (58th): A shop that puts you in mind of the Faubourg St.-Honoré. In the costume-jewelry field, a choker of twenty-four strands of black bugle beads interspersed with tiny gold-metal beads ties in a big knot at the base of the throat, and is, therefore, adjustable in length; \$15.60. Six-button-length gloves of black, brown, or blue antelope, with slightly flared tops, are \$17. Couture handbags include a magnificent one of black antelope, with the swirl handle cut in one piece with the body of the bag; \$54.

BRONZINI, 5 East 52nd Street. An apron made of three layers of pink or blue tulle fastens with a big faille bow and has a big artificial rose and scattered rose petals between layers. It costs \$50. Overskirts that can be tied on the hip, like sarongs, or in back, to make polonaise drapery, come in white silk with a spotted gold design, or in white taffeta printed with moss roses and gray trellises; \$85 for these. Among some brilliant silk scarves, there's one that displays all the royal French flags up to the time of the Revolution; \$18, and a yard square.

HELEN COLE, 963 Lexington Avenue (70th): A lively new shop, which offers voluminous felt cocktail aprons with pockets in a contrasting color and splashed with sequins; \$35, in sapphire and Bristol blue, orange and pink, black and pink, emerald and royal, or other vigorous combinations. Collar necklaces to match are made of felt heavily encrusted with imitation pearls and other make-believe jewels; \$20.

MARK CROSS, 707 Fifth Avenue (55th): Before we get around to the leather stuff to which this house is dedicated, let's inspect some beautiful stoles of hand-woven Irish tweeds. They're two feet wide and two yards long, and amount to an extra wrap; \$25.75, and a fine gift for a tailored sort of woman. Hand-sewn pigskin gloves are \$5, and hand-whipped

pull-on gloves of fine wool jersey, in a variety of colors, are \$6.95. A splendid, leather-lined handbag for town and travel is \$126 in gunmetal crocodile, and \$50.40 in gunmetal calf.

LEAH K. CURTISS, 460 Park Avenue (57th): For a chess player who has earned her letter, here is a chess set that comes in a wooden chest six inches long, five wide, and three deep, covered with marbled French paper. The lid is a shadow box inhabited by tiny chessmen; \$27.50.

LILLY DACHÉ, 78 East 56th Street: The first floor here is given over to a festive collection of accessories. Hand-stitched fabric gloves with grosgrain edging on the irregular cuffs have a leopard- or zebra-printed cotton handkerchief tucked through a loop of the grosgrain on one wrist; \$5, packed in a miniature hatbox. Astonishingly sheer nylon stockings, with a dark seam to accentuate their sheerness, are \$23.40 a dozen. A silk-lined, lacy knit wool dressing gown, pink or blue, is made with ribbed-knit yoke and sleeves, horizontal ribs on the skirt, and a trumpet flounce low beside one knee; \$135. Wool jersey blouses trimmed with leopard are \$79.50, and plain, all-purpose blouses of mat silk jersey, round-necked, with long, push-up sleeves, are \$35.50.

DUNHILL, 620 Fifth Avenue (51st): For a woman who smokes, you can hardly go wrong with a Dunhill lighter. Besides the familiar Rollalite, with the ribbed type of engine turning (\$9 in rhodium, \$12 in gold plate, \$42 in sterling, and \$252 in gold), there are small oblong lighters, about the size of a domino, enamelled in various colors (\$42). A gold cigarette holder with a red or green plastic bit is shaped like a torpedo and comes in a torpedo-shaped case; \$18. In silver, it's \$7.20. Urbane and handsome alligator handbags—red, green, and butter-scotch as well as navy, black, and brown—are leather lined and have lots of pockets; \$90. A similar bag in Bengal lizard is \$51.

JOLIE GABOR, 699 Madison Avenue (62nd): This expert in eye-catching costume jewelry offers multi-strand necklaces of cultured pearls clasped with large phony emeralds; \$108. Gold-plated silver stickpins, for hats or lapels, are topped with cultured pearls and real but infinitesimal rubies; one in the form of a chicken is \$11.40,

and one in the form of a rabbit is \$17.40.

ALBERT LEONARD GEORGE, 620 Fifth Avenue (50th): A beautifully made English cardigan of fine alpaca, with a Peter Pan collar, would be a happy choice for practically any woman we can think of; \$37.50, in a flock of colors. Hand-sewn driving gloves with French chamois backs and ventilated and corded pigskin palms button at the wrist; \$13.50. Long, slim cigarette cases, built to hold twenty-one cigarettes—they're apparently designed for anyone who can't get along on a pack at a time—are \$27 in pin seal, \$45 in lizard, and \$57 in alligator. They have envelope closings, and there's a gold-filled tab on each, for initials, which cost a dollar a letter and can be done in a day.

MARY GOODFELLOW, 600 Madison Avenue (57th): Still more sweaters, starting with cashmere ones for evening that go over the head and come in black or, to order (two weeks), in colors; \$49.95. Off-the-shoulder ones have ruffles of black lace or pleated net around the décolletage, or are banded with silk taffeta and have big silk taffeta cuffs. The shop's own hand-stitched wool jersey gloves, in any color you can think of, are \$12.50 for the elbow length and \$8.50 for shorties; these are to order and take a week. The lingerie includes a nice silk crêpe petticoat, in any of a number of colors, with a band of lace *seven* inches deep at the hem (\$16.50).

JO HUGHES, 10 East 56th Street. A woman who is heading south after Christmas might like to tote along a big evening bag of a woven cotton that looks like upholstery brocade with gleaming gold or silver plastic thread running through it; \$42.50, in pink or green, lined with felt of the same color. Phelps bags, in a number of styles, cost around \$78, and Phelps belts are \$22.50. One of the nicest plain-colored silk shantung squares we've seen around lies flat and tight around the neck and fluffs



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Fort Payne, Ala.

out at the end into a double chou (gesundheit!); \$4.

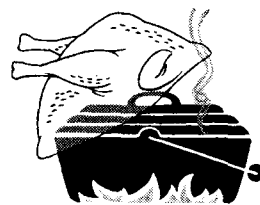
KNIZE, 24 East 56th Street: The kind of simple lisle polo shirt that a country girl—or a city one addicted to suits, for that matter—can never have too many of comes in red, navy, canary, light blue, white, or chestnut, with a flat turndown collar; \$10.75. The same classic shirt in a flat knit wool, almost as fine as the lisle, is \$11, in the same colors.

MARCHAL, 719 Fifth Avenue (56th): If you have a collector of bracelet charms to provide for, here's your mecca. In fourteen-carat gold, there is a whole orchestra of tiny musical instruments: an accordion that opens, a trombone that slides, and a lot more. They can be bought all together (fourteen for \$390) or separately (the accordion, \$48.75; a tambourine, \$10.50; and so on). A collection of Christmas charms includes a minute gold fireplace hung with three enamel stockings (\$15) and a gold holly wreath with a red-and-green enamel bow (\$13.50).

PECK & PECK: Red or black rayon umbrellas have long crook handles of the same color and white rayon linings hand-painted with multicolored miniature umbrellas; \$15. A black cowhide belt, an inch and a half wide, has a string of small sleigh bells on colored leather loops jingling around the middle; \$5.95, and a good way to bell a teen-age daughter.

HELENA RUBINSTEIN, 655 Fifth Avenue (52nd): One-of-a-kind gold-metal chokers strung with Chinese and Japanese charms (\$39 to \$46.80), are supposed to bring the recipient good luck as well as a merry Christmas. An adjustable choker of twisted strands of dark-blue cabochon fake sapphires and light-blue fake sapphire baguettes, set in white metal, has a remarkably opulent look to it; \$28.20. A pigskin suitcase, twelve inches long, nine and a half wide, and six and a half deep, contains a removable tray with a jewel compartment in it, as well as twelve cosmetic preparations; \$60.

SARIN, 42 University Place (9th): A small treasury of separates and accessories. Plain felt skirts, in a number of colors, start at \$14.95; embroidered with black braid, they're \$22.95. Brooke Cadwallader silk belts cost \$4.95 in a leopard print and \$1.95 in a print showing Casey Jones' train; ties to match them are \$1.75 each. Three-inch gold-metal pins shaped like daggers, with simulated pearls



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and turquoises in the hilts, are \$7.14. KENDALL-SMITH, 7 East 55th Street: A woman who appreciates something out of the ordinary in costume jewelry would be pleased to have you stop in here. Six silver coins, minted in the time of Ferdinand and Isabella and gold-plated in the time of President Truman, on a heavy, gold-filled chain bracelet, are \$36. Other bracelets and some earrings incorporate miniature orders of chivalry in enamel on gold-plated silver; \$54 for a bracelet. Gold-plated Greek and Roman coins make handsome cuff links for either men or women (\$25 to \$50, with gold-filled backs).

A. G. SPALDING, 518 Fifth Avenue (43rd): Everything, short of a hole-in-one, to delight a female golfer. A twill jacket with a satin back, so that it won't stick to a wool sweater underneath, has an arched gusset under the arms and provides exceptional freedom of movement; \$13.50. Sturdy moccasin shoes have thick rubber lug soles for good footing; \$11.95. There are also rugged cable-knit wool sweaters in white, navy, red, or gray; \$11.95.

D. D. & LESLIE TILLET, 72 East 56th Street: Superb fabrics (china silk, foulard, wool jersey, and batiste, to name a few) are printed with the Tillet's own designs and made up into simply cut blouses, shirts, and skirts. There are fifty different designs, among them one showing blueprints for a ship, another depicting a walnut in black and two tones of brown, and a third, called Bouillabaisse, involving various fish and crustacea, of course. Cotton shirts start at \$18, and wool or silk ones at \$25. Wrap-around skirts are \$25 in cotton, linen, or wool, and \$35 in silk.

MARTHA WEST, 444 Madison Avenue (49th): Dressy felt skirts—white, champagne, turquoise, Shocking pink, or a strong yellow—have wide bands of black Chantilly-type lace forming



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of the holiday host



Dubonnet COCKTAIL
One-half Dubonnet
one-half gin; stir
with ice, strain, add
twist of lemon peel.



Dubonnet STRAIGHT
Serve well chilled,
add twist of lemon
peel; no ice.

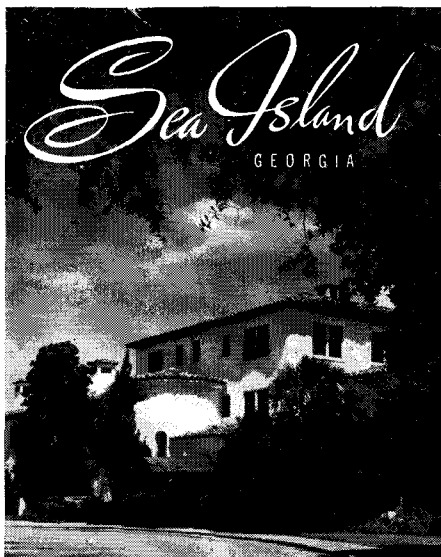


Dubonnet "ON THE ROCKS", 2 ice cubes
in old fashioned glass,
fill with Dubonnet. Add
twist of lemon peel.



Dubonnet and soda
Jigger of Dubonnet,
juice of 1/2 lemon;
add ice cubes,
fill with soda, stir.

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an inverted V in the front; \$35. Suède lumberjackets with bracelet-length dolman sleeves (for lumberjacks who wear bracelets) are \$35 in red, cognac, navy, or beige. Suède vests with knit wool backs are \$17.95, and a hip-length suède box coat with a separate belt is \$55.

MARION WRIGHT, 12 East 53rd Street: Bangle bracelets of leopard, to wear as cuffs on long, narrow sleeves, are \$7.14; in ranch mink, they're \$9.54. An ostrich-feather choker, in black, white, or mink color (strictly for a woman who has a long neck and is not ticklish), is \$7.95. A belt of black or navy felt comes to a high point in front, where it is massed with two-tone, appliquéd felt flowers with jet centers; also \$7.95.

EDITOR—Today I have discovered (Via Chronicle's College of Surgeons' reportings) that there are men who must have trod a lonely pathway; a pathway apart from the medical men whom it has been my humble and proud honor to have been encouraged and assisted through the years which enrich the life of the now termed "pushee."

To intimate that the State must supplant the hearts of the men now standing knee deep in the June of Medicine, is to shrug off the approaching culmination of our dreams and sneer our threshold approach and thankfulness in the now momentary cure of cancer, and leaves a cruel void.

May not those who so nimbly recounting the doctors versed in the "greater than thou" brush-off, confess that in their own associations and teaching something of the instilled ability to impart love and human sympathy needs an almost lost awakening?

J. T. LELAND, M.D.

Mill Valley.

—San Francisco Chronicle.

Oh, absolutely!

INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF OWN WORDS DEPARTMENT (HEAVY SOOTFALL DIVISION)

[From "This Is It, Michael Shayne," by Brett Halliday, Dell Books edition]

Her eyes were round and sooty with dark lashes.

—Page 12.

... and her eyes, large and round and sooty ...

—Page 14.

... she ended ... sliding the glasses off and looking up at Shayne with round, naked, and sooty eyes.

—Page 42.

Her voice was a whisper and her round, sooty eyes looked wonderingly into his.

—Page 152.

Her round, sooty eyes held an expression of wonderment ...

—Page 165.

... she turned and lifted her face, sliding the glasses off, and looking up at him with round, sooty eyes.

—Page 180.

Her lips were parted and her sooty eyes were wide open ...

—Page 186.

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Switzerland*

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who can afford
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THE RACE TRACK

Repeater



PERHAPS it's just as well that racing ended at Bowie last Saturday; it was getting monotonous. Watching Auditing win the Bryan and O'Hara Memorial, you had a feeling you'd seen it all before. As a matter of fact, Auditing did beat practically the same runners the previous Saturday, in the Prince George Autumn Handicap. This time, however, instead of winning in the last few strides, he led most of the way, ticking off old Three Rings, who was in more of a running mood than he had been for weeks. On the other hand, Inseparable and Oil Capitol—especially Oil Capitol—ran too badly for words. As for the rest of it, the sun shone, and people bet like crazy—\$1,635,815, an all-time high for any one day at the track. Well, you couldn't blame them; it was their last chance in these parts till spring.

THE day before Bowie closed, Tropical Park started the season in Florida. (My word, I can hardly believe it's been twenty years, come Boxing Day, since Bill Dwyer opened the track near Coral Gables.) The meeting will continue through January 16th. Then there will be forty days at Hialeah, and after that, if you still have sand in your shoes, there'll be racing at Gulfstream Park till April 19th. And they'll be off and running at Santa Anita three days after Christmas.

AT the moment of writing, the horses who aren't going to winter quarters or to race at Charles Town, the gay little West Virginia merry-go-round that stays open through December 22nd, have moved on, some to Florida, some to Louisiana, and some to the Coast. C. V. Whitney's Counterpoint and C. T. Chenery's Hill Prince arrived at Santa Anita a fortnight ago, and were welcomed Hollywood style.

HORSES travel more than they used to. On short trips, they ride in motor vans; on long ones they go by rail in horse cars or, in a pinch, in box-cars. (They go by plane, too.) The horse cars generally have eighteen stalls, arranged in six sections of three stalls each. Sometimes two or three trainers



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chip in to hire a horse car, but they seldom put more than fifteen animals in it, because some of the space is needed for fodder and stable gear. The number of men permitted to ride free (they water and feed the stock) depends on the number of horses; the railroad rule is, roughly, one man to two horses.

All week, I've been thinking of the elaborate shenanigans old racetrackers, who for one reason or another never seemed to have shipping money on get-away day, used to work out for flitting from one track to another. One of their favorite tricks was to look up a friend who had booked a horse car and get permission to build a hideaway (it was called a sweatbox, and that describes it exactly) in it. That part was easy, for some trainers have always been sympathetic toward anyone opposed to buying railway tickets. The sweatbox was something else again. It was concealed by bales of hay and straw, and boxes, trunks, and whatnot, but it was a pretty awful place to lie in, sometimes for the best part of a day. The sweater, as you might call him, had to get into his hole long before the train started and stay there until the coast was clear. Of course, he never knew at what moment brakemen might appear and toss him out on the right of way. Heigh-ho. These days, so many grooms and exercise boys drive their own motorcars that getting a lift is no problem. Besides, the railroads are fussier. So riding in a sweatbox is one of those vanishing occupations like making buggy whips and painting shaving mugs.

LIFE isn't all beer and skittles for bookmakers in England, even though they have no stamp tax to worry about. It seems that a church over there has been giving out tips on horses to the contributors to its school-building fund. Well, seven of the first eight tips clicked—the last at 8 to 1, if you please—and the layers of the odds are annoyed no end. If anyone cares, this department hopes the building fund will be oversubscribed, and bows admiringly to the anonymous tipster.

—AUDAX MINOR

Mr. Attlee, who opened the debate, said: "This certainly is one of the thinnest Royal speeches from the throne I have ever seen."

"This certainly is one of the thinnest Royal speeches from the throne that I have ever seen" he continued.—*London Evening Standard*.

You needn't talk, Attlee.

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YOU'VE SAID IT ALL!



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That French perfume in the Lalique apple, 25.00 and 14.50. New apple purse-flacon, 4.50. Eau de Toilette, 18.00 to 2.25. Plus tax

TELEVISION

Salute



EDWARD R. MURROW, an experienced hand at radio news, has turned his talents to television, and the result—a program called “See It Now,” over C.B.S. on Sunday

afternoons from three-thirty to four—has so far been nothing short of spectacular. Mr. Murrow’s contribution (and that of Fred W. Friendly, his co-producer) is long overdue, since the presentation of news on television has been for the most part uninspired and unimaginative. Generally, a television news program starts with a picture of some clean-cut young fellow seated stiffly behind a large desk, like a junior credit manager. A wooden nameplate, resting on the desk, faces the audience and identifies the speaker. The speaker reads out a few brisk items of timely interest (in a voice fraught with significance), shows a few brief newsreel shots, has a nice word or two or three to say about good old Humpty Dumpty inner tubes, reads out a few more items, and says good night. Little effort has been made to explore, much less utilize, the almost limitless powers of the television camera. Well, along comes Mr. Murrow, and in the nick of time, to save the day for television news. His notion is basically a simple one—to present a coherent, intelligent, and thoughtfully selected résumé of the news of the preceding week, and to perform this function in terms of the remarkable new medium in which he is working. After watching his programs, I have nothing but admiration for the care and preparation that have gone into them. For one thing, he is wise enough to understand that the items in a weekly news summary thirty minutes long must be chosen in a high-handed, arbitrary fashion. He has reached the healthy conclusion that since he cannot include everything that has happened in the whole wide world, he will present only the things that interest him most, and that he will let each one take up as much or as little of his allotted time as he, the editor of the thing, deems fit. For another, he has struck a judicious balance between “live” shots of events happening as they are shown and pictures taken during the week preceding the program.

Mr. Murrow habitually opens his program with a view of himself and several assistants and technicians in Studio 41 at C.B.S., and then branches

out across the globe. Facing him are two television screens, and it is on one of these that the pictures turn up; a camera moves in on one of them until it becomes the sole thing pictured, filling the screen at home. A week ago Sunday, Mr. Murrow picked up a phone and got in touch with someone in Boston, and in a flash we were watching an open house taking place right then and there aboard the frigate Constitution, in the Charlestown Navy Yard, in Boston Harbor. Hundreds of children were clambering over the old ship and gaping at the sights. Mr. Murrow’s cameramen did not attempt to hurry the proceedings. An elderly sailor, standing near Old Ironsides’ wheel, began reciting Oliver Wendell Holmes, in the authentic tones of the bean and the cod. “Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!” he cried. “Long has it waved on high. And many an eye has danced to see that banner in the sky.” The camera moved among a group of youngsters, stopping here and there before some conspicuous gum-chewers, then shifted its focus to a ship in the harbor that was being prepared for anti-submarine work in the Pacific, took in some military aircraft flying overhead (“Nail to the mast her holy flag, set every threadbare sail,” the sailor was saying), and moved on to a hazy, long-distance shot of Old North Church. Within a matter of minutes, we had been given, quietly, graphically, and effectively, a sense of the Boston of yesterday and today, we had viewed an episode taking place hundreds of miles away, and we had had a taste of what can be done with a television camera in understanding hands.

Following the Boston sequences, Mr. Murrow devoted his program to a number of men who have been mentioned as possible candidates in the forthcoming Presidential handicap. The pictures, recorded on film during the week, were humdingers. Mr. Murrow showed us General MacArthur speaking in Norfolk, Virginia, his mother’s birthplace. The old soldier was buttoned up to the ears in the familiar trench coat, and his face was a study in intensity and sternness. “The Rebel yell and the sound of ‘Dixie’ have been in my ears since birth,” he said with extreme solemnity. We saw General Eisenhower reviewing troops in Bremerhaven during a downpour; he cut his remarks short because, he said, he felt that the best thing he could do for the troops was to let them get in out of the rain. We saw Harry



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Truman speaking at a banquet, and heard him tell a story about a blue uniform he had once worn, when he was a child, to his grandmother's house. "Harry, that's the first time since 1865 that a blue uniform has been in the house," she had told him. "Don't bring it here any more." Once again, Mr. Murrow had turned the trick, and by wise selection of his material had given us a rather startling insight into the personalities of the three men.

Almost half of "See It Now" that week consisted of a pictorial record of a recent pre-campaign tour made by Senator Taft through the South and the Southwest. He had set himself a grueling schedule, and Mr. Murrow's cameramen had followed him, like bloodhounds, to airfields, breakfasts, lunches, dinners, big and little meetings, reception lines, and press conferences. We watched the Senator greeting hundreds of strangers, giving each of them a firm handclasp and a reserved, statesmanlike smile. We heard him telling a group of newsmen that he would "of course" support Senator McCarthy if the Senator received the Republican nomination for Senator in Wisconsin. We heard him saying that he was for states' rights. We heard him telling an anecdote in Biloxi about his father, the Taft who *became* President—that his father always said that the South would do everything but vote for him. We heard him repeating the anecdote, word for word, in New Orleans. In short, we watched the complexity and the rigors of campaigning, the building up of good will, the attempt of a candidate to get votes, votes, votes. The program closed with a brief live interview with Mr. Taft, who was photographed in Cincinnati, where he had been watching the earlier portion of the program. The candidate was noncommittal about several matters, but he did concede that television would play a large role in all future campaigns. I have a hunch that "See It Now" will play quite a role of its own. —PHILIP HAMBURGER

REMARKS WE DOUBT A
BRITISH READER WILL EVER MAKE
[From "Childbirth Without Fear," by
Grantly Dick Read; Heinemann, London]

Such an aura of beauty has filled the whole atmosphere of the room, and such superhuman loveliness has swept over the features of the girl whose baby is crying in her hands, that I wonder if I am right in my stolid abstinence from spiritual participation. "Strange talk," my reader may remark, "from fourteen stone of Norfolk brawn."

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LETTER FROM PARIS

NOVEMBER 29

THIS has been a fortnight in Western Europe when there was so much talk about so many important things in so many languages that you could hardly hear yourself think. In Paris, Rome, and Strasbourg, there have been what sound like decisive talks in French, Italian, English, German, and maybe, for the Benelux folk, Walloon. In the old days, international talk was conducted in one language, French, because it was considered exact and witty, and because all diplomats and national rulers supposedly spoke it. Also, the important international

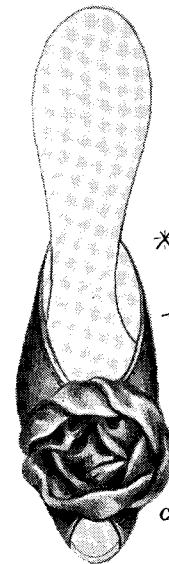
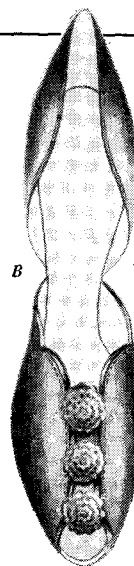
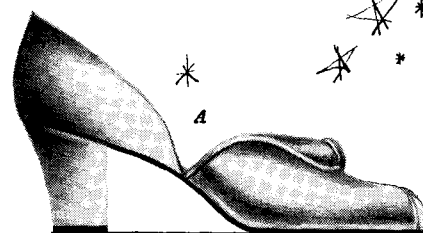


meetings, held in palace salons, were small, so everybody could hear what was being said. And everybody involved was apparently able to remember the gist of what had been said at the last meeting, usually years before; it was almost invariably about settling a war that was difficult to forget. Today, the international talks, which, amid talks of speeding up armaments, are mostly concerned with preserving the peace, are conducted by crowds of talkers, in pretty close to every major language on earth. It is a small, garrulous world we live in, with interpreters provided for every international meeting, so that no spoken nuance, regretful disagreement, new idea, or lost hope can escape being presented to all, if not always comprehended by many. Ever since the Nuremberg trials, we have had at our international meetings interpreters sitting in their glass boxes like sibyls, dividing the auguries into different languages, and passing them on to us like revelations through our little, modern ear-muff telephone receivers. Today, the interpreter service at the international congregations is so nearly perfect and so automatic that everyone present can know what is said, even though without listening he can be fairly sure it is something that disagrees with what was said by the speaker who came just before and with what will be said immediately after. At the current session of the United Nations General Assembly, in the Palais de Chaillot, a Yugoslav delegate has just talked three hours without stopping against the Russians, all the while being translated into Chinese, one of the several official tongues. The United Nations speeches, as if designed to make the inevitably dulling

result of translation easier, have been lacking in any richness of thinking or phrase, even any noble oratory, that might rouse and strengthen us all. The steady listeners at the Palais de Chaillot—the delegates, journalists, and addicted visitors—finally develop on their faces that private, restful look of the slightly deaf, who have given up the habit of listening attentively, since they know they cannot possibly catch it all anyway. Every epoch of history has supplied characteristic portraits that show what people in the public eye were wearing. Significant portraits of such people in Western Europe today would show them wearing earphones.

In all the fortnight's welter of talk, only two brief, almost light remarks can be looked back on as heavy with portent. The first was spoken by General Dwight Eisenhower in Rome, where he had gone for the North Atlantic Council meeting of the twelve Western powers whose amalgamated army—especially if it could rest upon a United States of Europe—was his recent explicit plan for the Continent's defense and future shape. In the Eternal City, he said, *en passant*, "I am not eternal." In this, he pithily summed up his position as the Allied animator here and raised the question of who would take his place if his plans failed to go through, as they are now believed to have failed at Rome. The other light, prophetic remark was made by French delegate Paul Reynaud at Strasbourg, in the meeting of the Council of Europe's Consultative Assembly, where England's isolationism toward the Continent was summed up by him thus: "For the English there is their Parliament, then nothing, then some more nothing, and then there is God." For the multitude of Europeans who placed their hopes in the idea of a United States of Europe—and there is a multitude against it as impractical—it seems that that idea has been reduced to nothing by Sir David Maxwell Fyfe's declaration at Strasbourg that England will not back it or the European army or the European coal-and-steel pool. A recent morning *Figaro* just had time to announce "NEGATIVE RESULT FOR N.A.T.O. IN ROME" when the evening *Monde* came out with "THE REALIZATION OF EUROPEAN UNITY UP AGAINST SERIOUS RESISTANCE"—a lot of strong news

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to swallow and digest in twenty-four hours. The Paris *Herald Tribune* said that Eisenhower's cornerstone of his whole Atlantic defense forces and idea of a United Europe for Western rearmament was "in danger of bogging down in a morass of political futility." To some French, it seems that the England of the powerful British Empire, which held the balance of power over old Europe by managing it actively, now has perforce a new system of balance of power, obtained by passively having nothing to do with Europe, being too heavily preoccupied at home. In American Embassy circles here, both the Rome news and the Strasbourg news are considered winds that blow us no good.

THE weekly *Figaro Littéraire* has just enjoyed the honor of printing three long fragments of Marcel Proust's early writings, theretofore unpublished, and, indeed, unpublishable until recently, when his energetic niece and heir, Mme. Gérard Mante, finished piecing these and other bits together into nine hundred pages—precious old scraps, one might say, strangely used to make a brand-new garment for somebody deceased. This new opus, which is entitled "Jean Santeuil," the name given by Proust to himself as the observer in the chronicle, was written between 1898 and 1910 and is clearly a preliminary use of material he later transformed into the romantic and creative carved Gothicism that begins, under the shadow of the Cathedral of Chartres, with "Du Côté de chez Swann." As the opening of the unfinished, unorganized "Jean Santeuil," Proust wrote, "Can I call this book a novel? It is less perhaps and much more—the essence itself of my life. . . . This book was not written, it was reaped." The *Figaro* fragments constitute about a tenth of the work. The first two are like long short stories.

"En Bretagne," the first of the series, contains one forty-line sentence that, like a layer cake, predicts the complex and more refined *madeleine* teacake to come. The "Bretagne" fragment also features that familiar summer-hotel seascape to come, this time in an imaginary village called Kerengrimen, where Proust, his sensibilities already stretched out like a telescope toward the lives of the other guests, focusses on the fatal love story of a middle-aged writer called merely C., who is prophetically like the mature writer-to-be P. For, as Proust suffered from asthma and jealousy, C. suffers from phthisis, a psychosomatic

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accompaniment of jealousy in love, which is his actual malady and of which he cures himself, only to die of his physical illness.

The second story, "Un Amour de Jean Santeuil," is almost the real thing, is almost pure Proust. Here he is close to "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu"—adolescence in the Champs-Élysées gardens, where the tantalizing Gilberte is tentatively incarnated as Marie Kossichef, a maddening little Russian, where the servant Françoise is nowhere visible among the trees, but where a St. Germain duchess is visible. Proust's mother's bourgeois goodness has not yet been transfigured by her death, but her refusal to come to his room to kiss him good night when he was a boy, and his loneliness for her, which leads him to the miracle of hearing her voice over the long-distance telephone—these are there, though the literary style they were finally preserved in is absent. Proust's early style was rather like Flaubert's. The flamboyant Parisian style he derived, oddly, from Ruskin's "Bible of Amiens," from which English writers got so much less, had not yet been chiselled, just as Illiers, where his uncle lived, had not yet come to be called Combray but is called Etreuilles. However, all the elements of the anguished, carefully drawn-out Proustian life are there: the tempests of unrequited, jealous love, the slow, humid sufferings from rendezvous never kept, and the false, bright garden weather of elegant worldly life shining all around. "Un Amour de Jean Santeuil" is fascinating in its own right, and to Proust-lovers it is like an orchid plant, niched in the hothouse, and in leaf but not yet in bloom.

The third piece, "L'Affaire Dreyfus," must have cost Mme. Mante a lot of trouble to stick together. Its only coherence is the court reporting by Proust, then a young, well-to-do, observant Jew and genius, suffering both for the cause of justice and for the cause of race, who humbly carried sandwiches and a canteen of coffee to the Palais de Justice, where he daily attended the trial. From what he saw, he sketched his first really elaborate, full-length portrait. It was of the anti-Dreyfusard figure General de Boisdeffre, with his stiff leg, his shabby civilian topcoat, and his cheeks "embroidered with red like certain mosses covering autumn walls." Proust gave far less to his picture of the martyred Colonel Picquart, whose truthfulness saved the Dreyfus cause, seeing him only as a gallant spahi, dismounted and without weapons,

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walking into the ambush of the law.

A wealth of fascinating early Proust photographs has embellished the fragments in "*Le Figaro*." With book-publishing costs mounting—there has just been a printers' strike for higher wages—it is too much to hope that they will be included in the forthcoming volume of the complete work.

THE Spaniard Luis Buñuel has made a terrible and remarkable Mexican film, "*Los Olvidados*" ("The Forgotten Ones"), which is now being shown in the Vendôme theatre. His Surrealistic "*Un Chien Andalou*," of 1929, and "*L'Age d'Or*," of 1930, have not been forgotten—a long time to be remembered in the celluloid world. "*Los Olvidados*" plays to a packed house at every showing. Its brutality is less horrible than the brutality of Buñuel's Surrealistic films, for, as he states on the screen, "there is nothing imagined in this film. It is all merely true." The adolescent gangsters whose struggles and destinies constitute his story beat each other to death out of sincerity, hate, fear, lawlessness, and hunger, instead of committing murder as an act of sadistic, Surrealistic poetry. "*Los Olvidados*" was made in Mexico City slums with mostly nonprofessional young actors whose talent lies in their simplicity, their obedience to brilliant direction, and their familiarity with violence. Screen credits say the film was made with assistance from the Mexican government and from juvenile-prison experts, willing to show the worst in the hope of reforming it. It is a drama of Mexico City dead-end kids and of poverty—of a peasant boy whose father brought him to town in order to abandon him, a city boy who could be saved from crime if his work-worn mother had time to love him, an appetizing little neighborhood girl, and the Lucifer and organizing genius of them all, Jaibo, a stripling just old enough to have served his first prison term. Everybody becomes involved in everybody else's poverty, crime, hunger, and lust. Jaibo turns his gang into thieves, murders a workman he thinks denounced him, murders a boy whose mother he has just seduced, and is himself shot by the police. A blind beggar they all had stoned and robbed ends the film by cursing youth to death before it has been born. "*Los Olvidados*" is a fearful Mexican version of the Italian "*Shoe-Shine*." In photography and direction, it is frightening and flawless. Whatever the plodding movie tasks are that Buñuel has been working on over the past twenty years, they have given

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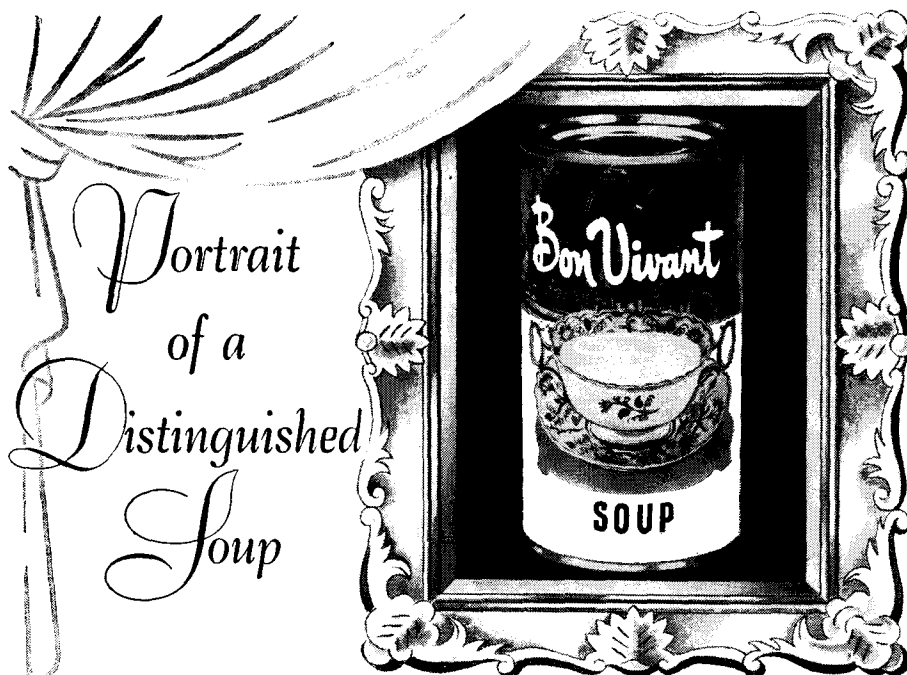
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him mastery of two techniques—that of dramatic narrative and that of documentary realism.

GENERAL DE GAULLE'S R.P.F. Party has been worrying all the French who did not vote for him last June by its silence—by the fact that although it has the greatest number of Assembly seats, it has done little with them. At a recent three-day R.P.F. caucus on future policy in Nancy, where public speeches were made, the General and his right-hand man, André Malraux, both spoke without soothing anybody. Malraux received an ovation for describing the General as "the single figure toward which one day all the humiliated French will turn—all the innumerable humiliated French of yesterday and the awesome crowd of those humiliated yesterday." (Many of the French literati think that since Malraux has taken up politics and art and ceased writing novels, he has gone to pot.) The General himself said, "Because the Americans give us arms, we do not have to be their subjects." He also spoke against the creation of a united European army before there should be a politically united Europe, and was hostile to the Schuman Plan for the European coal-and-steel pool. He made it clear that his R.P.F. deputies would fight both these pillars of French foreign policy when they come up soon in the Assembly. "It is probable that under the formidable pressure of events, common sense and patriotism will lead others onto the road that we have taken," the General said. "I declare that we are not inclined to refuse any helping hand. We aim at serving the country but certainly not at having a monopoly on good ideas or good actions. At any moment, we are ready to study with others means for pulling the country together. But as far as we are concerned, being what we are, with our mission what it is, a search for those means could be accomplished only in the name and by the mandate of the entire R.P.F." He also called for constitutional changes that would strengthen the executive branch of the government and his party's position in the Assembly. So now the French know the General means to do one of two things with his dominant party. In a new turn in policy, he means to support any political party that agrees with him and he means, as he has been understood to mean in the past, to take the leadership of the Assembly, if he is given enough power so that the other parties, hot or cold, would *have* to agree with him.

—GENET



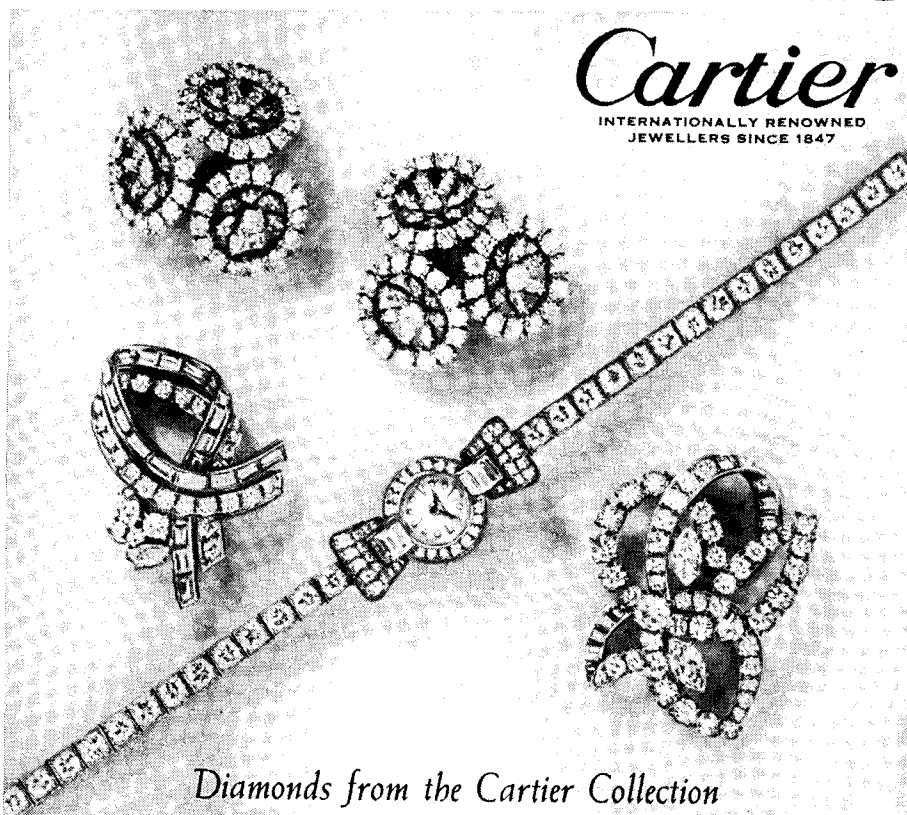
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A HALF HOUR WITH LONGFELLOW

WHEN I was an eighth-grade pupil in Broad Street Grammar School in Providence, during the Presidency of the first Roosevelt, the class put in a lot of time with Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Miss Mape, our teacher, was one of the most dedicated Longfellow disciples in the whole of Rhode Island. She had actually met Longfellow when she was a very little girl, she told us. (I mentioned this tremendous conjunction to my father, and he said that Longfellow must have been a very little boy at the time.) Miss Mape seemed to have memorized everything Longfellow ever wrote. If a pupil, standing before the class, was reciting a fragment of the canon and got a word wrong, she would, without referring to a book, fetch him up short, and if he got three words wrong, she made him sit down, like a pitcher who has been touched for three hits in a row.

Seated at her desk one morning, Miss Mape started giving us an account of Longfellow's life, which she was able to reconstruct on a practically minute-by-minute basis. (Earlier in the term, it had come as something of a surprise to us that poets had lives; we had thought they merely had poems.) At the outset, Longfellow lived in an ivory tower, but later there were two occasions on which, doubtless in some trepidation and wearing his best suit, he had stepped forth into the daylight. He had been twice married, Miss Mape told us. His first wife, she went on to explain, died while they were travelling in Holland, and his second in her own home, when a lighted match, which she was using to melt sealing wax, set her dress on fire. Miss Mape dwelt at length on these tragedies, and by the time she was through, the whole class was feeling quite mournful about the author of "Hiawatha." She could hardly have helped sensing our depression, since it filled the room, along with, I am afraid, that electric tickle of excitement that most people experience when disaster strikes somebody else. She evidently decided to reduce the emotional charge by suggesting a line of thought that might lead to discussion.

"Why," she asked the class, "did

Longfellow grieve so deeply when his second wife died?"

This seemed to me at the time, as it has ever since, a singularly fatuous query, but it got results. Ernest Greer's wart-covered hand shot up at once—the last hand any of us, Miss Mape included, would have expected to see raised in presage of volunteered information.

"Yes, Ernest?"

"Because he couldn't have another one."

Across the room went a ripple of titers. It might have been outright laughter if any of us had been sure that Ernest was just guessing and not actually speaking gospel.

Nathan Hesselmeier flung his right arm aloft and waved it vigorously. Nathan was the sort of person whose delight it is to open up and explore fresh paths of inquiry. Whatever he had to contribute, it was likely to be in the nature of a diversion, and Miss Mape needed a diversion.

"Yes, Nathan?" she prompted with a smile.

"Is that right, Miss Mape? A person—a man, I mean—could only marry two times?"

Miss Mape was annoyed. Nathan had jumped out of character.

"A man is entitled to marry as many times as he chooses," said Miss Mape, "other things being equal."

"What things?" asked Nathan.

Miss Mape frowned, but she couldn't, in fairness, do anything more. She had got into this briar patch all by herself, and, besides, Nathan was not being frivolous; he never was.

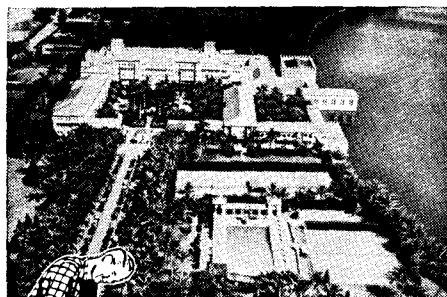
"A man can have only one wife at a time," said Miss Mape patiently. "You know that, don't you, Nathan? You know the law tells us that?"

"Sure," said Nathan. "Here the law says that, but back in the Bible it didn't."

"We're not back in the Bible," said Miss Mape tartly. "We're here in Rhode Island."

"All right, Miss Mape, so here in Rhode Island a man can only have one wife at a time, but if he minds the rules, then can he have another wife and then another and then another—like





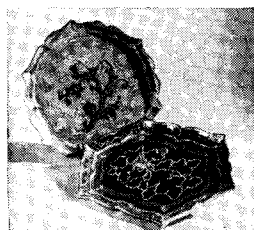
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that—if they all die or something?"

"Yes, in theory."

"I don't mean like that," said Nathan. "I mean for really. Who ever had the most wives here in Providence? I don't mean back in Bible times, either."

"I have no idea, Nathan," said Miss Mape in complete exasperation. "You'll have to inquire at the City Hall. Possibly they have figures of that sort. The point I am trying to make is that Longfellow could have married again if he had wanted to. Do you understand that?"

"Yessum," said Nathan, subdued for the moment.

ERNEST GREER now had his hand in the air again.

Miss Mape studied it with palpable dismay. But, whatever her faults, she never ignored a pupil's plea for recognition. "Yes, Ernest?"

"Do you mean he didn't see any new lady he liked?"

"I mean nothing of the sort," said Miss Mape. "Longfellow was fifty-four years old when his second wife died." She seemed to want to get that remark back, but it was too late. Nathan's right arm was windmilling again. "Yes, Nathan?" She placed both hands at the edge of her desk, bracing herself for the expected jolt.

"Old Man Watrous, I mean Mr. Watrous that has the paper store the other side of Broad Street—well, he just got married, and my father says he's seventy almost."

"Yes, Nathan, but he doesn't write poetry."

"I know he don't—doesn't—but maybe he sells other people's. I bet he would have Longfellow's poems."

Miss Mape clutched greedily at this straw.

"I certainly hope so," she said. "It may one day be possible to buy a copy of Longfellow as easily as it is to buy a newspaper or a trashy novel today. When that time comes, every home in the country can have its own library of the very best literature, and Longfellow will be high on that list. Well, so much for that. Then, after the death of his second wife, Longfellow started to make a translation of Dante, the great Italian poet. He—"

Another hand was in the air, a hand daintier than either Nathan's or Ernest's. It belonged to Marian Bristow. She was, as we all knew, conceited, spoiled, supercilious, and selfish, and catty beyond her years. But she was also the eighth grade's star pupil, a bright girl who wanted to know everything and

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probably someday would. Miss Mape beamed.

"Yes, Marian?"

"How long was it after Longfellow's first wife died before he married the second?"

Miss Mape had never scowled at Marian, but she came close to scowling at her now. Two desks behind Marian sat a girl named Lucy Hamlin, whose mother had died some six months earlier, after an illness of two years, and within three months Lucy's father had married the housekeeper who had taken care of his home while his wife was sick. The incident had assumed the proportions of a major scandal, and the adult community had buzzed with it. The buzzing had been so loud and prolonged it had, inevitably, reached the ears of the children, and we had all talked about the Decent Interval, not because we had any real views on it but because it was a grown-up thing to talk about.

Miss Mape looked at Marian for several seconds before she answered. She was probably wondering, as we all were, whether Marian was just asking for information or whether there was a spiteful purpose behind her question. "The first Mrs. Longfellow died in 1835," Miss Mape said, sticking to the dates, as though she hoped they would carry her through, "and he remarried in 1843."

"Eight years," mused Marian in a tone that set the stamp of respectability on the union.

From Lucy Hamlin's desk came a smothered sob. Lucy's head was cradled miserably in her arms. A hush of embarrassment settled over the room and lent volume to the sobs that followed.

If Marian Bristow had thereupon given the slightest sign of contrition, the class would have let her have the benefit of the doubt. Instead, she gazed out the window with elaborate primness. So we knew.

Miss Mape looked at Lucy's bowed head, glanced at Marian, then back at Lucy. Miss Mape at this point not only had lost all interest in both of Longfellow's marriages but would have been perfectly happy if his father and mother had never met.

IT was Nathan Hesselmeyer who came to everybody's rescue. In his zeal to help, he omitted the formality of raising his hand.

"Miss Mape, you didn't say where I should go in the City Hall—what office, I mean. Would it be the Board of Health? Assessors? Collector of Taxes? Those are the only ones I know anything about."

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"Why, Nathan," said Miss Mape, smiling delightedly, "I'm sure that's more than most of us know about the City Hall. How many of you have ever been inside Providence City Hall?"

Two hands went up. One, Ernest Greer's, was quickly withdrawn. "I thought you said how many of us ever seen it. Excuse me, Miss Mape," he said. The other hand, Nathan's, remained high in triumph.

"Suppose you tell us about it, Nathan," said Miss Mape, and Nathan began a lively, personally conducted lesson in civics that was still going strong ten minutes later, when the dismissal bell mercifully clanged in the corridor.

That day, luckily, was a Friday. On Monday, the eighth grade took up the works, eventually followed by the life, of John Greenleaf Whittier, who, by personal inclination and the grace of God, was a lifelong bachelor.

—JOHN T. WINTERICH

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The smart Four Hundred scattered long ago,

Cotillions under crystal chandeliers
Before his time but not beyond his tears,
And days when Mrs. Astor's golden name

Touched Ward McAllister's to gilded fame.

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Grows yellow with a faint, funereal smell.

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Somewhat poetical but not offensive,
Until he chose a course that, as a rule,
Is left to women and to ridicule:

Social ambition, to whose shaky rung,
Quite high, but not quite high enough,
he clung.

Now silhouetted in the sunset casement,
He will not make his bow of self-effacement

Until he's summoned to that last cotillion

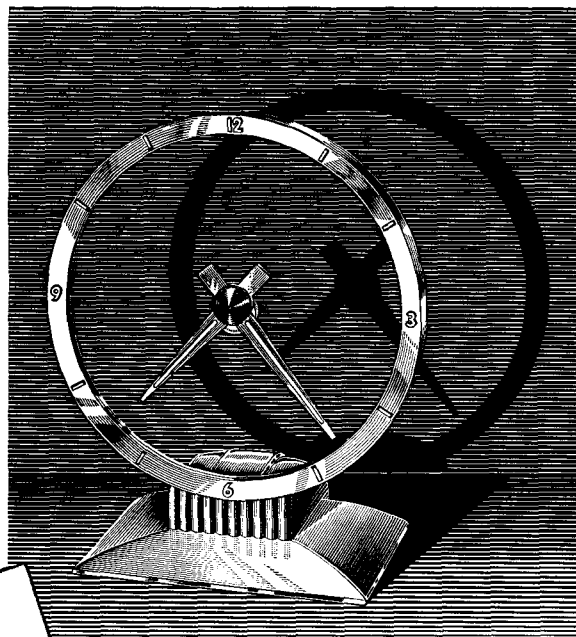
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BOOKS

Ambrose Bierce on the Owl Creek Bridge

THERE is as yet no book on Ambrose Bierce that can really be said to come to grips with its prickly and puzzling subject. "Ambrose Bierce: The Devil's Lexicographer," by Paul Fatout (University of Oklahoma Press), has a certain importance for students of Bierce, because it contains new information, but it is otherwise a pretty bad book, written in a species of provincial journalese and characterized by a badgering and boorish tone that cheapens such distinction as Bierce possesses. Here is a typical sentence: "Convinced that things had gone to pot in California and that family and friend George [Sterling] were prey to *ists* and *isms*, Ambrose was a lost generation of one, his feet unsteady on shifting sands." Mr. Fatout's familiarity is of a kind that would have made Bierce bristle. The members of Bierce's family are always, for example, referred to as if they were relatives of the author or inhabitants of his home town: "In camp," we read, "he found his land legs . . . talked contentedly to brother Grizzly . . . and became better acquainted with nephew Carleton and his wife Lora. Uncle was much attached to both." The valuable chapters on Bierce's youth are confused with gratuitous assumptions: "Undoubtedly Laura [Bierce's mother] . . . recurrently, if vainly, prodded her undistinguished spouse." And even where Mr. Fatout is not pointing up the picture with neighborly knowingness, his style leaves its mark on the facts. Of Mollie Day, whom Bierce married, he writes, "Still, while her life was enfolded in plush, she had enough spunk not to be smothered."

On the positive side, Mr. Fatout has considerably cleared up the circumstances of Bierce's early life, which Bierce himself kept rather dark. Bierce is said to have once told a friend that his parents were "unwashed savages," but this was an exaggeration. The family were New Englanders from Barnstable, Massachusetts, of the tough seventeenth-century stock, who had eventually reached Indiana by way of Connecticut and Ohio. Though Ambrose's father, Marcus Aurelius, was evidently an unsuccessful farmer, whose large family enjoyed few advantages, he had, on his son's own admission, enough English classics in his bookcase to give Ambrose a sound taste in literature and to inspire

him with literary ambition; and Ambrose's paternal uncle, Lucius Verus, was a man of some local eminence as an orator and a soldier—he attained the rank of general and the office of district attorney—who arranged to have his nephew sent to a military academy in Kentucky. This much was already known, but Ambrose's break with his family had always had the effect of making him appear, even more than Poe in Mallarmé's poem, a meteorite fallen to earth from the shock of some "obscure disaster." Mr. Fatout has visited the various Indiana towns in which Bierce lived as a boy and is able to describe the site of the family farm and to supply, from the memories of neighbors and the files of the rural press, some very prosaic detail on the household from which Bierce was so glad to escape and the combined saloon, ice-cream parlor, restaurant, and general store in which he at one time worked. The book contains interesting photographs of Bierce's mother and father—the former looking plain and strong-minded, the latter with what seems a touch of his son's blond unearthliness—and of Ambrose in his Civil War uniform, a fierce-eyed and frowning young lieutenant, with a thick crest of hair and a shaggy mustache.

But the life by Carey McWilliams,

published in 1929—"Ambrose Bierce: A Biography"—is still the best book on Bierce. It both does Bierce himself more justice and shows him in a larger perspective. As Mr. Fatout, in tracing his subject's career and even in quoting from his writings, manages to give the impression that Bierce was little more than an overrated columnist, whose personal life was sordid and whose pretensions were mostly absurd, so the Bierce of Mr. McWilliams is always a dignified figure, who commands admiration and sympathy. Mr. Fatout does have, however, one advantage over Mr. McWilliams. Mr. McWilliams speaks with scorn of the notion that Bierce was a "sadistic-masochistic" type and tries to show that his obsession with death, his addiction to gruesome ideas, were not the inevitable products of experience and personality but the results of an arbitrary choice of the Gothic tradition in literature. There is, of course, no such thing as an arbitrary choice of subject, and Mr. Fatout understands that Bierce's horrors have to be accounted for in other terms. He shows that these preoccupations must have preceded the Civil War, in which Bierce saw a good deal of carnage and received a serious wound in the head, since Bierce put on record in later life a significant dream he had had at the





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age of sixteen. He had imagined himself, "heartless and hopeless," passing over a "blasted and forbidding plain" and arriving at a gigantic building with "columns of cyclopean masonry," in which, as he wandered through its empty halls, in "awful solitude, conscious of a seeking purpose, yet knowing not what I sought," it was revealed to him that both God and the human race had been "long ages dead," and where he finally entered a room in which he found on a bed a "dreadfully decomposed" body, with black face and grinning lips, which slowly opened its eyes. "Imagine my horror . . . the eyes were my own! That vestigial fragment of a vanished race . . . that hateful and abhorrent scrap of mortality, still sentient after the death of God and the angels, was I!" Mr. Fatout believes that Ambrose, the youngest to come to maturity of a family of ten children, suffered acutely in childhood from the neglect of his mother and was permanently marked by the rigors of a Congregational home and the hell-fire of camp-meeting Methodism.

Now, it is probably true that the very ferocity with which Bierce played the Devil's advocate, as well as his readiness to castigate others—from a perfectly conventional point of view—as "wantons," liars, and thieves, and the curious puritanism that underlay his San Francisco rakishness, were due to a Calvinist background. But there are strange contradictions in Bierce that have never really been explained. You get closer to his personality in the memoir by Walter Neale—the "Life of Ambrose Bierce," also published in 1929—than in either of these biographies, for you there get a Boswellizing account of how Bierce looked and talked and behaved by an observant, if not very intelligent, man who knew him well in his Washington period, during the last twelve years of his life.

First of all, there is the disconcerting contrast between the unattractive impression that Bierce somehow usually produces when we read him or read about him, even in Mr. McWilliams' biography, and the attraction that he evidently exercised on those with whom he came in contact. He is said to have been conspicuously handsome: well built, of soldierly bearing, with a pink, fair complexion, golden hair, and blue eyes that fulgurated, to quote Mr. Neale, "terror, love, or hate." "Electric" and "vital" are words that come inevitably to those who knew him. Women were crazy about him, though his tastes seem to have been peculiar, for Neale tells us that his first mistress was seventy years

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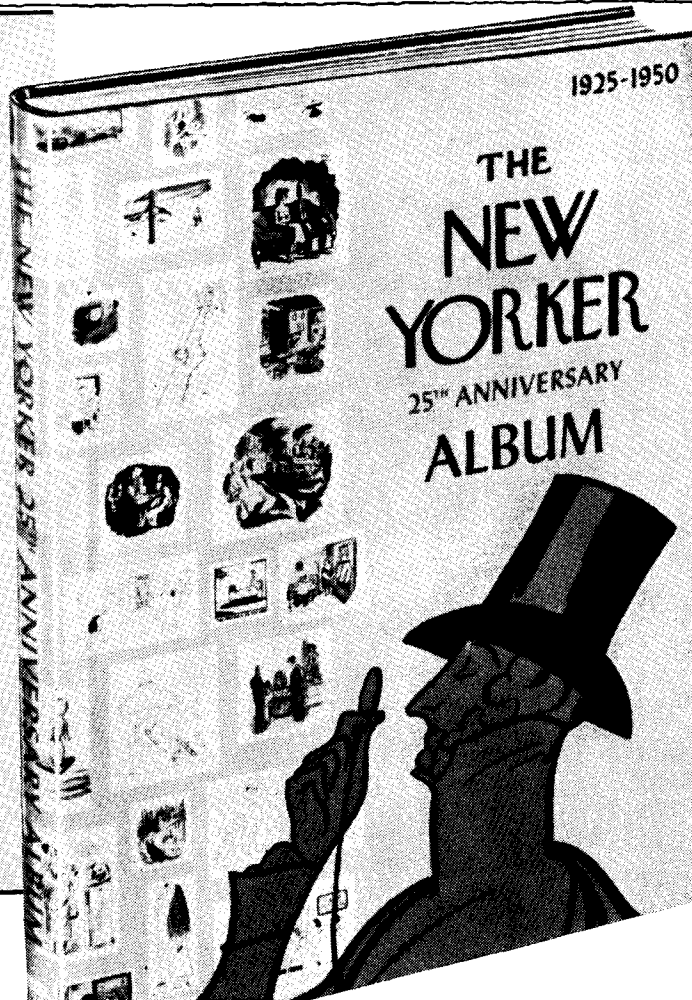
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old (a fact that Mr. Fatout explains—since Ambrose was fifteen at the time—by the need for a substitute mother), and says that “all those among Bierce’s *chères amies* whom I met personally were ugly, even repulsively so, and in every way unattractive.” The younger men who became his disciples were evidently hypnotized by him and fantastically overpraised his talent. And it is reported by several persons that he seemed to exert a magnetic power over the animals he kept as pets, and that by giving a “soft call” in the woods, “half a whisper and half a cry,” he could bring the birds to perch on his shoulders and hop about on his uplifted hands; yet there is no love of life in his writings, and barely a flush of responsive warmth toward any other human being. Of the sunlight and flowers and fruit, of the gaiety and good wine and good eating, of the love affairs and the friendships that Bierce enjoyed in and about San Francisco for something like thirty years, there is hardly a trace in his work. Even the best of his fiction is monotonous and almost monomaniacal in its impotent concentration on death, and the general run of his journalism seems to have been equally sterile and even more disagreeable in its monotony of personal abuse. Neale says that he never once heard Bierce laugh, that his pleasantries were usually unsmiling, and that his nearest approach to a smile was a “sardonic, macabre” expression that “would cause the onlooker to shiver slightly.” He is said to have “abhorred cruelty”—I am still quoting Neale—and to have shown himself “singularly compassionate;” his biographers cite many instances of his kindness and consideration. Yet the impression one gets from his journalism is that of a powerful impulse to denounce for the lust of destroying.

Though quite proof against bribe or threat, he never seems to have developed in this commentary, in relation to political and social problems, anything like a consistent point of view. It was characteristic of him that he should alternately contend, for example, that the unemployed were all incompetents who deserved to be left to their fate, and that the State ought to do something to help them. It is only as it were by accident—through the policy of the Hearst paper he worked for—that he for once found, in Collis P. Huntington, an adversary who merited his thunders: that he was able to perform a public service by exposing the devices resorted to by the Southern Pacific Railroad in order to avoid paying its debt to the govern-

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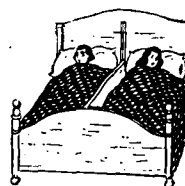
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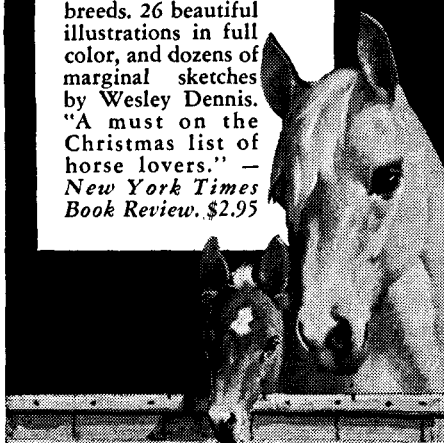
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ment, and, when Huntington tried to buy him off, asking him baldly to "name your price—every man has his price," to ring the gong with the resounding retort "My price is about seventy-five million dollars, to be handed to the Treasurer of the United States." His readiness not merely to insult public figures but also to break off relations with friends suggests that the impulse to wound was involved with a vulnerable pride. He separated from his wife, who he said was the only woman he had ever loved and who apparently still loved him, over some highfalutin letters from an admirer of hers with whom her relations are supposed to have been innocent. He never saw her again except at their son's funeral and once, by accident, later. The kind of revolting or violent death on which he was always brooding and which he finally sought for himself, he seems to have been able to send like a curse upon all who were closest to him. One of his sons, disappointed in love, shot his rival, the girl, and himself, killing himself and the other boy, and evoked from his father, when Bierce saw his body lying naked on a marble slab, the tribute "You are a noble soul, Day—you did just right." His other son died young of pneumonia, as the result of a rather disgraceful spree, after marrying a girl of whom Bierce disapproved and to whom the father refused to speak even at his son's funeral. He had the boy's body cremated and kept the ashes on his desk in a cigar box. He would not allow the graves of his children and his wife to be marked in any way. Of the two favorite pupils of his later years, George Sterling committed suicide and Herman Scheffauer killed his wife and himself. One of Bierce's last acts before his disappearance in Mexico was to send to the only one of his brothers with whom he had remained on good terms—at whose house he had made long visits when he returned to California from Washington—a letter "so harsh," wrote George Sterling, "that he [Albert Bierce] complained to me that it kept him from sleeping, and it may have hastened his death, for within five months he had suffered a stroke of apoplexy," though this may have been Bierce's strange way of trying to diminish the grief that he knew the affectionate Albert would feel at the news of his death.

WALTER NEALE says that Bierce was embarrassed all his life by his lack of formal education, that he dreaded "the man with the diploma" and "everybody, in whatsoever walk of

life, who had won renown—except persons many years his junior." (It may be that a similar principle was at work in his preference for unattractive women; here, also, he would be in the position of conferring the favors on *them* and need not fear competition.) It was evidently due to the need to make up for educational deficiency—as well as to the three years he spent as a professional journalist in England—that he developed the standards of purity of style that he carried to pedantic lengths. He abominated dialect literature and wanted to outlaw American colloquialisms. As Mencken says, "It never seems to have occurred to him that language, like literature, is a living thing, not a mere set of rules." It is the hand of death again. The best qualities of Bierce's prose are military—concision, severe order, and unequivocal clearness. His diction is the result of training and seems sometimes rather artificial. The soldier commands one's respect, but the unsatisfactoriness of Bierce's writing is partly due to the fact that the marble correctitude is a mask for a certain coarseness of feeling and intellect. It constitutes no real discrepancy that Neale should write of Bierce, "I should say that he was physically a perfect man," but that McWilliams, in remarking that "no one who ever saw Bierce could think him unimportant," notes that his features were "rather coarse." Bierce's case is the opposite of Mark Twain's, for the homeliness of the Mississippi pilot conveys the perceptions of a sensitive man. Bierce was aware of his crudeness, and it is plain from these books about him that he resolutely struggled against it. But there was something besides this that hobbled his exceptional talents—an impasse, a numbness, a void, as if some psychological short circuit had blown out an emotional fuse. The obsession with death is the image of this: it is the blank that blocks every vista; and the asthma from which Bierce suffered was evidently its physical symptom. McWilliams points out that though, as Neale insists, Bierce always seemed to have "the wholesome pink glow of perfect youthful health," he lived, with his periodic seizures, under a threat of suffocation. His writing—with its purged vocabulary, the brevity of the units in which it works, and its constricted emotional range—is an art that can hardly breathe.

Ambrose Bierce lacks the tragic dimension; he was unable to surmount his frustration, his contempt for himself and mankind, through work of great stature, like Swift's. Yet his life, like the best of

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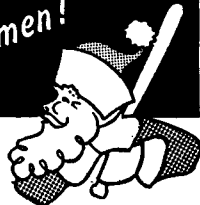
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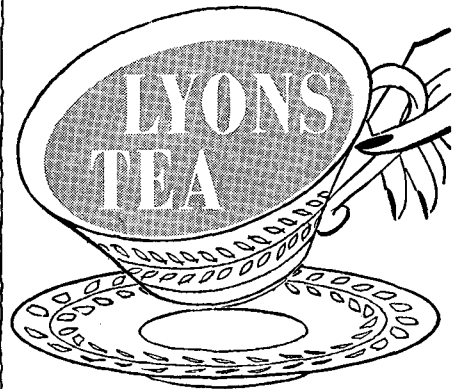
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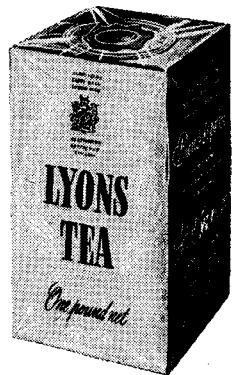
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his stories, rises at moments to a bitter nobility. It becomes very plain in these biographies that *Bierce's* only full self-realization came early, during his years as a soldier. He was the second man in his county to take the oath of enlistment in the spring of 1861, and the record of his bravery and energy, of which he himself did not boast, is to be found in the reports of his superiors. He was able, as a Union officer, to fight for a cause that was given him and that, cynically though sometimes in later life he expressed himself on the aims of the Civil War, he accepted in the candor of youth, and to live constantly—as he seems to have been predisposed from his adolescence, at least, to do—with the spectacle and the danger of death. He had three years of active service, between the ages of nineteen and twenty-two, and they evidently fixed his bent. "When I was in my twenties," he told someone later on, "I concluded one day that I was not a poet. It was the bitterest moment of my life." He finished, in the autumn of 1912, the labor of selecting and arranging the twelve volumes of his "Collected Works," which his friend *Walter Neale* was bringing out, and he announced that his "life's work" was done, that he was "definitely 'out of it'" now. He had already, at sixty, revisited the South and carefully retraced his campaigns. In a letter to a reunion of the veterans of his regiment, he wrote, in a nostalgic vein that was rather unusual with him, that if any of them should go again "in the hazy season," as he himself had just done, to the Cheat River region of West Virginia, he would find the "gracious mountains" and "sleepy valleys . . . all aflame with autumn foliage," and "I promise him sentiments that he will willingly entertain and emotions that he will care to feel. Among them, I fear, will be a haunting envy of those of his comrades whose fall and burial in that enchanted land he once bewailed." He went there again in 1907, to show it to *Percival Pollard*, and yet again in 1913, when he set out on his final journey. He travelled on from those old battlefields to Mexico, where another civil war was in progress, and, with credentials that procured him the privilege of accompanying *Villa's* army, he marched with it as "an observer" and so much impressed the soldiers by picking off one of the enemy with a rifle that they presented him with a sombrero. Nothing further was ever heard from him after the letter that told about this; he was presumably himself soon killed. Like the man in his famous story who was hanged

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THE NEW YORKER

LISTS AT THIS SEASON SOME BOOKS BY ITS CONTRIBUTORS PUBLISHED DURING THE YEAR

(All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these volumes first appeared in this magazine.)

The Villa Diana, by Alan Moorehead (Scribner, \$2.50).

A series of seven reports on Italy and on the remarkably resilient citizens of Florence, Portofino, Venice, Rome, Siena, Palermo, and even Cassino. The eighth, and last, piece in the book is a Profile of Poliziano, a Florentine poet and courtier of the Renaissance. Illustrations by Osbert Lancaster.

Traveller's Samples, by Frank O'Connor (Knopf, \$2.75).

A collection of short stories by a man who writes with a kind of dry affection about his fellow-countymen of Cork, Ireland, and the situations they get themselves into.

We Buy Old Gold, by George Price (Schuman, \$2.95).

Mr. Price's gritty and overstimulated types doing their best in the sorry scheme of things. The people who make up this cartoonist's peculiar fauna still preserve their quality of dynamic dowdiness and their knack of seeming frantic even in repose. Foreword by Robert M. Coates.

Parents Keep Out, by Ogden Nash (Little, Brown, \$2.75).

An anthology of "elderly poems for younger readers." Many of them have appeared in Mr. Nash's previous books, and all of them have been selected by him in the hope that they will entertain and, in a strange kind of way, enlighten his juniors. Drawings by Barbara Corrigan.

The Smoking Mountain, by Kay Boyle (McGraw-Hill, \$3.50).

Miss Boyle's impressions of life among the ruins of a defeated country occupied by its conquerors. There are eleven short stories in the book, all of them set in Germany. A factual description of the trial of a grisly Nazi official named Heinrich Baab serves as an introduction.

Fancies and Goodnights, by John Collier (Doubleday, \$4.00).

Fifty stories about the creatures—supernatural, moonstruck, and wryly sinister—of Mr. Collier's invention, who keep turning up in the most prosaic circles.

The Sea Around Us, by Rachel L. Carson (Oxford, \$3.50).

A book about the ocean, parts of which appeared as a Profile in this magazine. Miss Carson's seascape is composed of anecdotes, romantic legends, hypotheses, and innumerable hard facts. Drawings by Katherine L. Howe.

Ladies & Gentlemen, by Peter Arno (Simon & Schuster, \$3.50).

Mr. Arno, who has been depicting the simple pleasures of the well-heeled for twenty-five years, has selected about two hundred and fifty drawings from all the work he has done. In a foreword to the collection, he explains how his entente cordiale with the cartoon came about.

Many Are Called, by Edward Newhouse (Sloane, \$3.75).

These stories—forty-two of them—about hoboes, Air Force generals, housewives, and other disparate types add up to a pretty thorough survey of the American social scene from 1939 to 1950, when they were being published originally.

A Man Gets Around, by John McNulty (Little, Brown, \$2.75).

Articles, sketches, and reminiscences, all of which prove that Mr. McNulty can enjoy himself just as much in a ward at Bellevue, in a candy store in New England, and in various other places as he can on his regular beat along Third Avenue.

The Wonderful World of Toots Shor, by John Bainbridge (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.50).

A Profile of the volatile tavern keeper, with side views of a few of the baseball players, press agents, and Hollywood actors who reciprocate, as far as is humanly possible, his radiant feelings of Palship for them, and who make his restaurant on Fifty-first Street their headquarters whenever they happen to be in town. Drawings by Alan Dunn.

Bella, Bella Kissed a Fella, by Arthur Kober (Random House, \$2.75).

Further chronicles of Miss Bella Gross, of the Bronx, N.Y.—still unmarried and still determined, in spite of maternal pressure, to hold out for true love. Jacket illustration by Hoff.

The Finer Things of Life, by Frances Gray Patton (Dodd, Mead, \$3.00).

Stories about the agreeable inhabitants of a small Southern university town, who, it is clear, behave as sensibly or as foolishly as the inhabitants of this large Northern city, and for many of the same reasons. Illustrated by Garrett Price.

A Short Walk from the Station, by Phyllis McGinley (Viking, \$2.75).

An assortment of verses that deal, for the most part, with the pleasures (major) and the vexations (minor) of living in a suburb. Miss McGinley has also written a partisan introduction on the same subject. Illustrations by Roberta Macdonald.

Conclusive Evidence, by Vladimir Nabokov (Harper, \$3.00).

In this volume of recollections, Mr. Nabokov allows his readers to share—in part, at least—some of the wonder and beauty

and excitement of his childhood and youth in Russia, and some of the bewilderment and discomfort of his years of exile in England, France, and Germany after he left Russia in 1919.

"Oops! Wrong Party!" by Syd Hoff (Dutton, \$3.00).

Kitchen and parlor comedy in Hoff's earthy matriarchy, revolving on such basic family themes as the marriageable daughter, for whom each evening is both a crisis and an opportunity.

Open House, by James Reid Parker (Doubleday, \$2.75).

Twenty short stories and light essays, in most of which Mr. Parker dissects the more urbane brands of human absurdity that are his specialty. Drawings by Leonard Shorthall.

White Hopes and Other Tigers, by John Lardner (Lippincott, \$2.75).

A collection of Mr. Lardner's annals of the lives (semiprivate, fiscal, and professional) of Jack Johnson, Jack Dempsey, Luis Firpo, Gene Tunney, and a number of other heavyweights, and their guides and followers, who flourished between 1910 and 1930—high-spirited men all. Photographs.

True Tales from the Annals of Crime and Rascality, by St. Clair McKelway (Random House, \$3.00).

Twelve studies of some outlandish citizens and a few model ones. Mr. McKelway, having examined several specimens of each kind, seems to have made the heartening discovery that the main difference (though possibly not the only one) between people who enforce the law and people who bump up against it lies in the sort of work they have chosen to do for a living.

In the Absence of Angels, by Hortense Calisher (Little, Brown, \$3.00).

A collection of fifteen stories that range over the past thirty-odd years and even pry into the future. Miss Calisher explores themes as diverse as racial antagonism, the spiritual aftermath of a successful enemy attack on the United States, and the stresses and affections of a family of complex character and origin as seen from the maturing viewpoint of one of its younger members.

The New Yorker Twenty-fifth Anniversary Album (Harper, \$5.00).

A volume containing around a thousand pictures selected by the editors of this magazine from the many more thousands they have published in the past twenty-five years, and compiled and arranged with several considerations in mind, among them that of presenting a chronological once-over of the quarter century under commemoration.



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on the Owl Creek Bridge, he had had only, between war and war, a desperate dream of escape from an immutable doom of death. —EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE FARMERS HOTEL, by John O'Hara (Random House). John O'Hara is one of those writers for whom one gives thanks, because he never writes a line that isn't alive and talking. This new book of his is short, assured, and contrary. It is about a hotel in rural Pennsylvania, with a snowstorm going on outside and a few people trickling in, looking for a drink and something to eat. It's all wonderful, except for the odd, violent ending, which is where the contrariness comes in, and with which we will not quarrel, because, of course, it could easily have happened like that, and perhaps it did.

THE FORTUNE TELLERS, by Berry Fleming (Lippincott). A long, unhappy Southern novel, written on a very grand scale and in conscience-stricken tones of hurt and grievance, about a dangerous flood, an ancient injustice, and a middle-aged man in love with a married woman a good deal younger than himself. The flood ebbs, the ancient injustice turns into a new and greater injustice, and the love affair is still up in the air at the finish.

A TERRACE IN THE SUN, by Cecil Roberts (Macmillan). Mr. Roberts is a gentle but somewhat slovenly writer who enjoys happy endings. This story has several happy endings. The hero, a middle-aged English artist named Stephen May, finds that he can achieve happiness by giving comfort to others. His servant finds happiness in marriage. And an elderly English spinster, who was perfectly happy to begin with, finds herself feeling even better when she visits these people and sits in the bright sunshine of their terrace, which is attached to a nice little villa in Monte Carlo.

BEST STORIES FROM "NEW WRITING," selected by John Lehmann (Harcourt, Brace). A collection of stories from Mr. Lehmann's magazine, with a short, rather diffident introduction by the editor, a man of regrettably few words, who would have pleased us all if he had elaborated a little on the opinions he holds of his contributors and their work. What stands out most strikingly in



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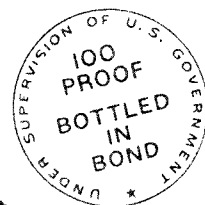
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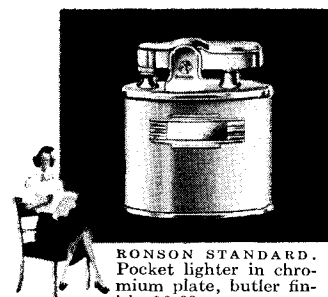
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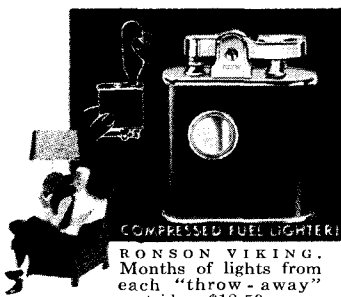
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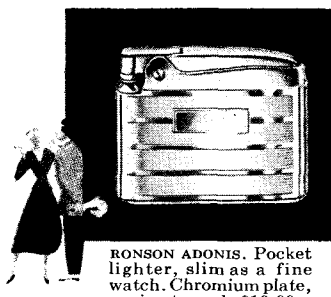
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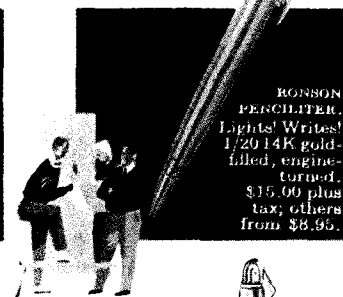
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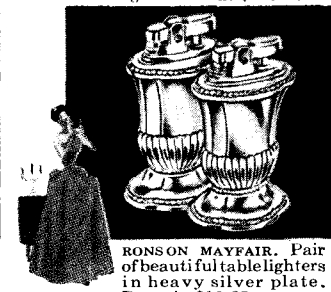
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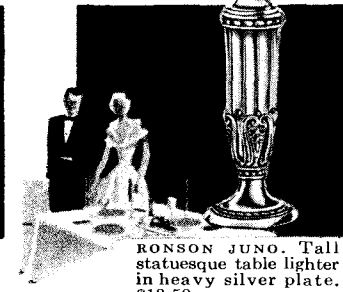
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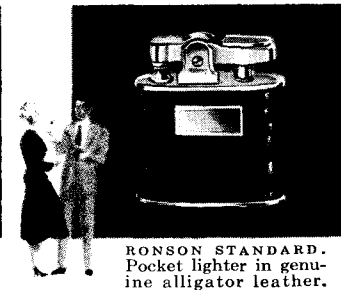
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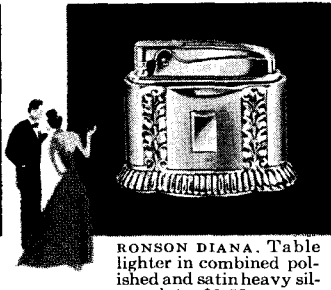
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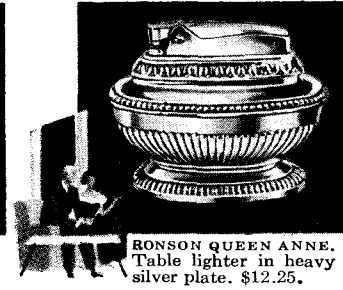
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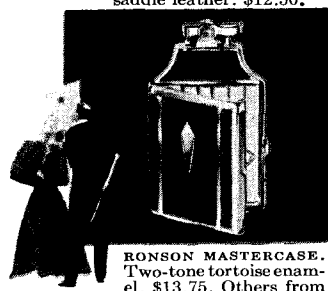
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the collection is the sense of each writer as an individual—a very good, reassuring impression of many minds working in their own ways and at their own speeds. The tone of the collection is intense and coherent but overwhelmingly mournful, which is not surprising, since most of the pieces come out of the war years. It is the sort of book to own and keep handy—a really satisfactory collection of short stories.

GENERAL

STRANGE LANDS AND FRIENDLY PEOPLE, by William O. Douglas (Harper). In the summers of 1949 and 1950, Mr. Justice Douglas, a Halliburton in robes, travelled extensively in the Middle East and, by passing up a number of tempting mountains, managed to gather quite a lot of local political gossip. His book is highly readable and highly informative, but it may be something less than the last word in political analysis. Although he deals with all the troubled countries that lie between Greece and India, he has almost as much to say about Iran as about all the other places put together; in view of recent news, this geographical imbalance is all to the good. One of the chief impressions one gets from the book is that if the peoples of the Middle East have fared badly at the hands of Europeans, it is nothing compared to how they have fared at the hands of their own rulers. Some of the Justice's stories about Persian man's inhumanity to Persian man had better be read a good while before bedtime.

CLOSING THE RING, by Winston S. Churchill (Houghton Mifflin). This is Volume V of Mr. Churchill's history of the Second World War; its theme, or subtitle, is "How Nazi Germany Was Isolated and Assailed on All Sides." Beginning with the conquest of Sicily and the first fall of Mussolini, the author traces the progress of the war in the West down to the capture of Rome and the eve of Overlord, the assault on the French coast, when he sat in a map room after the invasion ships had started out and exulted in the impending doom of the Hitler tyranny. In this volume, one gets the feeling of a more relaxed, if equally occupied, statesman, for by 1943 Mr. Churchill seems to have felt he had the war well in hand—the Battle of the Atlantic was resolved, the Russians were sweeping out the German in-

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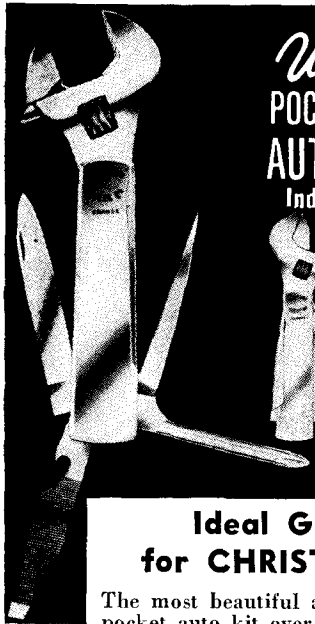
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vaders, the United States war machine was running at full clip, and Englishmen could sleep nights without nightmares of invasion. The book is therefore less tense and dramatic than its predecessors, but it is no less magnificent in breadth and style.

MASTER PLAN U.S.A., by John Fischer (Harper). A brisk survey of American foreign policy by one of our most literate and thoughtful journalists. Mr. Fischer wrote his book, he implies, because he feels that the government has been doing a slipshod job of interpreting its own actions. There is nothing slipshod about Mr. Fischer's job, though occasionally he seems a bit uncertain as to whether he is addressing himself to a man who hasn't cracked a newspaper in five years or to a devoted reader of *Foreign Affairs*. But popularization is a notoriously difficult business, and Mr. Fischer shows himself to be one of its abler practitioners. There is probably no more lucid and intelligent analysis of the current American position available. Mr. Fischer's most notable success, perhaps, is his defense of the proposition that time is on our side in the cold war. This is the basic premise of American policy. If it is unsound, we are left with preventive war or appeasement as the only conceivable alternative. If it is sound, "containment" makes considerable sense. Mr. Fischer does a stirring job of arguing its essential soundness.

THE YENAN WAY, by Eudocio Ravines (Scribner). A sort of *mea culpa* by a man who was until recently one of the top Communist organizers in South America. Mr. Ravines, a Peruvian, studied his peculiar art in the same Comintern schools in Moscow that Klement Gottwald and Mao Tse-tung attended. He was one of the major figures in the South American Bureau of the Comintern and was very active in the Spanish Civil War. It was while he was on Comintern duty in Spain that he began to lose faith in the world revolution and in revolutionists, and began to see Stalin for what he is, rather than as the workers' messiah. (Mr. Ravines claims that the Russians, like the Germans and Italians, used Spain as a testing ground for their weapons; as soon as a Russian weapon had proved itself in combat, it was packed up and shipped home, and the Loyalists could whistle for replacements.) Alto-

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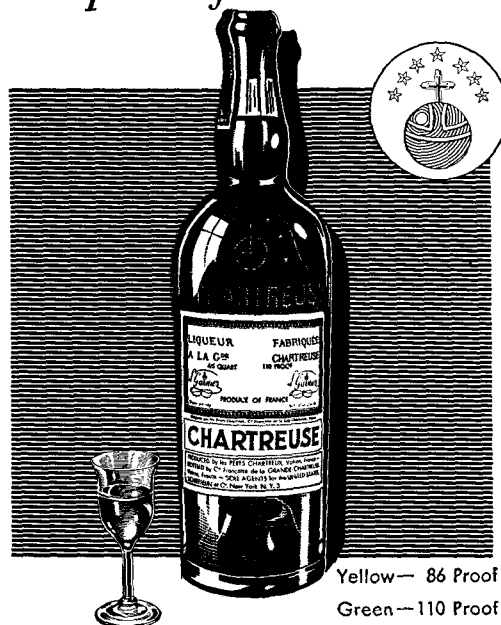
gether, an important, instructive, and astonishingly specific book.

SWEET CORK OF THEE, by Robert Gibbings (Dutton). Another paean to Ireland by the author of "Lovely Is the Lee." As in his previous work, Mr. Gibbings uses an account of a ramble around his native country—in this instance, through most of County Cork—as a form of literary bulletin board to which he affixes characteristic bits of folklore, archeology, and history, character sketches and anecdotes, and rhapsodic verbal snapshots of local scenery—in short, practically anything he happens to have on his mind. Mr. Gibbings' style is still strongly marked by an authentic-sounding Gaelic lilt, but he seems to have been in something of a rush when it came to assembling his book. The engravings with which he has illustrated it, however, were obviously done with care and affection.

CHICAGO: CITY ON THE MAKE, by Nelson Algren (Doubleday). A kind of prose poem in racy vernacular that debunks the past and present of a city the author quite irrationally professes to love. ("I love thee, infamous city!" he quotes from Baudelaire at the beginning.) The indictment he draws up against Chicago is truly formidable. The city is, in his words, an outlaw's capital, the natural home of Mickey Finn, a cultural Sahara ("with not a camel in sight")—a town in which all that matters is "getting away with it," in which a man is judged solely by the number of dollars he has, in which laughter "has grown metallic," with no real mirth in it. Indeed, it is "a Jekyll-and-Hyde sort of burg," and Hyde takes all the honors. It is hard to resist the feeling that Mr. Algren is gloating a little.

VENTURE TO THE INTERIOR, by Laurens van der Post (Morrow). A personal chronicle of a mission to explore unmapped, or inadequately mapped, regions of Nyasaland. Colonel van der Post, a British subject born in South Africa, who racked up an admirable war record in Java with the commandos and guerrillas, is a traveller with a sound literary gift. He can describe action skillfully, and he can also impart his thoughts and emotions to the reader; unlike some travel writers, he takes his mind with him on his journeys. In this respect, he is akin to Antoine de St.-Exupéry, Gontran de Poncins, Apsley Cherry-Garrard, T. E. Lawrence, and other mystic adventurers, and he shares

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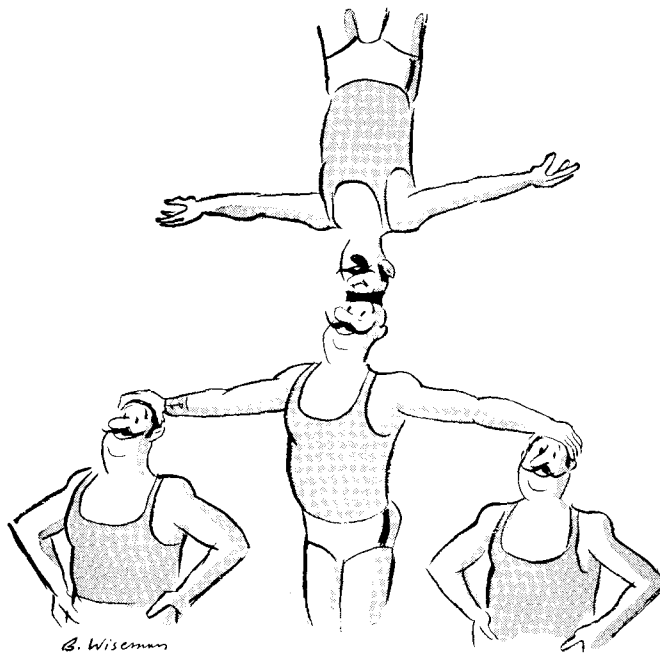


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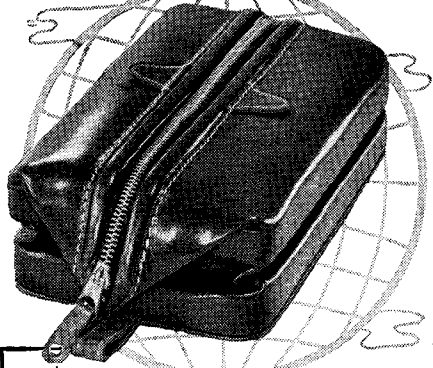
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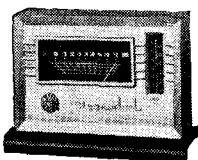
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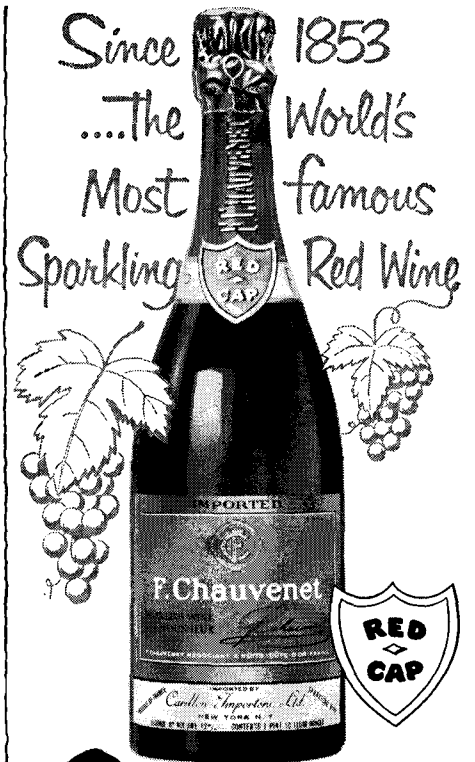


with them a peculiarity of the breed—an inherent, paradoxical conservatism. His book is both a powerful portrait of the physical majesty of Africa and a most compelling exposition of what that continent and its people mean to those who love it.

THE GREAT DAYS OF PIRACY IN THE WEST INDIES, by George Woodbury (Norton). The great days were in the early years of the eighteenth century, and the author takes this opportunity to divest them of every attribute of glamour. Piracy, Mr. Woodbury says, was a stumblebum business at best. Most pirates lived on a bare-subsistence level; when they did get any money—which was mostly from selling stolen goods, at fences' prices—they spent it foolishly and fast, and went pirating only out of hunger. The author doubts whether any pirate was ever far enough ahead of the game to bury treasure, and he says that there is no evidence in all pirate history that anyone ever walked the plank. To pile it on, he maintains that Captain Kidd was not a pirate but an unsuccessful privateer. After the debunking is out of the way, the author gets down to describing how pirates really worked, lived, fought, and died. This book is one of the best on the subject yet, although it is enough to take the heart out of a twelve-year-old boy.

STRONG CIGARS AND LOVELY WOMEN, by John Lardner (Funk & Wagnalls). Fifty essays on sports from the author's column in *Newsweek*. Mr. Lardner, a lifelong observer of the activities of our major athletes, takes a rather derisive attitude toward commercial sport in general. He seems to see it as a vast and ever fruitful field of comic possibilities, and he exploits it accordingly. Readers who generally skip through the sports pages may be puzzled here and there as to just what is going on, but those who know their way around the paddock and the locker room and speak the language will have a high old time. The drawings, by Walt Kelly, that illustrate the book are helpful and funny.

THEY SAW IT HAPPEN, edited by Louis L. Snyder and Richard B. Morris (Stackpole). An extensive collection of eyewitness accounts of great or significant moments in human history. The editors, both history professors—the first at C.C.N.Y. and the other at Columbia—are to be



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complimented for choosing their material, especially in the earlier parts of the book, for its unfamiliarity as well as for its dramatic value. Among the most arresting of these annals is a description of the victory of Thothmes III at Armageddon (1479 B.C.), by one of the world's first war correspondents; Julius Caesar's chronicle of his invasion of Britain; a story of mutiny aboard the Mayflower, by William Bradford; and an account of the first surgical operation (at Massachusetts General Hospital, in 1846) in which anesthesia was used. There is also a grim little item, written by a patient, of an earlier operation, in which anesthesia was *not* used. *Homo sapiens* being what he is, most of these stories are on the sanguinary side, and they don't get any less so as they come down through the years.

GUSTAVE COURBET, by Gerstle Mack (Knopf). The accomplished author of "Cézanne" and "Toulouse-Lautrec" here reaches a little farther back in time to take up the stormy life and massive works of the founder of the nineteenth-century realistic school in France, who was, in some degree, the precursor of the Impressionist movement as well. Courbet's career was flamboyant enough to tempt many a writer into sensationalism, but Mr. Mack prudently avoids that, and his treatment is quiet, sympathetic, and extremely well documented. It makes a lively and readable book, and the sixty halftone reproductions supplement the text very well.

THE WINE OF GENIUS, by Robert Coughlan (Harper). This small book, subtitled "A Life of Maurice Utrillo," is a good bit too scant in documentation and too discursive in style to justify so positive an appellation. In a sense, though, it's something more than a biography, for essentially it's an attempt, and a generally successful one, to analyze and understand not Utrillo's artistic career but Utrillo himself—a man who, despite poverty, chronic alcoholism, and a background that went past the bounds of bohemianism to the verge of the merely sordid, still has managed to paint some of the most gracious and lovely Paris landscapes in existence. There are, unfortunately, very few illustrations, and these are mainly documentary in nature and not particularly satisfactory in themselves.

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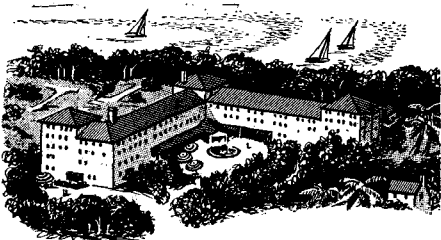
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FRENCH PAINTING AT THE TIME OF THE IMPRESSIONISTS, by Raymond Cogniat, translated by Lucy Norton (Macmillan). Another volume, and a more than usually ornate one, on the always fascinating period that marked the beginnings of modern art. Apart from a certain amount of anecdotal material, the book actually adds little to that already compiled by such authorities on the period as Wilenski and Rewald. But if it covers old ground, it does so with much grace and fluency, and the illustrations, of which there are just over a hundred, all in full color and beautifully reproduced, are in themselves enough to make the book worth while.

FRENCH CATHEDRALS: Photographs by Martin Hürlimann, with text by Jean Bony and Peter Meyer (Houghton Mifflin). The cathedrals of France, which must rank among the most vigorously imaginative structures ever erected by man, have all been photographed before—and abundantly—but hardly ever have they been made the collective subject of so penetrating a photographic analysis as this one, which succeeds not only in presenting their over-all aspects of beauty but also, through a series of related detail studies, in tracing their stylistic divergences and resemblances. There are almost two hundred full-page illustrations, which cover, in truly superb fashion, a total of nineteen cathedrals, ranging from

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the more famous edifices, like Notre Dame, Amiens, and Chartres, to such lesser but almost equally interesting ones as Troyes, Châlons-sur-Marne, and Coutances. The text, which is written with great perceptiveness and authority, makes the whole thing an unusually rewarding and informative book.

THE HARPER HISTORY OF PAINTING, by David M. Robb (Harper). It is probably impossible for anyone to compile a one-volume history of painting that will satisfy everyone, but Professor Robb, who is already known for his work as co-author of the excellent "Art in the Western World," makes a very good stab at it. Though the book falls off a little in its later sections, its treatment of the subject in general—and its chapters on Italian and Netherlands painting in particular—is clear and compact. There are five hundred and twenty-two illustrations, including sixteen color plates, and (a minor advantage, perhaps, but a welcome one) they're placed close to their references in the text, so that the reader has to do a minimum of riffling of pages back and forth to get at them.

REVOLUTION AND TRADITION IN MODERN AMERICAN ART, by John I. H. Baur (Harvard). Written by the Curator of Paintings and Sculpture at the Brooklyn Museum, who is an authority in the field, this is an attempt to chart the course of art in America from around 1900 to the present. Though the author occasionally gets too close to the level of cataloguing for easy reading, his efforts to identify all the individual artists in their relation to the various trends are sound and well considered, and in some respects, as in his study of the relations between abstract art and Expressionism, he offers new and interesting interpretations of contemporary phenomena. There are nearly two hundred illustrations, all in half-tone.

BEAUTIFUL LONDON, by Helmut Gernsheim (Phaidon). Engrossing and expertly printed photographs of what, more often than not, appears to be a majestic ghost town. Mr. Gernsheim's camera has picked up the subtlest angles, curves, and shadows in the streets, public and private buildings, architectural decorations, statues, and parks of London, and, at the same time, has mysteriously filtered out, except in a very few pictures, its popula-



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Note his broad grin at compliments on his cooking artistry—on that succulent old-fashioned HICKORY-SMOKED flavor he cooks right into steaks, chops or fowl in minutes as he barbecues (outdoors or in) ... with "Carya"!

Just drop several on the fire and in a jiffy enjoy HICKORY-SMOKED flavor! Enough disks for 10 to 15 barbecues, \$2.95; 3 bags, \$7.95; 6 bags, \$14.95 ... PPD.

Sure-to-be welcome gift for any barbecue fan and a unique token for your weekend host or hostess.



tion. Foreword by James Pope-Hennessy.

LONDON WEST OF THE BARS, by Douglas Newton (Macmillan). Another fine historical guidebook to London. This one is concerned with that part of the metropolis "beyond the Bars," the once-suburban area that lay outside the bars erected to mark the limits of the old walled City of London. This region includes Westminster, Kensington, Holborn, Bayswater, and Notting Hill and, of course, is the site of the great palaces of the later Kings of England, the Inns of Court, the theatres and parks and houses where high society lived and amused itself, and the slums and the noisome streets of Dickens' London. Many good photographs.

WINDSOR CASTLE, by Sir Owen Morshead (Phaidon). Sir Owen, who is the King's Librarian, has devoted about half his book to an illustrated history of this perfect chess piece of a castle. The rest of it consists of full-page photographs. There are remarkably handsome closeups of furniture, paintings, and tapestries, and corners and ceilings of elaborate state chambers and tough, crumbling old rooms, as well as long shots, which are just as effective, of walls and buttresses and members of the Brigade of Guards going about their traditional business.

D'YA LOOK AT THE PITCHERS OR D'YA READ THE STORIES?

Surprised with their hair up, Kelley Flynt (left) and Helen Reynolds head into cellar shelter of Francois de Paris' beauty salon, 37 W. 8th St., at the alert alarm of raid test.—*Photograph caption in the World-Telegram & Sun, November 28th.*

Down in the Francois de Paris beauty salon at 37 W. Eighth St., in the village, Helen Reynolds of 460 W. 24th St., was getting a permanent when the sirens sounded. She kept right on getting the permanent. Miss Kelly Flynn, 224 Sullivan St., sitting under a dryer, never looked up from the magazine she was reading.

Mr. Francois, dismayed by the calm of his patrons, tuned in a broadcast of the alert in an effort to rouse them. Still unsuccessful, he pointed to a cellar stairway and said, "That's where you go if this were the real thing." Miss Reynolds kept on sitting. Miss Flynn kept on reading.—*The World-Telegram & Sun, same day.*

Republicans picked up one seat in the House of Representatives by capturing all four special elections held yesterday, but they lost their 68-year grip on the nation's largest city, Philadelphia.—*Baton Rouge State Times.*

Well, largest hamlet, anyway.

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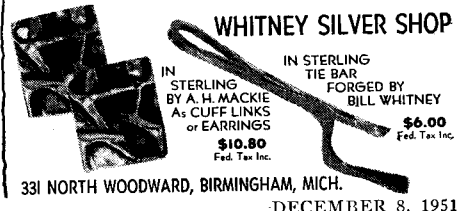
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DECEMBER 8, 1951



PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL HESSE

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